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THE ADVENTURES

OF

ROBIN DAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"CALAVAR," "NICK OF THE WOODS," &c.

—— Of most disastrous chances;
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach:
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And 'portance in my travel's history.

OTHELLO.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

PHILADELPHIA:

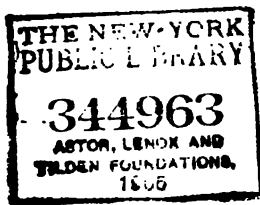
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BOY WAR
1864
1865

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experience, nay even from his good will—for I almost looked upon him as a friend, though a mischievous and dangerous one—much was to be expected: and, besides, our adventures together had established a kind of community of interests between us, at least to a certain extent, (were we not house-robbers and runaways together?) which, I thought, must ensure me his good offices, at this moment of difficulty and distress. I resolved, in a word, having no other way to help myself, to throw myself upon his friendship, and trust to him for rescue from the dangers that beset me.

Yet I could not avoid opening upon him in terms of reproach; the more particularly as he followed up his first questions by demanding, with another laugh as obstreperous as the first, "what curse of a scrape I had got myself into now? and why I sat there gasping on the river-bank, like a stranded catfish?"

"Sir," said I, "whatever scrape I have got into, is all owing to you, who imposed upon my ignorance so grossly, and so brought me to ruin." And I could scarce avoid again bursting into tears, at the thought of it.

"*I* bring you to ruin?" quoth Captain Brown; "why, hang me, you look very comfortable, considering all things; and I don't think the first lieutenant of the *Lovely Nancy*, d'ye see, intends to break his heart for a small matter."

"You may call it a small matter, Mr. Hellicat, or whatever you entitle yourself," said I, nettled into courage by the grin of derision, with which he emphasized the title of first lieutenant—"to pass yourself off for another man," (Captain Hellicat grinned harder than ever,) "to open letters not ad-

dressed to you, to pocket money that did not belong to you——”

“Only a hundred dollars, shiver my timbers!” quoth he, the grin becoming still broader ——.

“And, after cheating me so unhandsomely, to make me an accomplice in a house-robbery, to the ruin of my character, and almost the loss of my life; for, I assure you, I escaped from Mr. Bloodmoney’s house almost by a miracle.”

“Did you? by——” but the oath may be omitted: —“did you, indeed?” cried Captain Brown, with another explosion of merriment—“and so did I; it was only by knocking out the watchman’s brains with a poker, and ——”

“Good Heavens!” said I, starting with horror, “you did not commit a murder?”

“No,” said Captain Brown, innocently—“only knocked out the brains of a watchman, and stabbed one of the niggers.”

“And if these are not murders,” said I, petrified, “what is?”

“What *is*?” quoth Captain Hellcat, giving me a ferocious stare—“why, d—n my blood, stopping the weasand of a crying baby—drowning a woman at sea—twisting the neck of your own brother—*there’s* a kind of murder for you, split me; but *there’s* plenty more, when you come to think of it; such as defrauding widows, robbing orphans, belying honest men, grinding the face of the poor, and stabbing men in the dark—all murder, *that*, d—n my blood, and bloody murder too! But as for breaking a head, or sticking a gizzard, in open fight, why *that’s* all fair and square, and above board, split my timbers.”

“But you don’t mean to say,” quoth I almost

ready to take to my heels, and fly from the desperado, "that you killed the watchman and the negro?"

"I'll be hang'd," said captain Brown, "if I know what was the end of it; for d'ye see, I left them in a sort of tornado, having neither time nor weather for observations. But, I say, my hearty, how did *you* slip your moorings? and what brings you into these sand-fly latitudes?"

"*You* brought me here," said I, with a sigh: "I fled here to escape the consequences of your imposition—to avoid arrest, imprisonment, shame and ruin. You see me now what you have made me, a fugitive from the laws."

"Shiver my topsails," said Captain Hellcat, "but you speak as if that was a great matter! Where's the difference. You don't think Bloodmoney and the constables are still after you?"

"I don't know but they are," I replied; adding—"But that is not the worst of my misfortunes."

And here I hastened to explain the later evils into which I had fallen, and all which I properly laid to his door—my unlucky treason, the narrow escape I had just had from the court-martial, and the danger I was still in, a story, which, told in few words and with all the energy of distress, only renewed the mirth of Mr. Jack Brown, *alias* Captain Hellcat, who swore I was "a rum one, born to die on salt water; or, why, I must have been triced up by Jack Ketch long ago."

"And so you think there's nobody in a pickle but yourself?" he added, with profane emphasis, and laughing furiously; "I'll be hang'd if you a'n't mistaken though. Here am I, your commander, split me, making foul weather enough to sink an Injieman, with great-guns blowing on one quarter and hellcats spitting on the other, a white squall

astern, and ahead, a sea whereof I knows as much as a pig does of a mizzen-top, no chart aboard, log-line lost overboard, sextant broken all to smash, and the compass gone to the devil. Here comes I down hereaway, an honest man, to fight the battles of my country; and, split me, didn't I offer the same thing in Philadelphia? and a fine return I got for my venture. There's Bloodmoney, sink him! first turned me the cold shoulder, and then would have clapp'd me in the bilboes, for playing him a little bit of an innocent trick, split me:" ("A very innocent little trick!" thought I, amazed at the cool composure with which he spoke of that adventure:) "and so, shiver me, I had to slip my cable, and leave their cursed Quaker port under a press of canvass. Then brings I up here at Norfolk, to fight the bloody British, along with the lubberly milishy; and, hang me, I could have shown them what fighting was, either at long shots with the great guns, or at close quarters with pistol, hanger, and Spanish-knife, whereof I knows the use; when, as Davy Jones would have it, who should come up but a dog-faced villain named Duck ——"

"Skipper Duck?" cried I, interrupting mine honest friend, now extremely earnest and eloquent in his relation. But earnestness and eloquence vanished at the interruption; and he turned upon me, with another roar of laughter, to which he seemed ever uncommonly prone.

"What! you know Skipper Duck then?" he cried; "an honest dog as ever lived, may the sharks eat him!"

"As big a knave as ever went unchanged!" said I; and immediately informed him how my present dangers were all owing to the malice of Duck, who

had accused me of the treason I had so unluckily, though with no evil intention, committed.

"Exactly my own case, shiver me!" cried Captain Brown, laughing harder than ever: "Up comes the lubber, that was one of my dirty dogs of old, and spins his yarn to the Posse Come-atibus, or Come-at-us, or whatever you call it; and then there was a hellaballoo; for, sink me, says he, d'ye see, 'Here 's Hellcat the pirate'—the horse-marine! So there was no cruising longer in them latitudes, d'ye see; and away I scuds, a ship in distress, with a whole fleet of small-craft land-thieves peppering after me; for, hang me, them cursed Britishers have brought them down hereaway as thick as landcrabs on a sea-beach. And in the midst of the row, up comes another enemy on the weather bow, and claims the very ship I sails on—my horse, split me—as honestly borrowed as need be; and then there was another storm about my ears; and it was, on one side, 'stop pirate!' and, on the other, 'stop thief!' and all that. And here I am, my skillagallee, in as dirty a kettle of fish as may be; and here are you, in another; and here we are both of us, hard chased, a regiment of Jack Ketches under full sail behind, and a whole forest of gallows-trees around us."

Here Captain Brown paused to take breath, and to indulge another peal of laughter. His account increased my dismay, for, it was evident, his presence only doubled my perils, by adding those peculiar to himself; and, it was equally clear, if arrested, I should gain nothing by being caught in his company. Here, then, was a man who made no attempt to conceal that he was a rogue and reprobate of the highest—or lowest—grade, whom I had known, to my cost, a swindler and burglar, and who was, from

his own showing, a pirate, horsethief; and, most probably, a murderer; who was, besides, closely pursued, and in momentary danger of arrest; and who was of so callous and hardened a nature as to make mirth equally of his danger and his crimes. From association with such a wretch I should, at another moment, have revolted with horror; as, even now, I felt I ought to do. But, alas! my fears conquered my scruples. The very indifference with which he spoke of his villanies and perils, his furious mirth and savage gayety, proved a consciousness of power to escape all embarrassments—a power of which my necessities urged me to accept the advantage. It was better even to be the comrade of Captain Hellcat than to be hanged, or shot, by a court martial. Besides, I felt that I was already, in a measure, degraded: why then should I recoil, as one with an untarnished reputation might have done, from the profit of another step in dishonour?

It is, alas! such a consideration that confirms the ruin of half the rogues in the universe. Reputation is the Palladium of virtue, (where religion has not substituted a diviner bulwark;) and it is scarce possible to lose it, or think we have lost it, without slackening in the defence of integrity.

“Alas, what is to be done?” I cried; “we shall be caught and condemned to death.”

“Speak for yourself!” said Captain Brown: “as for me, I’ve no notion of any such cursed nonsense. And as for being outnavigated, or outwitted, by any snubface of a landsman, why there, my skilligallee, you’re out of your reckoning.”

“I hope, Captain Brown,” said I, “you won’t desert me.”

“Desert you, my hearty!” quoth Brown, “I never deserted a shipmate, that was willing to stand

by me; and split me, I said you should be my lieutenant on board the *Lovely Nancy*, and I mean to stick by the articles. But, I say, you Bob Lucky—”

“Robin Day,” said I.

“Well, Mr. Robin Day, I say, have you any idea how to play nigger? Look you, my lad,” he added, seeing that I did not understand the question, “I’m for a voyage to see the world, sink me—that is, the land part of it; and I goes under false colours; and why, d’ye see, can’t *you*?”

“Sir,” said I, “I’ll do whatever you tell me; provided it is not criminal. And I give you to understand,” I added, boldly, “that I will neither steal horses, nor rob houses, nor knock out watchmen’s brains, nor stab negroes, nor—”

“Hold fast there,” cried Brown, laughing, “I intend to try an honest life myself, shiver my timbers, for I loves variety.”

And he directed me to hold his bridle, while he, without leaving the horse, proceeded to effect some changes in his outward appearance, for the purposes of disguise. The first thing he did was to clap to his face a set of false whiskers and beard, extremely huge and ferocious looking, and yet so natural withal, that no one would have suspected they were placed there in any other mode than by the natural process of growth; and it was wonderful the change they made in his appearance.

The transformation was to me the more astonishing, as I immediately recognised in the hairy visage the grim looks of the highwayman—that identical villain, who, at the beginning of my misfortunes, in the night of flight, had made the unsuccessful attack on the purses of Dicky Dare and myself, and succeeded in shifting the charge of his crime upon me, and running off with Bay Tom and my saddlebags.

CHAPTER II.

The two friends put themselves into disguise, and make preparations for a career of philanthropy.

My start of fear made the honest Proteus acquainted with the discovery, which he distinguished with a fresh peal of merriment, exclaiming, "Aha, my cock of the game! you've discovered another old friend, have you? Happy dog, to be so well provided! But, I say, you confounded baby," he added, "do you know, you came within a hair's breadth of shooting my brains out."

"It was not I—it was my friend Dicky Dare," said I, sighing to think of his braver spirit and happier fate. "But, now we talk of it, I should like to know upon what principles you justify that nefarious attack?"

"Principles!" quoth Captain Brown, "it is long since I have sailed in them latitudes, split me! But, after all, my skilligallee, it was only a bit of a joke: for there was I on the road, and here came two cursed cub-headed schoolboys, just run away from the master, bragging of their money; and so the devil got into me for a spree, and says I, 'Strike, my hearties!'—And who would have thought of an unlicked schoolboy firing a pistol in Jack Brown's face—half blowing his brains out?"

"Perhaps," said I, "that was a mere joke too, your accusing me of being the robber?"

"No, hang it," said Captain Brown, laughing, "that was quite a serious piece of business; for how else was I to get out of the jaws of them jackasses, the wagoners?"

"And pray, Captain Brown," said I, "allow me to ask what you did with my horse, Bay Tom?"

"Sold him, hang me," quoth Captain Brown, with the utmost coolness—"sold him to a lubber of a Jerseyman;—and, shiver my timbers," he added with energy, "the money was all counterfeit, and was nigh getting me in limbo in Philadelphia, where not a rogue of 'em would take it. Nevertheless," he continued, "I find it very good here in Virginia—at a discount!"

By this time, the worthy gentleman, who made all these confessions with equal frankness and composure, had completed his disguise, having substituted for the long-tailed coat he had on, a seaman's jacket, which he took from a bundle behind him, and which was, I believe, that identical garment he had worn at his introduction on the highway. The coat took the place of the jacket in his bundle; a handsome cloth cap which he had on his head, was turned wrong-side out, and converted into a worsted bonnet; and he looked the sailor to perfection.

Having thus effected his own "transmogrification," as he called it, he proposed making some changes also in my appearance; to which, being convinced by my fears of their necessity, I reluctantly consented. They were extremely simple, and consisted merely in gathering my hair into sundry tails or queues, which he knotted with rope-yarns, produced from his stores—in placing on my head a kind of turban made of a bandanna handker-

chief, instead of my cap, which I found room for in my pocket—and, finally, in darkening my naturally tawny complexion, by rubbing my face and hands with moistened tobacco, a chunk of which he furnished me for the purpose.

What particular object he had in view in thus transforming me, and especially in knotting my hair, I believe he did not know himself; but when the task was finished, he swore he had “made a man of me;” though it was my own opinion, as I looked at myself in the river, the only convenient looking-glass, that he had made me a scarecrow. I was ashamed of my appearance, ashamed of my disguise; but Brown assured me, over and over again, it was essential to my safety, and I was forced to submit.

This matter finished, we crossed the river, which was fordable, and proceeded on our adventures, Brown saying we could complete our arrangements as well while travelling as while lying at anchor there on the road, to be boarded all of a sudden by our enemies.

As I walked along at his side, my faithful friend began the completion of the arrangements as above mentioned, by asking me “how I was off in the lockers?” which question not suiting my comprehension, he explained it by asking “how much money I had in my pockets?”

As I had not the greatest confidence in the world in my comrade’s honesty, I felt but little disposed to put it to any greater temptation than was absolutely necessary, and therefore replied ambiguously, that “if he would remember how he himself had appropriated the contents of my letter of recommendation to Mr. Bloodmoney, and call to mind the disasters I had suffered ever since, he might imagine my funds were light enough.”

"That is, I suppose," quoth he, "you mean to say you are as bare as a beggar's platter; and if I say so too, why there's two of us, that's all; only there's some of them Jersey counterfeits yet lying under hatches. But where's the difference? Them that knows how to fish, never dabbles among herrings for nothing; and money, my hearty, is just the same thing as herrings, split me. There's enough of it scattered about among the lubbers here along shore; and it will go hard if we don't light upon some way of grabbing our portion."

"I give you to understand, as I did before, Captain Brown," said I, alarmed at what I deemed a hint of evil designs upon my integrity, as well as upon the pockets of the good people of Virginia, "that, however you may think it a joke to seize upon the property of other people, I don't; and I won't be drawn into any kind of swindling or roguery, I assure you."

At this, Captain Brown grinned with amiable contempt, and repeated that he was going to live as honest a life as any body; "for, shiver his timbers," he wanted to know what it felt like. "But," said he, in his usual emphatic manner, "we must put on some kind of character, my skillagallee, hoist some sort of colours, split me; and if they happen to be false ones, where's the difference? Since not a lubberly rascal of us all ever sails under his own bunting."

With that, he asked me "what I was good for—what I knew—what I was brought up to?" and I replied, that I had not yet devoted myself to any particular study, but that I had some little knowledge of the languages, the mathematics, and other academic sciences.

"Hang the languages, and mathematics, and

academy sciences," quoth the Vandal, contemptuously; "Can you sing a song, dance a jig, jump on a tight rope, play hocus-pocus, eat fire, transmogrify shillings, or any of that sort of thing?"

I was obliged to reply in the negative; upon which he expressed so much disappointment and contempt of my ignorance, that I was compelled, in my defence, to remind him, that I had but just emerged from my schoolday existence into the life of manhood—that I had not yet had time to learn much, and, although about to commence the study of a profession, when my wanderings began, I had done little more, as yet, than read a few medical books in my patron's office.

"Doctor's books?" quoth he, with great animation; "what, you can play Pilgarlic then? I'll be hang'd if that won't suit exactly. Nothing better: we'll set up doctor, and physic the folks, wherever we catch them."

I assured him, hastily, "I had not knowledge of physic sufficient to undertake the part of a practitioner."

"Oh, never mind the knowledge," said Captain Brown, grinning at the happiness of the conceit; "it's the idea we want, and that will do the business. And as for being regular doctors, I don't mean no such thing, sink me: I goes entirely for the quacking system."

I gave my friend to understand I had no more appetite for quacking than for scientific physicking—that I knew my own incompetency, and knowing it, was too conscientious to be willing to trifle with the lives of my fellow-beings, in a medical way; and was pursuing the argument warmly, when he interrupted me with sundry oaths, declaring he intended to do all the physicking *himself*, and required no-

thing more of me than to look wise, while he administered to the wants of the afflicted, and when appealed to by him, to reply in certain cabalistic phrases, which he proceeded to teach me. .

"You see, d'ye see," said he, with the glee of a schoolboy, setting traps for the neighbours' cats, "*I* passes for an old sailor that has seen the world—and shiver my timbers, I'm just the man that *has* seen it, and that knows it; and *you* passes, my lark, for one of them wise Injiemen, d'ye see, that knows all things, an Injun *Magi*, or Midge-eye, or whatever you call it, that can make white black, and black white, and see a blasted heap farther through a millstone than other people."

"But," said I, "I *can't* make white black, and black white, nor can I see further through a millstone than other people."

"I'll be hang'd if you can't, though," said Captain Brown, laughing. "Harkee, my skilligallee, can you say *Holly-golly-wow*?"

"Yes," replied I, repeating the mystic word; "but I don't know what it means."

"And *Sammy-ram-ram*?" quoth Captain Brown.

"*Sammy-ram-ram*," said I.

"Bravo!" said Captain Brown, with another explosion of merriment, "that, will do. Them two words will make a man of you; and, harkee, my hearty, they are the only ones you are to speak. You don't understand English, d'ye see, and speaks only in your native lingo."

"But what," said I, "do *holly-golly-wow* and *Sammy-ram-ram* mean?"

"What do they mean? why, hang me if I know—nor any body else, for that matter," quoth Captain Brown. "All that you have to do is to roll out the one or the other, when I speaks to you, and with

as much of an owl look as you can, and understand nothing that's spoke in English; for, you see, d'ye see, you don't know the language. Yes!" he added, surveying me with rapture, "with that tobacco-coloured mug," (here the gentleman meant my visage,) "them monkey-tailed streamers," (here he designated my dishonoured looks,) "that dishclout turban," (meaning the bandanna cap,) "and a small matter of wise looks, *holly-golly-wow*, and *sammy-ram-ram* will carry it against the world! But now for laying in a stock of physic."

With these words, my accomplished associate drew from his pocket a twist of tobacco, which, as he rode slowly along, he bit into sundry small pieces, suitable for his purpose; and then, commanding me to pick up some clay from a puddle on the roadside, he formed of it a number of formidable looking bôluses, in each of which was imbedded a morsel of tobacco. Of these he gave me some to carry exposed to the air, that they might dry the sooner; and others he stowed away in a paper in his cap for the same purposes, swearing that his head was the hottest part of his body.

I ventured to express a hope that he had no intention to administer these highly original pills to any human being; as, from what little I had learned of the medicinal powers of tobacco, I feared that some of them were strong enough to produce very dangerous consequences.

"The consequences be curst," said he, with sublime disregard of all petty contingencies; "that's the lookout of the patient. However," he added more amiably, "I don't think any pill of tobacco under a pound in weight would stir the stomach of folks in these latitudes; because how, they eats it, and it is meat and drink to them."

Being moved, however, by my remonstrances, he consented to add a store of less energetic medicaments to the boluses. He directed me to pick him up a handful of sand from the road side, which he wrapped up in paper and deposited in his pocket, declaring that he had now physic enough to cure all the diseases that flesh was heir to.

These important preparations completed, he assured me we were now safe from all danger and suspicion, and might enter any house or village in Virginia without fear; which I was the more happy to believe, as I was now half dead with hunger, and the night was beginning to close around us. And, by and by, approaching a little hamlet, consisting of a tavern, a store, a blacksmith shop, and one or two scattered cottages, we proceeded up to it without hesitation, though, on my part, not without some misgivings, because of a great number of persons, who, at sight of us, came rushing out the tavern-door.

CHAPTER III.

Containing Robin Day's first essay as a quack doctor, and the wonderful effects of the Magian medicines.

"Now," quoth Captain Brown, with one of his customary expletives, "remember to hold your tongue, and to know nothing, except when I talks to you in the East-Injun tongue, or, what's the same thing, any nonsensical gibberish that may pass for it; and then out with the *Holly-golly-wow*, or *Sammy-ram-ram*; and, my skillagalee, you'll see what will be the end of it."

With these words, he rode boldly up to the tavern-door, I following, with what face I could, at his heels.

For a moment no one noticed me; all were occupied with Captain Brown, of whom they eagerly asked the news from Norfolk—whether the British had attacked and taken it? whether they had murdered every body, and burned the houses? whether they were on the march into the interior, and might be soon expected in *their* town? with similar questions expressive of their anxieties and fears.

To these Captain Brown made answer, by invoking the usual benediction on his eyes, and begging the gentleman to know "he had more important business in the world than to concern himself about the doings of sodgers and milishymen, because why,

their business was to knock one another on the head, while his was to relieve the distresses of mankind." "However," quoth he benevolently, "as I see you are curious on the subject, I may as well inform you, that the milishymen have, this time, won the victory, saved Norfolk, licked the enemy, and driven them clear out of the land."

At this, there was a great rejoicing among the villagers, who gave three cheers for "Old Vawginnee and Uncle Sam," followed by a tremendous shaking of hands, each of the happy republicans crossing palms with the bearer of good news, and insisting upon treating him to something to drink; while even mine host, who was a vinegar-faced man, with a hole in his hat, awoke to love and munificence, and swore, "stranger should have meat, drink, and lodging for himself, and his hoss into the bawgain, and he would n't fake one so'pence ha'penny for it, or his name war n't John Turnpenny."

So into the bar-room, nothing loth, went Captain Brown to enjoy the reward of his happy tidings; and I, having received no hint to the contrary, followed also into the room; where my presence attracted the regards and excited the surprise, of one of the party, who horrified me by demanding of Captain Brown—"I say, stranger, by Jehoshaphat, what kind of niggur do you call that? and where did you come by him?"

"Oh," said Captain Brown, with gravity, after despatching the first glass of the juice of the maize put into his hand, and extending his hand for another, "he an't exactly a niggur, hang me, but a blacky of the East Injun breed, and such a piece of man's flesh as, I reckon, was never seen before in these parts, and will never be seen again. You've heard tell of the Magi breed?—them great wise fellers in the

Injies, that knows all things—can eat fire, chew swords, find money, read the stars, raise the devil, cure the consumption, and draw rum out of a beer-barrel—Well, shiver my timbers, he's a Magi!"

"Lord bless us, you don't say so!" quoth the landlord, eyeing me, as all the rest now did, with wonder and admiration—"draw rum out of a beer-barrel? raise the devil! How did you come by him?"

"Bought him, if you must know, my hearty," said Captain Brown, "of the King of the Injies, for ten half-joes, two hunks of tobacco, and a jack-knife; and then had to kidnap him away; for these Magi fellers, d'ye see, ain't to be had every day, and the king he rued his bargain."

"Draw rum out of a beer-barrel!" again ejaculated mine host, to whom this faculty appeared most surprising and enviable: "perhaps he can draw good French brandy out of a cider cask, hah? I say, boy, hah! can you do *that*?" he added addressing himself to me; who, astounded and indignant at being mistaken for a scion of the Ethiopian race, and petrified at the impudence and audacity of my comrade, was now afraid that the attention he had drawn upon me, and the incredible account he gave of my qualities, might eventuate in suspicion and danger. But Captain Brown stepped immediately to the rescue—that is as soon as he had despatched a second glass of liquor.

"Harkee, shipmate," said he to Mr. John Turnpenny; "you might as well preach a Dutch Sermon to a ship's fiddlehead as ask any of your palavering questions of that young whelp of a Magi; because how, he don't understand English. And as for drawing rum out of a beer barrel, raising the devil, and so on, why, I will just take the liberty to inform you, d'ye see, he don't do no such tricks; because

how, I bought him young, before he had finished that part of his education. No; in all them things, he is no better nor wiser than any other jackanapes. But what I bought him for was for the good of human natur', whereof he knows things enough to make your hair stand on end. Look at him! There's the boy—Chowder-Chow they called him in the Injies—who is the seventh son of his father, which was the seventh son of his grandfather, and the greatest doctor in all the Injies, and cured the king's wife of the cholery, after she had been lying dead three days in her coffin; and Chowder-Chow here, for all of his being so young and looking so like a jackass, is just as great a cure as his father."

"Can he cure the aguy?" cried an indigo coloured personage, who, with his hands buried in his trousers pockets, his head sunk on his breast, and, otherwise, looking very chilly and disconsolate, now stared me with solemn eagerness, and a doleful yawn, in the face.

"Can he cure the aguy?" repeated Captain Brown with disdain; "aguy and the bilious cholery, and the small-pox, consumption, happyplexy, sore eyes and stitch in the side, lockjaw and the falling-sickness, liver complaint and the horrors, rheumatiz, toothache, and water in the brain—every unfortunate disease you ever heard of; besides all the ills of horses, cows, sheep, dogs, asses, pigs, and niggurs—what is he the seventh son of a seventh son, which was an Injun Magi, for, if he can't cure the whole of 'em, just as easy as look at 'em?"

"Because," said the blue-visaged man, his visage growing still bluer, "I have a touch of the complaint, which has been hanging about me, on and off, I reckon now for about seven years; and, I fancy, I about am having a shake of it, right off now; because

my nose is as cold as a dog's, and it is coming on to the time, which is about early candle-light. And if so be as how this Injun doctor can cure me, why I'll pay him for his trouble, that's all.

And to prove that the poor fellow was not mistaken in his reckoning, his speech was ended by a sudden snap of the teeth, that was followed by another, and another, until presently there was such a chattering and clattering among his jaws, as might have moved an alligator to surprise and envy.

"Can he cure a weakness in the small of the back, with a pain in the inwards?" quoth the landlord Turnpenny. "Can he cure a misery in the tooth?" demanded another. "Can he do any thing at a weak stomach, and the hophthalmy in the eyes?" cried a third; and presently there was not a man of them that was not busy recounting his bodily infirmities, and inquiring my abilities to remove them.

Captain Brown was not satisfied with replying boldly in the affirmative: he assured them my powers were so wonderfully great that I could remove half the diseases of the world merely by looking at them; and, for the other half, I required only two remedies, each of such peculiar, yet incompatible virtues, that, although, either was a perfect specific for all the diseases to which it was applicable, it was certain death, if administered to the maladies requiring the use of the other.

"And," said he, with a great oath, "here's the wonder of the thing; for, whereas you might think that with two such drugs, you, or I, or any body else, might go into the world and spoil the regular doctors' business, you would think, axing your pardon for saying so, like so many jackasses; because how, we should never know which of them to give, and if we gave the wrong one, we should send your

sick man to Davy Jones in no time: no I'll be hang'd, none but a magi knows *that*. Now," said he, turning to the shivering subject of ague, and producing his wondrous medicines—viz., the tobacco boluses and the paper of sand; "here I have the great cure-alls, split me, the holy medicines of the Magies, one in one hand and t'other in the t'other; and I knows *one* of them will cure you, d'ye see, the other kill you; and that's all *I* knows, or *you* knows, or any body else knows; and if you want to try your own luck at 'em, here's at your sarvice—you may have a trial all for nothing:—I allows all people to do *that*, for the good of human natur'. But," he added, "if you axes the Magi to tell you the true one that will cure you, why, then, here's the case, shiver me, all in short—out with your rhino; for that's not a thing to be done free gratis for nothing."

Fever-and-ague recoiled from the perilous choice, so charitably offered him, and fell to fumbling, as well as the "shakes" would permit, in his pocket for the means of engaging the services of the young Magi; while the others, gazing with reverent curiosity on the magical drugs, begged to know "their names and natur's, if it was axing a fair question."

"Fair enough," quoth Captain Brown, with conscious dignity; "I am not one of them ignoramus quacks that makes a secret of their kill-dog stuffs, which does no good, except to kill off jackasses, whereof there is too many in the world: because as how, if they tell the secret, any body may lay hold of the same nonsensical trash, and set up a-quacking in opposition. But there is no fear of that with me; because as how, if any body gits the medicines, he can't use 'em, d'ye see, without a Magi to help him; and, secondly, he can't get them, without he sails all

the way to the Injies, and then buys them of the Magies. These here," quoth he, extending a handful of boluses, "is them rare and precious things, Mermaids' Eggs, fished up by the pearl divers from the pearl banks of the Injun Ocean."

"Lord bless us!" quoth Mr. Turnpenny; "do mermaids lay eggs? I thought they war half fish and half woman!"

"And so they are," quoth Captain Brown; "but they lays eggs notwithstanding. I harpooned one, off the coast of Coromandel; and I'll be hang'd if she wasn't as full of eggs as a tortoise; and, split me for a ninny, (because as how, I didn't then know of their virtues,) I had 'em all cooked in a mess, and the sallors eat 'em for dinner; but the carcass we threw overboard, because as how, it was too human looking for eating."

Here Captain Brown had very nearly forgotten himself, as was proved by one of the men present asking "what were the medical effects of this extraordinary dinner upon his crew?" to which, however, he immediately replied, that the effects were, in the main, bad enough, as they killed twenty seven men, out of thirty that eat of them; though they cured *him* of a terrible Bengal fever, that then possessed him, and that so thoroughly that he had never been sick since, and never again expected to be—"because how, it was the virtue of these Magi medicines, that, when they cured a man of any disease, no matter what it might be, he was never sick afterwards of any malady whatever, and always died of mere old age."

"And this here stuff that's in the paper," quoth Captain Brown, displaying the second treasure—

"Lord bless us," said Mr. Turnpenny, "it looks for all the world like common sand!"

"And so it is," said the voyager, "but such sand as you, nor any other man, never before saw in America. It is that wonderful sand, more precious than gold or silver, the Holy Sand of the Ganges."

"Lord bless us!" ejaculated Mr. Turnpenny.

"It comes from the holy places in the mountains, where the river comes out of a rock, and where none but the Magies goes," said Captain Brown; "and it has such a wonderful power, that if you throw one single grain of it into a pine-wood fire, it will blow the house up; and where you give it in the wrong cases, and the man swallows it, he falls to pieces like an unhooped hoghead. And to tell you the honest truth, d'ye see," he added, "it is not safe to swallow it in any case: the true way to take it is to put it into a bottle of water and shake it, and then smell at the bottle when you get up in the morning, seven days fasting."

By this time, fever-and-ague had collected all the small coin in his pocket, which he proposed to exchange for a dose of the wondrous physic, provided the Magi Chowder Chow should select it, and provided also Chowder Chow's master should warrant him against all danger, and guarantee a perfect cure into the bargain. Captain Brown deposited the money in his pocket, after swearing that he had never before taken so small a sum for such valuable physic, no, not he; but that "something was better than nothing, split him, and he would go a great way for the good of human natur';" and then bade them observe in how wonderful a manner Chowder Chow would proceed in deciding upon his case, and its proper specific.

"You see him, there he stands," quoth the villain, "and knows no more of our lingo than I do of a cat's conscience or a monkey's mathematics. Well now,

mayhap, you may think he will have to ask a whole heap of questions, and I to answer them, in his lingo, for this here gentleman that is a shaking like a shutter in a high wind, as to the state of his inwards, and all that, like a common physicianer; which is all nonsense, d'ye see; because why, a Magi looks into a man's face, and sees through him, and knows all about him, inside aud out; and where then's the use of asking questions? I shall just put the poor devil—which is to say, begging his pardon, the poor gentleman—before his eyes, and you'll see what will come of it."

With that, he took the shiverer by the shoulder, and placed him before me, saying, "Well now, Chowder Chow, my hearty, what do you think of the poor man, and what is to be done with him?"

Chowder Chow, in spite of the reluctance he felt at being made a party to a fraud so impudent and yet so ridiculous, felt, nevertheless, the necessity of acting up to the character he had assumed; and, taking the hint from the words of his master, of which he was supposed to understand not a syllable, and from instructions previously given, he stared in the man's face, with as much courage as he could muster, backed by a suitable proportion of solemnity, and "*Holly-golly-wow!*" he muttered.

"Ah, indeed!" quoth Captain Brown, turning with admiration to the expectant company—"there you see the use of having a Magi: for shiver me, if I didn't think, from my own numskull notions, that the Holy Sand of the Ganges was the very thing to cure the gentleman of his aguy; whereas Chowder Chow says, says he, 'The man has got the fever-and-aguy, and has had it for seven years, and it has turned his liver into milk and molasses:—give him

a Mermaid's egg, and wash it down with half a pint of whiskey.' "

"Lord bless us!" said the landlord; and "By Jehoshaphat!" said the others, expressing their wonder and admiration. One of them, however, looked a little perplexed, and repeating the word—" *Holly-golly-wow*," asked how it was possible it could express so much as honest Brown had rendered as its meaning. To this, Brown replied, "the Magi lingo was a short-hand language, which crammed a barrel of notions into a pint of words, and was extremely difficult to learn, it was, split him." Then, having thus ingeniously satisfied the doubter, he made the sick man, to my horror, swallow one of the hugest of the boluses, and immediately after wash it down with an immoderate glass of whiskey.

He then turned to mine host Turnpenny, who was eager upon Brown's offering, "out of respect to the house," as he said, to physic him for nothing, to have the great Magi at work upon his weakness in the small of the back, and pain of the inwards; and Brown having brought him before me accordingly, I was about to deliver another oraculous opinion; when the bolus we had administered to the ague-patient, being, I suppose, at length dissolved by the whiskey, produced such a sudden and tremendous effect upon *his* inwards, as to discompose the company, and interrupt my Magian proceedings. The poor man turned from blue to pale, gave a hideous gasp, clapped his hands upon his epigastrium, arching his back up, like a frenzied cat; and then, with a yell of astonishment and distress, he rushed from the room into the porch, where his rebellious digester discarded the Magian medicine; but not without such throes of anguish and convulsions of nausea, as left the poor

fellow, when the operation ceased, more dead than alive.

I was very much frightened, when they brought him in; and so, indeed, was every body else, except Brown; who grinned, declared all was right, and ended the scene by ordering them to give him another glass of whiskey, and carry him to bed; which was immediately done.

This calamitous termination of the first miracle of Chowder Chow, the Magus, (or *Magi*, as Captain Brown would have it,) cast a discredit, at least for a time, over the Mermaid's Eggs; and the company no longer showed an inclination to be physicked. Even Turnpenny, upon being appealed to, to resume his station before the dispenser of panaceas, excused himself, giving as a reason, that supper was now ready, and he could not think of losing so great a luxury; which, it was evident, he must do, if the Magian medicines produced so strong an effect upon him as they had done on his aguish neighbour.

The word supper was music to my ears, and quite banished the fears I had felt as to the ulterior effects of the bolus; and while despatching it, which I was obliged to do at a side table, (for, as a slave, which my audacious friend had represented me to be, no one thought me a suitable companion at the table; while my Magian character fortunately preserved me from the ignominy of the kitchen,) I was resolved to bear the ills and degradation of my present state, as long as circumstances made it necessary, with as much resignation and philosophy as I could.

CHAPTER IV.

The Mermaids' Eggs effect a miraculous cure, and Chowder Chow rises in reputation.

WHEN the supper was over, Turnpenny, with some others, went up stairs to visit the victim of the bolus; whom wonderful to be said, they found relieved of his ague, and, according to his own account, as well as ever he was—better, indeed, as he said, than he ever remembered to have felt before in his life, and desirous to know the great doctor's will, whether he might not get up to enjoy the company, or, at least, have another glass of whiskey, to recompense the pains of solitude.

This wonderful cure, which I suppose was owing to the tremendous shock of the bolus upon the martyr's whole system, produced the effect that might have been expected upon Turnpenny and his friends; especially as Captain Brown declared the man would never be sick again as long as he lived; and their eagerness was renewed to have the extraordinary Chowder Chow administer to their various ailments.

Turnpenny again offered himself to my inspection; though it must be confessed, his resolution faltered a little at the moment; and he assured Captain Brown, "if it was all one to him, and to the Doctor, he would rather prefer having a dose of the Holy Sand

of the Ganges to smell at, than a Mermaid's egg to swallow; because his stomach was naturally a tender one, and, he was sure, any violent attack upon it would be the death of him." Captain Brown averred upon his honour, that his Magi medicines, administered by his Magi, never were the death of any body; and comforted him with the assurance, that, if severely handled by them, he might be sure he had been desperately in need of their assistance; "because as how," quoth Captain Brown, with exhaustless ingenuity, or impudence, "the way these Magi medicines cures a disease is by fighting it out of a man's body—it is pull dick, pull devil between them; when the disease is strong, the fight is strong; but when it is a small matter, why the fight is a small matter; and that's exactly the way of it."

Then, turning to me, he said, "Well Chowder Chow, my lad, *polly wolly smash?*" which he interpreted to the company as meaning, "What is to be done with the landlord?"

Fortunately for this anxious worthy, his doctor was as desirous as himself that his medicine should be of the mildest character: I had no inclination to bring him within an ace of his life, for the sake of removing a weakness in the back and a pain in the inwards. I, therefore, after giving him the wisest look I could summon to my assistance, pronounced the magical "*Sammy ram ram*," which, I justly inferred, would condemn him only to a dose of the Holy Sand of the Ganges. Captain Brown picked, with the utmost care and circumspection, a single grain from his paper, and presented it to Mr. Turnpenny. "Put this," said he, "into a bottle, and fill it up with water;" which being immediately done, he bade Turnpenny smell it seven times; and

then asked, "if he did not feel much stronger in the back and easier in the inwards?"

"Well!" returned mine host, with a look of wonder, "I don't know but I do. But, I declar,' it has the most powerful smell I ever *did* smell!"

"Has it?" quoth Captain Brown; "that is a sign, then, that there is a powerful strength in the weakness of your back, and the Holy Sand is taking a powerful pull at it. But this is nothing to the good it will do you, when you smell it in the morning; which you must do, fasting, seven times, and for seven days running; when, if you ain't clear of all ailments for ever and a day after, I give you leave to eat me, that's all. But, I say, shipmate," he added, solemnly, "take care you don't let that grain of sand, by any mischance, get too near a pine-wood fire, or sky-high goes the house to Davy Jones in a twinkling."

The landlord vowed he would take great care to avoid such a misfortune; and Captain Brown turned him to the others, all of whom, in turn, now applied to Chowder Chow for relief. Nay, business thickened on my hands. Turnpenny brought in his wife and children to be prescribed for; an example that was followed by two others present, being the blacksmith and shopkeeper of the hamlet, who went out for their families to have them doctored; not because they were sick and wanted doctoring, but because Captain Brown, in the plenitude of his impudence, assured them, that the Magi medicines, administered, according to the constitution, (and it was the peculiarity of constitution, he swore, and not of disease, that indicated the medicine,) to people in good health, were sufficient to prevent the takers ever being sick of any disease in their lives.

From all these happy people, for whom I took care

to order nothing but the Holy Sand of the Ganges—or from as many of them as had any money—the brazen fellow exacted a reward, being every penny he could get; so that, when the entertainments of the evening were over, and we retired to bed, he swore he had pocketed at least five or six dollars. I told him, “the money was not acquired honestly;” to which he replied, that “he had often heard of money being acquired honestly, but had never yet seen a case of it; and all the honest people he ever knew were as poor as King David’s goslings, and expected to remain so.”

I would have argued with him upon the knavery of our proceeding; but, I saw, argument was all wasted upon a man who seemed actually to think that cozening and swindling were excellent pastime, the finest thing in the world—or, as he called it, “as good as a glass of grog.” But I gave him warning, it was against my conscience to persist in such deception, and that I would abandon the Magian vocation, as soon as I found myself beyond the reach of pursuers and courts martial.

This protest I made in the chamber assigned to the honest Captain: in which was spread upon the floor a bundle of straw, a bed scarce worthy of the dignity of an East India doctor, but fit enough for the favoured bondman of a traveller. Upon this score of bondage, too, I had some indignation to express; for I saw no reason why he should represent me in so degrading a light as his slave. “Oh,” said he, “it is your only safety: who will think of court-martialling a slave for high-treason?” With that, he bestowed a profane benediction on my eyes, and closed his own, being in a moment sound asleep; and I, being weary and heavy enough, was glad to follow his example.

CHAPTER V.

The progress of Chowder Chow and his master, continued.

WE arose at an early hour in the morning to resume our journey, but not until Captain Brown, from an impulse of friendship, had bought of our host, for my use, a sorry nag with saddle and bridle; for which, as he told me afterwards, with great delight, he had paid in counterfeit money, being some of the remaining portion of the notes he had got for Bay Tom. This grieved and disconcerted me greatly; but I was not informed of it until it was too late to make restitution.

I discovered, during the previous evening, from some expressions of honest Turnpenny, that his little hamlet was in possession of a post-office, at which mails were received once a week; and that the dignity of postmaster, along with that of publican, centred in his honoured person.

This recalled to my memory the letter I had written, and still carried about me, while in the Jumping Jenny, to Dr. Howard, informing him of my misfortunes and captivity, of the extraordinary and most happy discovery I had made of his son Tommy, and of my intention to effect for him and myself a speedy escape from the hands of the invaders. I sighed to think how I had been baffled in regard to Tommy, who was still a prisoner; but I

felt the necessity of informing my patron of the discovery without further delay. For this purpose, I determined to seize the present opportunity of committing my letter to the post; and I designed, in the morning, to add an envelope, in which to acquaint him with my having escaped alone, and the necessity of his taking some steps to effect the liberation of his son.

But when the morning came, I found our early setting-out, which Brown declared was necessary to our safety, deprived me of the power of adding any thing further to the letter; which I was therefore enforced to send as it was. As I was sensible it would be an obviously suspicious step for *me*, in person, to hand the letter to Turnpenny, I was obliged to request Captain Brown's good offices in the matter; and, as I gave it to him, I begged he would not think it necessary to make as free with it as he had done with my letter of introduction; for which there was the less reason, as there was no money in it. Brown laughed, and carried the letter to Turnpenny; but I took care to keep my eye upon him notwithstanding. As it was addressed to *Dr. Howard*, which Turnpenny observed, Brown took the occasion, and such an occasion he manifestly could never resist, to tell him a very big falsehood, namely, that it was a letter of his writing to a very great and rich doctor, who wanted to buy the secrets of the Magi and the Magi himself; for which and whom he had offered twenty thousand dollars in hard money; but which Brown had refused, "because as how, it was not half the value of the articles."

This business settled, and to my satisfaction, for I saw the letter safely deposited in a trunk, the strong box of the post-office, we mounted our

horses, and rode forth upon our adventures, taking care, however, for very obvious reasons, to seek them upon the most retired and unfrequented roads.

We stopped to dine at another out-of-the-way hamlet; where I was compelled a second time to assume the character of a Magus, and dispense the wonderful drugs of the East to such as were willing to be administered to, in our wonderful way.

As I had my reasons for preferring the Holy Sand of the Ganges to the Mermaid's Eggs, I took care, when the first patient appeared before me, to pronounce the Magian *Sammy-ram-ram*, not doubting that the lucky sufferer would get off with the mildest dose of our medicines. But I soon found that I had reckoned without my host; for Captain Brown, who, I began clearly to perceive, was possessed by a devil of mischief, and preferred the energetic operation of the boluses to the gentler effects of the Holy Sand, interpreted, this time, *Sammy-ram-ram* to mean Mermaids' Eggs; and a Mermaid's Egg he forthwith administered to the patient. And, indeed, on all future occasions, whether I commenced my proceedings with *Sammy-ram-ram* or *Holly-golly-wow*, he was sure to begin *his* with a tobacco bolus.

Our efforts in the cause of humanity, in this way, were continued for rather more than a week, and might, but for an accident of which I shall presently speak, have continued much longer; as our Magian pretensions, and the miraculous cures, which, it seems, we effected, began to swell the trump of fame. And, I believe, we might have made our fortunes, too, so great became our renown, and the eagerness of our patients, had we not unfortunately commenced operations in a poor and but thinly settled district, where credulity was much more plentiful

than money. Nevertheless, I inferred from what Captain Brown said, that we did a pretty fair business.

Another inference I also made, namely, that of all the modes of swindling mankind, and, in particular, American mankind, yet devised, drugging them with quack medicines, is at once the easiest and most profitable: and this opinion, drawn from my own youthful experience in the honourable trade, I find, in these my riper years, confirmed by the accounts of others, and especially the accounts daily published in the newspapers; by which it is apparent that the quack trade has arrived at a pitch of stupendous importance, and bids fair to become, in time, the great business of the country.

To Captain Brown this kind of life, which entirely fulfilled his ideas of an honest one, presented a variety of charms, which my conscience did not permit me to find in it. To gull was the first of his delights, and the more impudent the cheat, the better; and as to the consequences of his roguery, whether serious or not, they gave him not the least concern. His only regret, as constantly expressed, was that my obstinate adherence to the Holy Sand of the Ganges, prevented his oftener administering the Mermaid's Eggs; which he had the greatest satisfaction in doing, as well as in watching their lugubrious effects upon the visages and stomachs of his patients.

Next to this, was the pleasure he took in stretching the credulity of his patrons to the utmost. He was not even content with exacting full belief in the extraordinary pretensions he put forth in favour of his medicines; he vowed Chowder Chow could cure a patient without seeing him, nothing more being necessary than that some friend should step

forward as his representative, and pronounce his name; whereupon Chowder Chow could, and would, immediately, he declared, with unerring sagacity, determine the medicine that was necessary for his case and constitution; which medicine was warranted by him just as certainly to effect a cure, as if administered by his own hands. In this assumption, in truth, we found our greatest advantage and profit; since, as we never tarried at any one place longer than to eat or sleep, and, therefore, did not wait until the sick and ailing could be brought to us to be physicked, we must have lost a great many patients, had we not thus possessed the power of physicking them at a distance.

To me, as I have already hinted, this life of deception and roguery was distressing enough, and only endured for a time to serve the purpose of self-preservation. Every day increased my longing to throw off the humiliating mask of the merry-andrew, which I was compelled to wear, and, with it, the friendship and company of Captain Brown; whose character, now fully exposed, his wild, graceless, unprincipled, devil-may-care disposition, I knew not whether I most wondered at, or detested.

Of this desire, I did not scruple to make him acquainted; but he only laughed, and asked me, "how I was to navigate clear of the officers of justice, if I lost his convoy?"—a question that commonly reduced me to silence and submission. Towards the end of the week, however, I began to think I was now so far removed from the coast, and from the theatre of war, for we had been journeying westward all the time, as to be no longer in danger of a court-martial; and one fine, but sultry evening, upon the banks of the river Roanoke,

which we had now reached, I resolved that that should be the last day of my humiliation.

"To-morrow," quoth I to myself, "I will tell Captain Brown, or Hellcat, or whatever he may call himself, that he must, in future, be his own Magus; pronounce the absurd *Holly-golly-wow* with his own lips; and dispense with his own hands (as he has, in fact, done all along,) his confounded Mermaids' Eggs, and the Holy Sand of the Ganges."

CHAPTER VI.

Another miraculous cure, but the credit of which Chowder Chow is willing should rest with Captain Brown entirely.

As these resolutions were forming in my mind, we perceived of a sudden, in a cotton-field, which we were riding by, a group of men, all of them negroes, except one, who seemed an overseer, surrounding a fellow labourer, who had fallen down in a fit, as it afterwards appeared; though, with all my Magian knowledge, I had not the least notion what was the matter, until my comrade d—d his eyes, and swore there “was meat for our market,” meaning that there was a case proper for our medicines. With that, he rode into the field, bidding me follow him, and coming up to the group, demanded of the overseer what was the matter.

“Oh,” said the overseer, with a drawling voice, “it’s nothing—it’s only a gone nigger;—fell down smack with the happyplexy.”

“Did he?” quoth Captain Brown, with an oath; “then here’s just the lad, the great East Injun Doctor, that can cure him.”

And with that, he descended from his horse, and turned the negro, who lay terribly snorting on his face, over upon his back.

“Well!” quoth the overseer, turning from the officious stranger to me, whom he regarded with a

languid, yawning curiosity; while the negroes, forgetting their comrade, grinned a stupid amazement in my face—"Well, I did hear some 'un say something of the East Injun Doctor: but, I reckon," he added, looking round again to Brown, "he can do nothing for the boy; because as how, he is done for, and I don't allow any physic can touch the happyplexy."

"Nor I neither," said Brown, "except the Magi physic; which is a thing, my hearty, whereof you knows no more than a cat of the forte-piano. But you shall see, shiver my timbers, what Chowder Chow can do; and if he don't cure him, why, I'll eat him, that's all. You shall see Chowder Chow look through his black carcass in no time."

With that, he turned to me, saying, "How now, Chowder Chow—*polly wolly smash!*" which he, as was his wont, interpreted for the overseer's benefit to mean, "What is to be done with the man!"

I was amazed, nay, confounded, at the audacity of Brown in offering my services in a case so desperate; for to me the poor negro seemed at the very last gasp, *in articulo mortis*, as the doctors say; and it was with a faltering voice, and rather from the associations of habit than any operation of the will, that I muttered out the customary "*Holly golly wow.*" My amazement was increased by the interpretation Brown immediately gave this phrase, which had never before meant any thing but Mermaids' Eggs or the Golden Sand of the Ganges; but which, now, he declared, signified nothing less than that the overseer should use the whip he had in his hand, and apply it to the back of the dying negro.

"Lash a feller that's dying!" ejaculated the overseer, his dull eyes opening with astonishment, per

haps with humane indignation: "no, stranger, I don't do no such thing as that, no how."

"You wont?" quoth Brown, snatching the whip, from his hand: "I'll be hang'd if I don't, then; fer, d'ye see, when Chowder Chow says whip, he means whip, and no mistake about it."

With that, he fetched the poor creature a terrible thwack over the shins, which happened to be bare, and with an effect the most astonishing in the world. The legs, that seemed stiffening in death, were jerked upwards with convulsive vivacity; the snort of apoplexy was changed to a yell of pain; and up jumped the dying negro, dancing about to avoid the slashes Brown still aimed at his shins, and lustily roaring, "Lorra gor, Massy! all cure now, Massy! all cure!" And I heard him add, *sotto voce*, when the operation was over, "dis here niggur nebber play' possum no more!"

"Well!" ejaculated the overseer, surveying first the resuscitated negro, (who the moment Brown ceased to castigate him, caught up a hoe, and began to annihilate weeds and blue grass with astonishing zeal and industry,) then Brown, the performer of the cure, and, lastly, him, the sagacious Chowder Chow, who had directed it—"Well now! I'm hanged if I ever did hear of trouncing a feller out of the happy-plexy! I say, stranger," he added, addressing Brown, "do you cure any other diseases that way?"

"The way," quoth Brown, "depends upon Chowder Chow, the Magi doctor, who always cures every ailing exactly the right way; and never misses, because how, shipmate, a miss isn't in him."

"It an't?" said the overseer, giving me another admiring stare; "well then, all I have to say is, if that's the sort of short work he makes upon a sick man, he has just come to the right place, here upon

this plantation, to get his hands full of business; because we've a heap of hands here among us, and this here Roanoke air always keeps us a full hospital."

With that he invited us to follow him to the mansion of his employer, who lived in seclusion upon his estate, which was a very great and valuable, but not very healthy one, and would, doubtless, be very happy to engage our services, as well as reward them handsomely. To this proposal Brown immediately consented, and we rode to the house—much, however, against my secret will; for I feared lest the owner of the estate should prove a man of education, intelligent enough to penetrate our shallow devices, to laugh at, and perhaps to punish the imposition.

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CHAPTER VII.

Chowder Chow performs, as he hopes, his last cure, at the expense of Mr. Fabius Maximus Feverage.

FORTUNATELY, as it proved, my fears were in this case groundless; for Mr. Feverage (which the overseer told us was the proprietor's name,) received us with the greatest possible respect; and upon being told the miraculous cure we had wrought upon the apoplectic slave, which the overseer did his best to make still more miraculous, swore (for Mr. Feverage though a rich and respectable man, could swear too, and that roundly,) that he had never before heard, or read, of there being such good doctors in the East Indies, but that he could now believe it; asked if I cured all diseases, like the apoplexy, instantaneously; and upon Brown replying I never required more than seven days to cure the most desperate diseases, said I was "a wonderful young devil;" demanded what were the nature of my remedies, and if I had a good store of them; and ended by desiring to carry me to the hospital, or sick cabins, where, he said, he had some twenty or thirty hands down with various diseases, which I should be handsomely rewarded for administering to.

To this last proposal Brown, to my great relief, demurred, saying he had travelled all day and was tired and hungry, "because how, he was a mor-

tal man, and so was Chowder Chow, although a Magi; and, split his timbers, the niggers might wait till morning:" to which proposition Mr. Feverage very politely submitted, and ordered supper to be brought in.

Upon this, Captain Brown, charmed by his hospitality, told him, that although Chowder Chow was too weary to attend to the negroes, he would not object to his giving him a proof of his skill in his own person, provided he had any ailing he wished to be rid of. Mr. Feverage, who looked to me the picture of robust health, notwithstanding the insalubrity of his estate, declared "he had—he did'nt know what to call it—he could not say he was a sick man but he believed he had, and *had* had ever since last fall, when he had a bilious fever—he would not call it a pain, or a weakness, or a stiffness, but a kind of coldness, and yet it wasn't cold neither—but his left leg wasn't exactly the same as his right one."

"Well," quoth Captain Brown, "that may be a small matter, or a great one, which neither of us knows nothing about; but Chowder Chow does; and if you stands up before him, and looks him straight in the face, he'll tell you what it is in no time."

"Oh," said Mr. Feverage, "I shall be glad to know."

And up he jumped before me; who, perceiving I was to say something, and not knowing any thing better to say, murmured out a modest "*Holly-golly-wow.*"

"How! you don't say so!" quoth Captain Brown looking very much surprised, or pretending to be; and immediately turning to Mr. Feverage, he assured him, with great solemnity—that is, with one of his choice execrations, which not even the presence of so respectable a gentleman could check—

that it was a fortunate thing he had consulted the wonderful Chowder Chow, who had told him that "that coldness, or stiffness, or weakness, or whatever he thought it, was nothing less than the beginning of a palsy in his limb."

"A palsy! God bless me!" cried Mr. Feverage, looking prodigiously alarmed; "I hope not;—I never should have believed it;—I'm not that sort of man yet.—Yet, I remember, I had an uncle—that is, my wife had an uncle—who died of a palsy; and such things run in a family!"

"Oh," said Brown, with an encouraging air, "you needn't be frightened; for if you had all the palsies in the world, Chowder Chow would clear them out of you in less time than I could empty a glass of grog, he would, split me. And if you are for making an end of the matter, before it goes any farther —"

"Oh yes, by all means!" interrupted Mr. Feverage, in great agitation: "I remember that my wife's uncle lost all the use of one side; his arm dangled; and his leg hung, and one cheek was all out of shape, and his mouth awry:—I would n't look so for the world! And if the doctor can prevent it ——"

"Prevent it!" quoth Brown, with an air of pity: "if he don't, just consider me bound to make a supper of him, that's all."

With that, he bade the gentleman again take his station before me, which he did, and I cursing in my secret thoughts Brown's officiousness in procuring a patient, when I could have done so well without one, was obliged to pronounce the words of wisdom; and "*Sammy-ram-ram*," concluded my part in the exhibition.

I took it for granted, that Brown would be content, in this case, with dispensing the Holy Sand of

the Ganges, our patient and host being a man of too much consequence and dignity to be condemned to the infernal boluses. But Brown's audacity was not of a kind to be subdued by the rank of a patron, and his affection for the boluses too great to permit the loss of any opportunity to use them. A Mermaid's Egg, therefore, he immediately administered, and with such effect, that, within five minutes, Mr. Feverage grew deadly sick, and gulped and retched in a manner doleful to behold. And to make the matter worse, Brown, at every qualm, plied him with questions, "how his leg felt?"—"Was not the coldness going off?"—"Had not the weakness diminished?"—"Was not the pain entirely gone?" until the poor gentleman, driven to phrenzy by the pangs of his stomach, and the impertinence of his physician, burst into execrations, d—d his leg, the weakness, the pain, and the coldness, and called for a basin to prepare for that catastrophe he could no longer doubt was coming, and which was, indeed, not much longer deferred.

In this way, he was, at length, relieved of the chief part of his distresses; and the remaining qualms were conquered by a glass or two of cold toddy he had previously ordered to be mixed; after which, being now restored to that happy state of ease he had been in before, he fell into a rapture, and vowed "I was a wonderful doctor, and my medicines most extraordinary—that they had certainly removed all his symptoms, his coldness, weakness, &c.; and he could take his oath upon the gospels that one leg now felt exactly like the other."

He now asked a great many questions concerning me, which Brown answered by the story he had, by constant repetition, almost committed to memory, viz. that he had bought me of an Indian king for ten

half-joes, two hunks of tobacco, and a jack knife, &c. &c.; all which Mr. Feverage heard with interest and admiration, especially the fact of my being a slave. He declared he would swap any ten of his hands for such a paragon, and offered to buy me on the spot, if my master would put any thing like a reasonable price on me. But Captain Brown swore, with affectionate emphasis, "he would not part with me for the world, because how, split him, he was not going to sell the bread out of his mouth."

By this time, the supper was laid, and a sumptuous one it was too; and down sat the hospitable host, having previously directed Captain Brown to do the same.

As for me, who had with longing eyes and dissolving lips, surveyed the dishes as they were brought in one after the other, and so far forgot myself as to anticipate the pleasure I should have in making away with them, I received a sudden hint that I was not expected to be of the party, by Mr. Feverage bidding one of the negro footmen, of whom there were some half a dozen or more that came into the room to wait on the table, to "take the doctor to the kitchen, and give him his supper;" an order, however, that he immediately revoked by saying—"But, after all, he's no common blackey, or company for blackeys: and so take him to the housekeeper's pantry, and there feed him like a white-man."

Alas! how my cheeks reddened beneath their brown covering at my unworthy fate! how my blood boiled to think that Captain Brown, a vulgar ignoramus and desperado, should sit down to a gentleman's table, from which I was driven to the half menial feast of a housekeeper's pantry! Alas, alas! —However, I was too hungry to remain long in a passion.

My sable attendant, by whom I was taken to the pantry, assisted by her highness the housekeeper, in whom I expected to discover a respectable matron of my own hue, but found only an old mulatto wench, supplied me with abundance of cold victuals; to which was, by and by, added a dish or two that had been removed from the parlour table, after serving the turn of my honoured master. I sighed as I felt foul of them; "But never mind," quoth I to myself; "this is the last time the vile Captain Brown shall have such an advantage over me. To-morrow, I cast off the slough of a slave, and resume the character of a gentleman." This thought comforted me, and I made, doubtless, as hearty a meal as Captain Brown himself did.

My supper finished, I had some hope of being conducted again to the parlour, where Captain Brown was enjoying himself over the good cheer of Mr. Feverage, and telling him, no doubt, a great many unconscionable stories; but in this I was disappointed, being left—not to myself, for every minute there came, at least, one blackamoor visage to the door to survey the great Magus with looks of superstitious wonder and fear—but to enjoy my own company in the pantry for a couple of hours or more. At the end of this time, there came a blackey, who made me many signs, which I could not understand, until he expressed his wishes in an ejaculation of perplexity—"Guy now! he no talk me, and I no talk him! How I make dis Injie niggah go up de garret to bed?"

I liked not the epithet "Injie niggah," but I made the Ethiopian happy by understanding his gestures, and following him up the stairs of the spacious mansion (for a spacious one it was, and I wondered to see it occupied only by Mr. Feverage and his do-

mestics,) to a doleful little garret, where the servant showed me a blanket stretched upon the floor, and signified that there lay my bed. This done, he marched away, carrying the light with him, as if that were a superfluous luxury for one of my condition, and I got into bed in the dark. And here, notwithstanding the mortification I felt, I presently fell sound asleep, and did not awake until rather a late hour in the morning.

CHAPTER VIII.

Robin Day meets an astonishing reverse of fortune, and plays the Magian on his own account.

I WAS called up by the same negro who had ushered me to bed, and now motioned me to follow him down stairs to his master, whom I found no longer alone, but surrounded by quite a family—his wife and children—who, it seemed, had been away at a ball, or other merrymaking, at a neighbouring estate, and had either just returned, or had arrived late in the night, while I was sound asleep. I was greatly abashed to find myself in such good company, particularly as two of the children were young women grown, and extremely handsome and genteel, and another a young gentleman of nineteen or twenty: besides these, there were three or four smaller children.

"Here he comes!" cried Mr. Feverago, with great exultation, as I entered the room: "don't understand a word of English, but is the most astonishing fellow ever brought to America. Never could have believed in such things, but for the actual proof; cured lazy Jim of the apoplexy without physic; and as for me—Ah! my dear Mrs. Feverage—ah! my dear children," he added, pathetically, "you never knew what was the matter with me;—I could not find the heart to tell you any thing so

afflicting;—besides I wasn't so sure of it: but the truth is, it was a palsy beginning in my leg"—
"Ah, lauk!" said Mrs. Feverage.—"Yes, my dear," quoth Mr. Feverage, "a palsy; but the Lord be thanked, Chowder Chow (for that is his name,) cleared it out with one single dose of physic, and I am now free of it for ever. A most surprising fellow, by G——!—begging your pardon, my dear!—worth his weight in gold."

"Dear me!" cried one of the Misses Feverage, who, like the rest, surveyed me with curiosity, "what an ugly, awkward looking wretch it is!"

"Quite ridiculous," said the other.

"All the East Indians," quoth the brother, with the air of one conscious of superior learning, "the Hindoos, Chinese, and all, are of the Tartar race, which is a kind of half-man, half-monkey family; but I don't think the fellow is so ill-looking; only he looks to me more like a sheep than a philosopher."

"I don't care one curse—I beg your pardon, my dear!—about his looks," quoth Mr. Feverage, apparently disturbed (but by no means so deeply as myself) by these disparaging remarks: "it is commonly the case that your wise people, your men of genius and learning, your Tullies and Mirabeaus, your Æsops, Socrateses, and Alexander Popes, are born scarecrows: but who thinks the worse of them for their want of beauty?"

"Oh, dear!" said Miss Feverage senior, "I'm sure he may be wise enough for me; but I thought all the Oriental people were handsome, like the princes we read of in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments."

I looked round for Captain Brown to help me out of my difficulties, but he was not present; and

such was my rage and mortification at the contemptuous remarks, of which I was the object, but which, of course, I was not supposed to understand, that I was rejoiced, notwithstanding my great repugnance to the Magian practice, when I heard Mr. Feverage say he was going to conduct me immediately to the hospital, to cure all his sick negroes at a blow.

But I did not thereby, as I had fondly hoped, escape from those unamiable young ladies, (for unamiable enough they now appeared in my eyes,) in whose regards I had found so little favour: moved by curiosity, they, with their mother, brother, and even the little children, declared they would go with papa, to witness the miracles I was expected to perform. "Come along, Chowder Chow," said Mr. Feverage, making me a sign to follow him to the hospital; which I found was nothing more than a row of log cabins, though kept pretty clean and comfortable, among which the sick were distributed.

Here I had no doubt I should find Captain Brown, whose absence in the parlour had previously caused me some surprise; but no Captain Brown was there, nor did he even seem to be expected by any body but myself. Mr. Feverage took me by the elbow and marched me up to a form, on which lay a poor negro man in what I judged was the last stage of consumption: "If he can cure *him*," quoth Mr. Feverage, with a look of confident expectation, "he can cure any body. So, Chowder Chow, boy, begin—I wish to G—!—I beg your pardon, my dear!—I knew something of his lingo."

I looked around me again, and with uneasiness, for Captain Brown; without whose powerful assistance and encouraging audacity, I felt no great confidence in my Magian abilities.

"What is the scoundrel gaping after?" quoth Mr. Feverage, waxing impatient; when, perceiving I must play my part, whether Brown came or not, I put on the look of wisdom, and pronounced the Magian "*Holly-golly-wow*."

"Hang your *holly-golly-wow*," said Mr. Feverage; "why don't you give him the physic?"

I give the physic, indeed! That was the province of Captain Brown; who, moreover, carried the Mermaids' Eggs and Holy Sand of the Ganges in his own pockets, I not having about me so much as a single dose.

"*Holly-golly-wow*," repeated I, in great perplexity.

"Curse your gibberish, I tell you!" reiterated Mr. Feverage, begging his wife to excuse him for swearing; "it's the physic I want, you numskull—can't you understand me?"

"Dear me!" cried Miss Feverage, junior, "how can he, pa, when he don't understand English? You should have asked the sailor-man how you were to do things."

"D—n the sailor-man—pray, my dear, excuse me!—he told me all about it," said Mr. Feverage, growing hotter than ever; "he told me, all that was to be done, was to put the staring jackanapes before the sick man, and that he would cure him in from seven minutes to seven days, and no mistake about it."

I was frightened at the violence of my worthy host, but still more at what he said of Captain Brown, who—But could it be? Had he, afraid, as I might well suppose, of the difficulty of making good his impudent boasts, afraid of the responsibility of practice among so many *really* sick persons—had he deserted me, sneaked away, left me to cure

them the best way I could? and cure them, too, without Mermaids' Eggs or the Holy Sand of the Ganges? Certainly he had—I could no longer doubt it; how otherwise was I to understand the fact of his having instructed Mr. Feverage how he was “to do things,” how he was “to put the jack-anapes before the sick man,” coupled with his extraordinary absence at such a time of need? My heart died within me to think of his baseness and duplicity; my blood ran cold, as I thought of the scrape he had left me in. How was I to get out of it? But the intemperance of Mr. Feverage left me little time for reflection; and so I acted upon instinct.

“*Holly-golly-wow!*” I cried again: then turning upon Mr. Feverage, before he could vent another volley of abuse, which I saw him preparing, I resorted to the Magian language, (for, of course, I knew no other,) and demanded, with the looks of one asking the most important question in the world, “*Willy-whary-gonny-doggy-Brown?*”

“What is the infernal rascal jabbering about *now?*” quoth Mr. Feverage: “do you suppose I understand your diabolical jargon?”

“*Willy-whary-gonny-doggy-Brown?*” I repeated.

“He says *Brown!*” cried Miss Feverage; who, notwithstanding her want of judgment and taste, was the shrewdest person present: “he says *Brown*; and that was the name of the sailor-man: and perhaps he is asking for him.”

“Are you, you baboon!” said Feverage: “why, he went off at daylight. But what has that to do with our business? why don’t you physic the sick man?”

“*Willy-whary-gonny Holly-golly-wow? willy-*

whary-gonny-Sammy-ram-ram?” I again demanded, hoping the gentleman would understand I was asking for the Magian physic; which, however, he did not, until I had expended a great deal of ingenuity in explanatory gesticulation, and then hit upon the device of putting my finger into my mouth, by which I meant physic, and next of turning a pocket wrongside out, to indicate that I had none.

Miss Feverage again penetrated my meaning; and nothing could exceed the mingled consternation and rage of the parent, when the conception first flashed upon his mind that I had no medicines to administer to his tenants of the hospital.

“Oh! that infernal villain!” he cried, “that swindling Brown! He has gone off with the Mermaids’ Eggs and the Holy Sand of the Ganges! And what is the doctor good for without them? Bitten, swindled, most atrociously swindled! No wonder the rascal was willing to trade so reasonably; for what’s the doctor without his physic?”

It was now my turn to be struck with consternation; and the reader may judge the horror into which I was thrown by finding from the expressions of the gentleman, that Captain Brown, my villainous confederate, had not merely deserted me, but had actually *sold me*, sold me as a *slave*, for—but I do not know what sum it was he got for me—to my *present* master, Mr. Fabius Maximus Feverage; having also disposed of my nag, which he represented as being a Tartar pony from some royal stable in the East Indies.

Yes! it was true!—astounding, horrifying as it was, it was true; the intolerable villain has sold me, and gone off with the money.

What was the difficulty I had previously lamented, of being left to play the doctor alone, compared with

this newer and more dreadful dilemma in which I was now plunged? It was fortunate, perhaps, that my agitation, which was for a moment inexpressibly great—and how could it be otherwise?—was, in a manner, lost and unnoticed in the tumult of my master's (my master's!) rage; and after that had blown itself away, and the family could again turn their eyes upon Chowder Chow, his confusion was most naturally and charitably attributed to the loss of his Magian medicines, the infallible Mermaids' Eggs and the panaceal Holy Sand of the Ganges.

But not a thought, or a care, gave Chowder Chow, at that moment to his medicines. I had more important matters to excruciate my mind; which, at first overwhelmed by the greatness of my predicaments, was next filled by a whirl of hurrying projects to escape them.

My first idea was to tell the truth—to unlock my lips, and in plain English, expose the fraud that had been practised upon Mr. Feverage and my unfortunate self, and assert my freedom as a freeman should.

But alas! my fears (not to give the credit to my common-sense,) told me, that expedient could only serve to translate me from the culinary vessel, in which I may well say I was frying, to the fire wherein I must suffer the equal pangs of broiling. To tell the truth, would be to confess myself an accomplice in fraud, the confederate of a swindler who had been cheating the good people of the district for more than a week; and whether I (to prove that hard necessity, and not my own will, had forced me into the reluctant complicity,) should reveal the cause of my submission, or keep that secret to myself, I must encounter a similar danger;—in the one

case, take my chance before a court-martial for high treason, in the other, before a court-civil for felony.

To tell, moreover, to a man who was already raging over the loss of the Mermaids' Eggs and the Holy Sand of the Ganges, a truth which must add to that the loss of the money he had paid for me, was, even of itself, an undertaking of highly questionable expediency; and when I reflected, that to the indignation at the loss of his money must be added the mortification, of having been so grossly played upon, in the matter of the palsy, I shrank from the dangers of confession.

"No, no," thought I to myself; "honesty is undoubtedly the best policy in the main; but it won't do in this case."—I have since learned to put another interpretation upon the old saw of the copy-books, which is, that honesty is the best policy, where one wishes to go to heaven; but where earthly prosperity—the attainment of wealth, and honour, and power—is the only thing aimed at, it may be often very conveniently dispensed with.

What then—since I durst not claim my freedom, by telling the truth—remained for me to do? Must I remain a slave, because the unparalleled Captain Brown had thought fit to sell, and the unsuspecting Mr. Feverage had deemed proper, to buy me for one? No, by mine honour, I had no idea of *that*.

There were but two ways I could think of, in which my liberty was to be retrieved; and one having been considered and rejected, I was compelled to place all my reliance upon the other, which was considered and adopted during that brief period of agitation which the rage and fury of Mr. Feverage gave me leisure to indulge. I resolved to submit—that is, to allow myself to be considered a slave

just so long as I could not help it, and recover my freedom by running away, at the very first opportunity. And this, all things considered, was perhaps the wisest resolution I could have adopted.

But I had been bought as a Magus—a dispenser of life and health—and it was necessary I should continue to preserve the character. The difficulty was how I was to do it, being robbed by Captain Brown of what Mr. Feverage seemed to consider the most important part of his purchase, the Mermaids' Eggs and the Holy Sand of the Ganges. And this difficulty, which was now the main source of grief to my master (fortunately, as I could not speak English, I was not obliged to *call* him so,) might have continued a long time, had it not been removed by the sagacity of 'young missus,' (I have less shame in giving her the title, though I shall never forgive her reflections upon my good looks,) who said, that "if I was a good doctor, my knowledge could not certainly be confined to but *two* medicines;" and therefore recommended I should have the family medicine-chest brought me, to see what I could do with it.

The father caught at the idea; the medicine-chest was brought; and signs made that I should select from it such drugs as were suitable to my purpose.

I select, indeed! My knowledge of the *Materia Medica* was somewhat too limited for selection; but I affected to do so. I tumbled over the bottles of potions and powders, taking good care to appear not to read or understand the labels, but to judge of their qualities by smelling. Some I rejected with a learned contempt, others with frowns of knowing detestation; until coming upon a bottle of salts, thinks I to myself, "Salts can't hurt any body," and was going to administer a dose to my patient,

the consumptive negro, before whose bunk had been acted the whole of the preliminary play. His ghastly looks fortunately frightened me into a doubt of the propriety of giving him such a medicine; and the same reason deterred me from a dose of calomel and jalap, which association presented as the next most natural, because best known remedies; when my eye fell upon a bottle of laudanum, of which I immediately gave the poor fellow a dose, taking care, as I did so, to look round upon my master with a melancholy shake of the head, as if to inform him I had but little confidence in the medicine, and only gave it because I could find nothing better.

"He knows what he is about, after all!" said my master, returning the melancholy shake: "he means to say, poor Joe is beyond all common remedies—(May the devil seize that rascal Brown, for carrying off the Mermaids' Eggs! for who knows but that one of them might have cured him?)—and that all that can be done for him is to give him laudanum, and let him die easy."

Of my next patient, all that I can say, is, that he was sick, and I did not know what was the matter with him; but as he was a robust young fellow, I thought no harm could come of giving him a dose of salts, which I accordingly administered. And this prescription had also the merit of meeting my master's approbation which he expressed by saying, "After all, I believe the rascal is worth the money, and sees through a disease with a look.—What a pity we had not some of his own Indian medicines!"

To the third patient, whose case was as mysterious to me as that of the second, and who appeared to be neither particularly strong nor particularly weak, I ventured to administer a little calomel and jalap; upon which my master observed, "My prac-

tice was just like that of the regular physicians: it was plain there was no quackery about me;" and he ended by a hearty execration upon Brown for not leaving some of the Holy Sand of the Ganges, which was undoubtedly of greater efficacy than all the regular physic in his drug-box.

In short, (for I have no design to record my experimental essays upon the lives of all the sick in the hospital,) I went through my task the best way I could; and my hap-hazard practice quite contented my master, who seemed, since I had no Magian medicines to administer, not to expect any very miraculous cures of me; and I heard him afterwards assure his wife, who, with all her children had left the hospital as soon as they found I was to do nothing astonishing, that "he believed he would have his money's worth of me, as I would save him two or three hundred dollars a year in doctors' bills; but he never would forgive that cursed sailor-man, Brown, (begging her pardon,) for having cheated him out of the Mermaids' Eggs."

CHAPTER IX.

Robin Day escapes from slavery, is chased by a bloody-minded pursuer, and relieved by an unexpected friend.

THE extraordinary fatality which had attended all my previous efforts to escape from the different misfortunes that had befallen me, plunging me only from one difficulty into another, had now taught me a lesson of prudence; and I resolved, this time, to act with the greatest circumspection, and arrange such a plan of escape as should, besides most certainly restoring me to freedom, result in as few inconvenient consequences as possible. To run away, I perceived, was not of itself sufficient to secure my liberty; the fugitive slave always expects pursuit; and from my uncommon value, it was but reasonable to suppose my master would take uncommon pains to recover me. It was necessary I should make myself acquainted with the country through which I was to fly, so as to decide upon a route the most advantageous for my purpose; it was necessary to anticipate every possible danger that might arise, and the means of avoiding it:—in short, it was necessary, to think, and do, a great many things; none of which could be thought, or done, in a moment.

While arranging these indispensable preliminaries, I submitted—or seemed to submit—with great gravity and resignation, to my lot of servitude, and

played the part of the Indian doctor to perfection. The servitude itself was no great matter, and but for the name would have been nothing, since my learned character, and perhaps my complexion, which favourably distinguished me from the sons of Africa, (and which, by the way, I was obliged to renew every day,) prevented my receiving the treatment of a common blackey. Without being flattered by any particular marks of respect, I was neither kicked nor cuffed; and I had the happiness of not being compelled to any kind of slavish occupations. It is true, I heard my master once talk of making me wait at table; but he came to the conclusion that I was unfit for such service, while incapable of understanding a word of English.

My only business was to physic the sick, to attend upon the hospital, where I spent nearly all my time, as much to deceive Mr. Feverage with an appearance of zeal, as to keep out of the sight of his family. What good I did the patients I am not yet learned enough in the medical art to say; but I physicked away at them with the best intentions. All that is certain is, that some died and some got well; but whether I killed the former, or cured the latter, I was not so sure, even at the time of practice. And, indeed, I did not trouble myself greatly to inquire, or to think upon the subject: my mind was, all the time, engaged with the thought of escape.

As in most sudden transformations of character, or changes of conduct, one commonly jumps into extremes; so it happened with me upon this unlucky occasion. I was determined, as I have said, to act, in my project of escape, with the utmost prudence and circumspection; and so prudently and circumspectly I *did* act, that I was like never to have put my project into execution. To provide against diffi-

culties and dangers, it was necessary to anticipate all that could happen: and I anticipated so many that I was almost afraid to encounter them. My imagination, as I dwelt upon them, drew them in such formidable colours as frightened herself: and the enterprise looked daily more doubtful and dreadful. I trembled, faltered, vacillated, and the beginning of the seventh week from the desertion of Captain Brown found me, to my own astonishment and affliction, still a slave. And it is not improbable I might have consumed still seven weeks longer in hesitation, had not a circumstance arisen, which frightened me out of fear, and desperately nerved me to action. This was nothing less than a project my master suddenly formed of selling me—for, I believe he was now tired of his bargain, being a fickle-minded man—to a Carolina planter, who had a higher opinion of my abilities, or greater need of my services. The subject was freely discussed in my presence (who was still ignorant of the English language—and, truly, that same ignorance caused me to hear a great many conversations I should not otherwise have been made privy to,) in the hospital, whither my master brought the purchaser, to examine me and my proceedings among the sick.

The effect of their discussion upon my mind did not tend, I fear, to the benefit of my patients; for such was the consternation into which I was thrown, that I, from that moment, began to lay about me among the sick with a maniacal activity and forgetfulness of consequences; which, however, only recommended me more strongly to the stranger's regard: he observed "I was a bold practitioner, and knew how to treat negro constitutions." He then, with Mr. Feverage, left the hospital, the one agreeing to purchase, the other to sell, the only subject of con-

troversy being the price, which I had no doubt they would soon agree upon.

It was then late in the afternoon, and they adjourned from the hospital to supper; "after which," I heard Mr. Feverage say, "we will be able to settle the matter to our mutual satisfaction."—"You may settle it to your satisfaction," quoth I to myself; "but I doubt whether either will be so well satisfied in the morning." In truth, I resolved to run away that very night.

I stole back to the house, and into the housekeeper's room, where my presence never caused any surprise, as, indeed, the medicine-chest was kept there, to which I had, of course, continual access; and the yellow lady, the mistress of the place, had accommodated me with a little table in the corner, where I used to measure out, and sometimes compound, (for I grew bold with practice,) the drugs that so insufficiently supplied the place of the Magian medicines. I entered the room for no other purpose than to fill my pockets with food to sustain me in the flight; but the housekeeper being there at the time, engaged making a pot of chocolate, I was obliged to conceal my object, and pretend to busy myself with the medicine-chest.

While I was thus occupied tumbling the drugs about, the housekeeper stepped for a moment out of the room; when the devil (for I know not how else to account for the desperate prompting,) put it into my head, that, as nothing would more certainly facilitate my escape than the soundest slumber on the part of every member of the family, including also my intended purchaser, so nothing would more manifestly secure them a sound nap than a dose of opium thrown into their chocolate.

This brilliant idea was no sooner formed than put

into execution; and without thinking, (for, verily, I had no time to think,) of the consequences that might result, I snatched up a huge mass of the narcotic, enough to physic the whole household, and with trembling hand tumbled it into the pot. In another instant the housekeeper returned, gave her chocolate the finishing stir, and carried it off into the parlour. I took advantage of her second sortie to gather up a hasty supply of eatables; and then retreated to my medicine-chest again, to await the period of my own supper, which I thought it necessary to take, to avoid suspicion; for I had planned to begin my flight in the dead of night, after a pretence of going to bed: and Chowder Chow, with all his bothers and afflictions, never went to bed in Mr. Feverage's house without his supper.

But by and by, there arose a great scolding in the parlour; and I could hear my master and his family finding fault with the chocolate, declaring that it had a very odd and unaccountable taste; and her ladyship the housekeeper was forthwith summoned to the room to explain the mystery.

I was terribly frightened at this unexpected turn of affairs; and scarce doubting but that the inquiry thus instituted must result in a discovery of the liberty I had taken, I saw no hope but in immediate flight. I slipped from the pantry and the back door, and fled through the fields to a wood not far off, which I reached without difficulty or notice, it being then almost dark.

One of the chief, and, as I esteemed it, most necessary preparations for escape consisted in the study of a large state map of Virginia, which my master had hanging up in the hall or main passage of his house, where I had many opportunities of viewing it unobserved. And I pored over it so often and

long, that I had fairly committed to memory all the roads, rivers, towns and mountains in that part of the state, through which I designed to fly; nay, I had even taken the pains to construct in secret a little rude but sufficient map of my own, on which I could better rely than on my memory alone. My course I had long determined should be westward, towards the interior; which I flattered myself would be precisely the direction in which no fugitive slave would be believed to bend his steps. In that quarter, I should soon reach the mountains, among which, in case of extremity, I might find hiding places and rocks of safety in abundance; and, following among their sequestered valleys, or along their wild ridges, I must soon penetrate to the great West, whose name associated the most agreeable ideas of freedom and independence.

My course thus resolved upon, a map of the country in my head, and an itinerary in my pocket, I struck boldly through the woods, seeking for a road, which, I knew, led to a ferry over the Roanoke, some seven or eight miles from Mr. Feverage's house. The road I found, and the ferry also; where not having the courage to call the ferryman to my assistance, I helped myself to a canoe, which I discovered on the bank, and paddled across the river.

The bank being gained, I immediately removed from my person every vestige of my late Magian character and servitude. The vile complexion, which I had been compelled daily to renew, to avoid detection, I washed away in the river; into which I also threw the detestable bandanna and the horrid yarns that bound my hair. Then, drawing my cap from its concealment in my pocket, to be remounted upon my head, and securing the canoe, so that the owner could get it again if he pleased, I resumed

my steps, walking with such diligence and speed, that, if my map was to be relied on, I had by morning put at least thirty miles between me and my master's house.

And this was exactly what I had calculated upon, in my plan of escape; I had always esteemed it a matter of the first necessity to get over the greatest possible distance the first night; and thirty miles was just what I assigned myself, besides thirty more to be accomplished during the day.

Unfortunately, however, in thus calculating the distance, I forgot to calculate the strength necessary to carry me through it, as I soon discovered to my cost; for I had scarce congratulated myself upon having done so much, when I found I was unable to do any more. I was, in a word, completely exhausted, worn out, knocked up, incapable of proceeding further, compelled to come to a stand, when every moment of delay, I knew, was big with danger. The inactive life of Chowder Chow had melted away the strength of Robin Day; and, besides, Robin Day had overtaken his powers.

I sat down upon a stump on the roadside, to draw breath, and consider what was to be done; and I had just come to the conclusion I could do nothing better than hunt up some hiding-place in the woods, and there, sleep till night, at which period I hoped to be able to continue my journey; when I perceived a traveller, in a military garb, come riding up from behind on a sorrel horse.

I had no particular reason to apprehend a pursuer in the person of a gentleman of the army, regular or militia; but I held it most for my interest at that time to avoid the observation of all persons. I therefore rose from my stump, and slipped aside into the wood, hoping I had escaped the stranger's notice.

But I was mistaken; and as he rode up, he uttered a loud halloo, and turned into the wood after me; at which I was thrown into such a panic that I forgot my fatigue, and immediately took to my heels to bury myself among the trees and bushes. But, alas, the stranger instantly spurred after me, ordering me to stop, to surrender, and I knew not what; but I only ran the faster; at which, growing furious, he pulled out a pistol and fired at me, and then let fly another; and ended by drawing a long sword, with which, being now close at my heels, he offered to cut me down; so that I was fain to come to an immediate halt, and beg for mercy. What was my amazement what my joy, when, turning round, and looking into the face of my bloody-thirsty pursuer, I perceived the features of my friend Dicky Dare!

CHAPTER X.

In which Robin retrieves his reputation in the opinion of Dicky Dare, and is restored to the friendship of that heroic adventurer.

"Oh, Dicky!" cried I, "do you mean to murder me?"—a question for which there was good reason, as my martial friend was in a towering passion, and still brandished his cut-and-thrust about my ears, as if half of a mind to carve me to pieces.

"Robin Day!" quoth he, in equal astonishment:—"may I never smell gunpowder, by Julius Cæsar, if I didn't think you were some flying jailbird of a prisoner of war, or a rascal broke loose from a county prison, or some such rabblement stuff—to run away in such a cowardly style, when I only wanted to ask about the road! But I say, by Julius Cæsar, what are you doing here?"

It was some time before I could reply to the question, so great was the ferment of joy into which I was thrown by this happy encounter; for in the presence of Dicky I saw a release from every affliction, a protection from every danger.

"Oh, Dicky," said I, "fate has sent you here to help me out of the greatest difficulty—as great an one perhaps as that you saved me from, when I was taken prisoner by that caitiff, Duck, and accused of high-treason. I shall never forget your kindness, that time, in saving me from a court-martial."

"Sir," said Dicky, in a lofty way, "that was in memory of our old friendship; but I beg you to observe that I am not to be called upon to interpose in your favour, under such circumstances, a second time. Friendship, sir, is one thing; but honour, sir, by Julius Cæsar, honour is another."

"Yes," said I, "Dicky, it is: but I hope you don't regret saving me from being shot or hanged? I'm sure I would have done as much for you."

"Oh," said Dicky, "as it turned out, I don't think they would have altogether made it out so bad a case for you at the court-martial; because that rascal Duck that accused you, was a traitor himself."

"Yes," said I, "he was; he piloted the British up and down the Bay, to all the towns."

"Exactly so," said Dicky; "the prisoners we took informed against him; and in less than an hour after you were gone, we had the dog arrested, to stand his trial; and I believe they hanged him, or intended to do so."

"I hope so," said I, devoutly. "And as for *my* being a traitor, I think I can prove to your satisfaction I was a very innocent one."

"If you can, by Julius Cæsar," said Dicky Dare, with generous impetuosity, "I shall shake hands with you, and be very good friends with you; though, sir, I'll be hanged if I think as much of your spunk as I used to do."

"Oh," said I, "I can explain that too."

"Very well," said Dicky; "you can explain along the road, and no time lost, as we go to breakfast; for I understand, there's a tavern only two or three miles ahead, where we can eat; and, by Julius Cæsar I'm hungry."

I told him I was too tired, having been on foot all the night, and must have a little rest.

And with that, I invited him to dismount and tie his horse, and take a seat by me on a log; and, to show him he need not concern himself about his breakfast, I instantly produced a store of cold chicken-legs and other dainties from my pocket, which I invited him to share with me.

"A soldier," quoth Dicky Dare, "can ask no better breakfast, or place to eat it. I remember, dad told me that General Marion used to dine off a log in a swamp, and feed on parched corn and sweet potatoes."

And so saying, the young soldier dismounted, unbitted his nag, who straightway fell to work upon the young twigs and bushes around: while his master, with equal appetite, addressed himself to the nobler provender drawn from the larder of Mr. Feverage.

During the meal, I acquainted him with all my adventures from the time of our separation on the highway, up to the moment of our second parting on the field of battle; upon all which, as well as upon my conduct in them, he commented in a very free and characteristic way. He expressed great contempt of my pusillanimity in allowing myself to be seized by the wagoners, and contrasted with it his own courageous and successful resistance of those zealous thief-takers, of which I was now informed for the first time. He highly commended the address and spirit of Captain Brown in shuffling the change of robbery upon my shoulders, and then riding off with my horse; an act, he averred, I should, and easily might have prevented by blowing his brains out. My further adventures with Captain Brown, he considered very extraordinary, as, indeed, I did myself, both from the audacity of Captain Brown and my own stupidity in allowing myself

to be so easily imposed upon. But when I came to inform him how I had mistaken the British sailors for American militia-men, without perceiving the error until charging with them against my own countrymen, and how I had pretended to volunteer in their service, only to secure an opportunity of escape, his surprise was only exceeded by his indignation. He swore by Julius Cæsar, seven times over, I was the biggest ninny in warlike matters, and, he believed, in all others, the world had ever produced—a compliment which I took without offence; for I was, in truth, so happy to fall in with him, and so deeply persuaded of the superiority of his genius, that I could have borne even much more disparagement without repining. Besides, I was more than half persuaded he charged nothing more than was true.

Then followed my final adventure with Captain Brown, the story of the disguise and the Magian medicines; at which, for the first time (for Dicky had put on the gravity of the soldier,) he indulged in a violent fit of laughter, and swore, by Julius Cæsar, that "Brown was a comical dog," and that I, in the part of a quack doctor, had hit upon a character the best suited to my genius; "because," said he, "by Julius Cæsar, I'll be hanged if you'll ever make a soldier."

Last of all came that climax of wonder and atrocity, my being sold to slavery; at which Dicky, giving the reins to his mirth, laughed with such furious energy, that the sorrel nag, who had strayed away some little distance, browsing, came trotting and whinnying back, as if to know what was the matter. Nor was he less diverted at my escape, and the incidents attending it, especially that of the chocolate pot; though he immediately threw me into

a panic by asking, if it had not occurred to me, that, in thus drugging it, I might possibly have murdered some of my master's family? or, at the very least, might bring myself under a charge of an intention to murder them?

It was now Dicky's turn to relate his adventures, in which there was nothing near so remarkable as in mine. He had reached Philadelphia in safety, where, having the good fortune to receive a letter from his father, with a further supply of money, and being no longer able to resist the inclination to put on a soldier's coat along with the soldier's spirit, he ordered a military suit; and when it was completed, left the city, and (as Mr. John Dabs had truly informed me,) left it only a day before myself. He had spurred for the theatre of war, but in vain sought an opportunity of measuring his sword with the enemy, until his good fortune carried him to Norfolk, in time to assist its brave defenders in repelling the invaders from their shores. His company consisted only of some score idlers and tatterdemalions, supernumeraries and volunteers in that particular battle, who, collecting in a hurry, and having no commander of their own, had willingly accepted the martial-looking Dicky for their leader. He had received a wound, a scratch in the leg, of which he was uncertain whether it was owing to a British bullet, or to a tumble he had had over a stump, in the fury of the charge; nevertheless, he prided himself on it, as being the first hurt received in the wars. This battle began and ended Dicky's campaigns in Virginia; for, saving the horrible affair at Hampton, three days after, at which he was not present, nothing more was done by the enemy to afford him an opportunity to display his valour; and, soon after,

the British fleet deserted the waters of the Chesapeake entirely.

Dicky, I found, was now on his way to the southwest. Troubles were brewing, he said, on the Indian border; and wise men looked soon to see the chief theatre of war transferred to the delta of the Mississippi. In either case, he observed there would be plenty of fighting; "and where there's plenty of fighting," said my heroic friend, gnawing the last morsel from a chicken-bone, "there, sir, by Julius Cæsar, there is the place for me."

I told him at once, I would go along with him, and fight the battles of my country at his side; upon which there arose a controversy between us, he assuring me he thought I was too big a coward for a soldier, and I insisting, with heat, that I had as much courage as he; for, he knew, I had as good as trounced him a dozen times at school.

"I don't know any such thing," said Dicky Dare; "though I allow, you always fought me spunky. But this fighting a school-fight, and this fighting the battles of your country—by Julius Cæsar, they are quite different matters. There are some fellows that have great pluck for a war of fisticuffs, and will stand hammering like old iron; but when you put them before the muzzle of a musket, with a man's finger at the trigger—or a park of artillery, with the matches all smoking—or a squadron of horse drawn up ready for charging—why then, by Julius Cæsar, these fisticuff bulldogs are exactly the fellows to fall all of a tremble, and run off like so many rats before a bull-terrier. It's the seeing one's blood flow, and feeling the pain of a wound, that tries what stuff one's liver is made of. As for me, sir, by Julius Cæsar, I have had an enemy's bullet through the leg, without minding it!"

"Or you scratched it over a stump, as you admitted of your own accord was probable," said I. "And if you come to that, I have had a severer wound than you; for I was knocked on the head with the butt of an Irishman's musket, which broke my head open, and I was laid up six weeks by it in the doctor's hands."

"I allow," said Dicky Dare, "you have had the hardest knock: but how did you take it? there's the question."

"I took it I don't know how," said I, "for it knocked me out of my senses; but all the sailors said I was as brave as a lion. And besides, if you come to that, you have been in action but once; whereas I have been three times in battle."

"But how did you go into battle?" demanded Dicky: "did you feel proud, and happy, and furious, and all that?"

"No," said I; "I felt uneasy."

"To be sure you did!" said Dicky, with disdain; "and that's not the way a brave man feels."

"I have no doubt," said I, "I should have felt proud, and happy, and furious, and all that, had I been on the right side; but, I fancy, if you had been, like me, fighting against your country, *you* would have felt uneasy too."

"And so I should," said the soldier, with generous frankness; "I forgot you were fighting against your country; which must make even a brave man a coward. But, I say, Robin," he added, "by Julius Cæsar! you were so terribly frightened at all these other matters—so frightened about roasting that old tyrant, M'Goggin—frightened at Brown and the wagoners—frightened at Mr. Bloodmoney—frightened at John Dabs, the constable—frightened when we took you prisoner—frightened when you were

sold a slave—and, by Julius Cæsar, you are so frightened *now* that you have run away! I say, by Julius Cæsar, I don't think a fellow that gets frightened so often, can have the true grit in him, after all."

"Oh," said I, "Dicky, fear in such cases is not cowardice. Every man is afraid of getting into the hands of the law—of being put into prison, tried for felony, and perhaps brought to the gallows. In all these cases, you must see, I had the dangers of the law behind me. With the wagoners and John Dabs, I was in fear of being carried back to our town to be hanged for murder; with Mr. Bloodmoney, of being imprisoned for house breaking; and, to skip all other matters, here I am now in fear of being pursued as a runaway slave, or laid up by the heels for a swindler."

"By Julius Cæsar, that *does* alter the case," said my friend; "for I recollect, when I left our town, I was afraid, myself, of having the constables after me: though, I tell you what," he added, with a grim look of fortitude, "before they should have taken me, there would have been a fight, and some body's brains blown out, by Julius Cæsar."

My ingenious defence, by which I was half convinced myself, satisfied the valorous Dicky that I was yet worthy of his friendship; whereupon he gave me his hand, and said I should follow him to the wars. He bade me discharge from my mind all fear of Mr. Feverage and his emissaries; "for," said he, "if the worst comes, we can fight them off, by Julius Cæsar." He then asked "how I was off for money;" and being assured I had, in all my troubles, held fast to my pocket book, he expressed great satisfaction; "for," said he, "you can now buy a horse and arms, and so travel onwards like a soldier." And thereupon he bade me for the future "cease calling him

Dicky, like a great schoolboy, and desired I would address him as *Captain Dare*; "because why, by Julius Cæsar, he had on a captain's uniform; and every body was a captain in Virginia."

Inspired by the presence of my martial friend, and refreshed by the meal, I now professed myself able to resume the march; Dicky very generously offering me his horse, till more thoroughly rested, which, however, I refused. He, therefore, mounted the saddle himself; and I walking at his side, we left the wood and returned to the highway.

CHAPTER XI.

Robin Day and his commander, Captain Dare, set out again for the wars, and win a great victory along the way; in which, as is usual, all the honour and profit fall to the commander's share.

WE arrived in a short time at the tavern where Dicky—or, to give him his desired title, Captain Dare—had expected to take his breakfast; and where he now for a moderate sum succeeded in purchasing me a poney that would serve my turn; though he he was but a sorry nag after all. And having again set out on our journey, Captain Dare proposed I should give him, as was proper for a soldier's charger, some handsome name; informing me, at the same time, that he called his sorrel steed Bucephalus, after the war-horse of Alexander the Great. I proposed dubbing mine Hard-Back, which I considered expressive of one of his most striking qualities; but Dicky demurred, insisting that that was a vulgar and unmilitary title; and I agreeing, at last, he might bestow upon him what title he pleased, he named him Pegasus; "which," he said, "was the name of the horse ridden by the great general Perseus, when he slew the Centaurs." Without venturing a hint to Pegasus's godfather, that his classic reminiscences were none of the most accurate, and that the steed of the Muses was dishonoured by carrying such an insignificant and unpoetic personage as I, I accepted

the name; and Bucephalus and Pegasus pricked forward with their riders in peace.

We reached, and dined, that day, at a village, where Captain Dicky, who took the charge, though not the cost, of equipping me into his own hands, bought me a rifle, (which, he said, was the properest weapon for a soldier going to fight the Indians,) with a powder horn, scalping knife, and other articles appropriate to a backwoodsman; and I adding, at my own instance, a hunting frock of light summer stuff, a brace of cotton checked shirts, and some other articles of apparel of which I was in want, I was presently trigged out to my own satisfaction, as well as Captain Dare's.

And now our journey was commenced in earnest, and continued during a space of more than two weeks, with all the zeal to be expected of two such gallant adventurers, and with as much speed as the nature of the country, which was full of savage mountains, and the strength of Bucephalus and Pegasus, who rivalled one another in laziness, would permit. And during all that time, such was the lenity of our fortunes, we met not a single adventure worth recording; though I must confess to a fright I received by stumbling, at a village inn, upon a newspaper, in which, under the caption of "Stop the Villain," was an advertisement, subscribed by my late master, Mr. Fabius Maximus Feverage, offering a reward for the capture of the slave, Chowder Chow, who had absconded, after an atrocious attempt to poison his master's family with opium. But the terror was only momentary: I was growing valiant under the countenance of my valiant friend; and, once parted from, and out of sight of the inn that contained the detestable paper, I declared that Mr. Fabius Maximus Feverage, with his

advertisement, might go to—a certain personage who shall be nameless, and snapped my fingers in token of my disdain.

The end of the second week of our travels, saw us upon the frontiers of Tennessee; and we had scarce crossed them when we discovered that we were already upon the eve of great adventures. News had just reached this secluded district of the commencement of that Indian war, which my comrade and captain had so confidently anticipated—of the horrible catastrophe, the Massacre at Fort Mimms on the Alabama River, by which it was opened, and in which, as is well known, more than four hundred human beings, half of them women and children, the families of poor settlers, fell under the Creek tomahawk at a blow.

This dreadful intelligence, spreading fast among the inhabitants of this wild mountain country, had created the greatest excitement among them. Some, the young and manly, burned with fury, and swore they were only waiting the movements of the proper authorities, the proclamation of their governor and the commands of their military leaders, of which they were in daily expectation, to snatch their arms, march upon the bloodthirsty barbarians, and sweep them from the face of the earth. Others, again, were in a horrible panic on their own account; for though the Creeks were afar off, the Cherokees were their near neighbours, and might be upon them, murdering and destroying, at any moment. It is true, the Cherokees were then, as they had been for many years, and, in fact, continued during the whole of the ensuing war, the friends of the whites; but they were Indians; and, in the logic of fear, nothing was more natural than to suppose they would join their red brethren in the contest.

The further we advanced, the greater seemed the ferment, which was attended, and augmented, by rumours of the most portentous character. It was now reported, that the savages, uniting in innumerable hordes, had destroyed the great city of New Orleans, and roasted all the sugar-planters in their own boilers; and that they were, besides, marching upon the capital of Tennessee, with the fairest prospect of carrying off the scalps of the whole body of Legislators, then in conclave; and now there was a cry that the Cherokees had taken up the hatchet, and were already killing and burning in their own neighbourhood. In short, the excitement was prodigious, and it extended to Captain Dare and his follower; exhibiting, in the one, that warlike fury which distinguished the bolder portion of society, and in the other, I am ashamed to say, a little of the panic that marked the less heroic division.

But what may not a great military genius effect even upon the worst of materials? The fervour of Captain Dare dissipated the doubts and uneasiness of my mind; I caught a spark of his ambition; and was infected with the audacity of spirit which contemned danger, derided wounds, and thought of battle only as the stepping stone to victory and renown. Hot for the conflict, we spurred—or rather, Dicky spurred, and I pommelled with my heels, for I had no spurs,—the snorting Bucephalus and the grunting Pegasus, (for Pegasus was broken-winded,) to hasten our approach to the theatre of war; and along the way, we devised a hundred stratagems by which the enemy was to be defeated, and ourselves raised to the pinnacle of fame. Dicky talked strongly of raising a company—nay, his thoughts sometimes rose to a regiment—of mounted riflemen, along the way; which, received (as, considering the urgency

of the occasion, he had no doubt it would be,) into the service of the United States, would secure him at once a commission, and that power and consideration among men of the steel, of which he was so ambitious. He even made attempts to persuade several valiant persons we met at the inns and farm-houses, where we stopped to bait or sleep, to follow his banner to the wars; but the hurry of our progress, which left no time for persuasion, interfered with his success; not to speak of the disinclination of even the bravest and most patriotic to go a soldiering under a commander whom they had never seen before, who bore no commission either from state or national government, and whose military chest did not allow of any bounty beyond a glass of grog.

But fate, which had created Dicky for a leader, willed that he should have a command, notwithstanding, and that he should achieve it by his own valour.

It happened, one day about noon, as we were pricking along the road, that, at a solitary place at the bottom of a hill, we stumbled suddenly upon a company of volunteers, who had that morning, in such a fit of warlike enthusiasm as inflamed Dicky Dare and myself, set out from their native village, some fifteen or twenty miles off, intending to offer their services to the commanding general of the district, and who, their dinner hour having arrived, had halted, like veterans, to discuss their bacon and homminy upon the road, disdaining to seek the ordinary luxuries of shelter. They had halted like veterans, but they had not troubled themselves to form a camp, or establish sentinels, or do any thing else in a veteran-like manner. On the contrary, they were scattered about in a very disorderly harum-scarum way, divided into groups, which were

so distributed that, when we came in view, there were only four persons of the whole company to be seen, and these sitting around a fire, where they were broiling their dinner, and enjoying themselves.

I know not whether it was on account of their hunting-shirts, which they had newly bedizened for the wars with coloured tapes and fringes, or for whatever other reason; but no sooner had the valiant Dicky caught sight of them, than he swore by Julius Cæsar they were Indians, and therefore enemies; and proposed, as they were only four in number, that we should make war upon them; "for," said he, with a tremendous look of slaughter, "we can take them by surprise, and shoot down three at the first crack—you, one with your rifle, I two with my pistols; and then charge upon them; and I answer for the other fellow with my sabre;"—for so he called the cut-and-thrust.

I cannot say I had the greatest appetite for such an encounter, and, indeed, my natural impulse was to turn Pegasus the other way, and beat an instant retreat. But the fire of Dicky prevailed over my hesitation; and following him into the wood, that we might approach the enemy unobserved, we succeeded in reaching within a hundred paces of them; at which distance we let fly our fire-arms, and then charged upon them at full speed.

Who can calculate the effects of resolution? The surprise, the terrible volley, (by which, however, no one was harmed,) and our furious charge, secured us an immediate victory. The four enemies started to their feet, and, marvellous to be said, a score more to the back of them; who, leaping into view from among the bushes which had concealed them from our sight, fled away, with yells of astonishment and terror;

some jumping upon their horses, which were haltered round a tree, others flying on foot, but all doing their best to escape the danger that had so suddenly fallen upon them. The route was irretrievable, the victory complete; but just as we had effected it, we made the discovery that our supposed Indians were all white men; and they making the same discovery in regard to us, whom they had taken for a band of five hundred Cherokees just bursting into war, they returned to their camp—at least, the majority of them did, the others having continued their flight all the way back to their native village—burning with shame and rage; and for a few moments, I thought they would have murdered Dicky and me, so much did they take to heart our bloody-minded assault, and their own disgraceful retreat.

But a revulsion soon took place in their feelings; they admired the surprising courage of their conqueror, who could rush into battle so regardless of odds, and his handsome uniform won their hearts; and when, after a little explanation, they found that Dicky was a volunteer for the Indian Wars, like themselves, and that he was fresh from the battle fields of Virginia—that he had seen the red-coats and fought them—ay, and beat them too—they fell into a rapture, and immediately offered to elect him their captain, which they were the more able to do, as their own commander, the first to fly, had now entirely disappeared, and was never more heard of. To this proposal, there was but one dissenting voice,—that of the first lieutenant of the company, who insisted upon his right to succeed to the command. But his obstinacy was immediately overcome by one of the company, who, indignant that an officer of volunteers should presume to oppose the will of his followers, fell foul of him and gave him a tre-

mendous drubbing; whereupon he threw up his commission in disgust, and mounting his horse, followed after his runaway superior.

I had, on my part, some hopes of being preferred to this second vacant office, as I also had seen the redcoats, and fought among them, as well as Captain Dare, though, to be sure, not on the same side; but as I had no handsome uniform, as I had not perhaps preserved quite so bold a front as Dicky, at the moment when the enraged warriors were upon the point of blowing our brains out, and, above all, as I had not the same good luck as my companion, I was destined to be disappointed. The lieutenant's seat was filled by the intrepid fellow who had just flogged him out of it; and I, finding I could do nothing better, was content to be admitted a private member of the band, of which Dicky Dare was unanimously elected captain.

CHAPTER XII.

The Bloody Volunteers arrive at the field of battle, and acquire distinction under the command of Captain Dare.

THIS important business finished, and order restored, we proceeded to despatch the dinner we had interrupted, and soon after resumed the march, Captain Dicky Dare riding in great state at the head of his company; which, originally got up in the hurry and enthusiasm of the moment, had never numbered more than twenty-seven men, and was now reduced to nineteen, including Captain Dare and myself. But Captain Dare, before he reached the battle-field, had, by dint of energy and eloquence, managed to increase its numbers by the addition of some ten or a dozen ambitious lads, whom he, at different times, seduced to join his standard.

In truth, the Bloody Volunteers—for such was the sounding name the company had assumed, even at the starting—had sealed their own good fortune in electing Dicky Dare their commander. His courage and great experience in war—for the victory at Craney Island was, in their apprehension, equivalent to a whole life of battle—inspired them with a fortitude akin to his own; while his heroic bearing at their head, and especially his address in providing supplies, and ministering to their wants on the road, prodigiously increased his popularity.

The dinner on the road-side had pretty well exhausted the rations laid in by the Bloody Volunteers; who, forming a sort of *guerilla* or independent troop, attached to no particular regiment of their district, and acting without any authority, began to be doubtful, as the supper hour drew nigh, in what manner, and at whose expense, the needful provender was to be obtained; and these doubts became the more distressing, when an unpatriotic tavern-keeper on the road-side, at whose house we sought refreshment, swore, "he would be hanged if there was a man of us should have supper, without paying for it."

Captain Dare solved the difficulty in a moment, by ordering a file of men into the pig-pen, where they slew a pig and a dozen chickens, and then by taking military possession of the kitchen, where the spoils were prepared for supper. Another file was despatched to the barn, to find quarters and provender for our chargers.

In short, Captain Dare acted as if he knew what he was about; to prove which, next morning, having first given me to understand that he appointed me his military secretary, he bade me draw out a bill against the Treasury of the United States in favour of Mr. Tobias Small, the innkeeper, for the pig, chickens, horse-meat, and night's lodging of the company, which I did; and he immediately appended the important order,—“Treasury of the United States, pay the above,”—signed “Richard Dare, Capt. of the Bloody Volunteers of Tennessee, now in service of the United States,” and handed it over to Mr. Tobias Small, with a magnificent—“There, you dog! there's an order upon the government: send it to the Treasury and get your money!”

Our breakfast was paid for with a similar order; and so was our dinner, but with this difference, that

the order was now addressed to the Treasurer of the Commonwealth of Tennessee; because we had learned from a mail-courier on the road, that the governor of the State had at length issued his proclamation, calling out the militia, and empowering the commanding officers of the state army to receive and enroll all the mounted riflemen who might offer their patriotic services;—news vastly relished by the Bloody Volunteers and their warlike captain.

With a sovereign state to back us, there were no longer difficulties to hinder us on the march; and in a few days more, we arrived at the town of Knoxville, the head quarters of the general in chief of the Eastern District of Tennessee; where the Bloody Volunteers were immediately received into the service of the state, and incorporated with a regiment of mounted men; all as ardent and bloody-minded as ourselves. And here we remained a short time, until all the forces of the division required for the war were mustered; after which, we took up the line of march for the Indian country.

This period of rest—but rest not to us—was, I may say, the beginning of the campaign to the Bloody Volunteers; the history of whose adventures on the march to head quarters, and especially the attack by Captain Dare and their consequent rout, with his immediate election to the command, having leaked out in the regiment, became the theme of many witty remarks, that were not, however, at all agreeable either to the commander or his men. But the former knew how to support his dignity as an officer, as well as the dignity of the company he had the honour to command; and, accordingly, the day after our introduction to the regiment, he pulled the nose of a brother captain, who spoke disparagingly of the company, and challenged him, in addi-

tion, to fight a duel; and the challenge being immediately accepted, and the duel fought, he had the good fortune to shoot his adversary through the leg, which was the very place he aimed at, because the gentleman had too freely commended the legs of his company.

This spirited vindication of their honour endeared Captain Dicky still more to his company; and the Bloody Volunteers, taking example from their leader, turned in like manner upon a brother company, who were pleased to crack similar jokes at their expense; and immediately there was a battle royal between the two, the fight being waged furiously with fists and feet for two mortal hours; at which period victory declared in our favour, though it was a victory dearly won. Indeed, the colonel of the regiment declared, next day at parade, he had never before seen so many black eyes together in all his life.

This double triumph somewhat abated the humour of our adversaries; but we did not entirely escape their gibes, even when we marched, as we at last did, into the enemy's country, and were immersed in the business of war.

The history of the Creek Campaign, to which the victories of General Jackson, commanding the forces of the Western District of Tennessee, gave such brilliant eclat, is well known to every citizen of the United States; and it is not therefore necessary that I, who played in it so subordinate a part, should attempt to relate it to the reader. My business is with the history of the Bloody Volunteers, whose valiant achievements, owing to some unaccountable neglect, have been entirely overlooked by the historians of the campaign. And this is the more extraordinary, as the actions of the Bloody

Volunteers were, with but a single exception, the only ones performed by the Eastern Division worthy of commemoration. Our general, marching through the country of the Cherokees, who, notwithstanding the fears at first entertained of their martial inclinations, remained firm and faithful friends during the war, established his camp on the Coosa River, on the borders of the Creek territory, and there remained I know not how long, (for it was my fate soon to part from him,) doing I know not what, unless holding councils of war and digesting plans of conquest; while his rival of the Western division, without troubling himself to do either, was already carrying sword and flame to the enemy's wigwams. The victory of Jackson at Talladega, one of the Indian towns, fired the emulous spirits of our own troops, and perhaps the envy of our commander; who, wakening at length to life and ambition, detached a brigade with orders to march against another Creek village or cluster of villages, called the Hilla-bee towns, and win him a similar victory. It was the good fortune of the Bloody Volunteers to form a part of this detachment.

The march from head quarters to the scene of action, distant about a hundred miles, occupied us a week; during which the Bloody Volunteers had the honour of being constantly employed on the most important and critical duties. Sometimes we were sent off to burn little hamlets of deserted wigwams—villages proper to be destroyed, though too insignificant to demand the presence of the brigade; but, more frequently, we were employed as a scouting party, to beat the woods in advance, look for trails and stray squaws, from whom to glean intelligence of the foe, and perform other similar services.

This honour—for so our superiors told us we must

esteem it—we owed, in a great measure, to Captain Dicky, whose decided military genius, his zeal and activity, his intrepidity, and, perhaps, his experience in battle, had recommended him to the notice of the brigadier; but, I believe, we owed it in a still greater degree to the troublesome valour of his men, who had grown so proud of their victory in the *melée* of which I have spoken, that they were now always ready to go to battle with any of their comrades who reminded them, as some were always willing enough to do, of their adventures on the march to head-quarters: and such affrays were now become dangerous, because Dicky Dare had succeeded in obtaining permission to arm his men with swords, to be able to act when occasion required as cavalry, which they took a great pride in wearing, and showed much inclination to use in their private bickerings. To keep the brigade, or, at least our regiment, from being continually at logger-heads, it was necessary to keep the Bloody Volunteers at a distance from their brothers in arms.

This was a happy circumstance for Captain Dare, who thus obtained a kind of independent command, the most agreeable to his lofty spirit. Free from restraint, left half the time to his own resources and judgment, and feeling within himself that consciousness of greatness which inspires the destined hero, he longed for independence still greater, for a yet wider field of action, for a still braver opportunity of winning his way to distinction. He wished—for to me, his friend and secretary, he revealed his thoughts—he wished the President of the United States would make him a major general, and confide to him the two divisions of the Tennessee army, with the task of conquering the Creeks; which he thought he could do in a much more rapid and glo-

rious way than any body else; and then he sighed to think he was only a militia captain.

But Dicky was too old a soldier to omit making the best of his present circumstances; and while executing every duty assigned him with a zeal that ensured approval, he took means gradually to increase the numbers of his company, by soliciting occasional reinforcements from among our Indian allies,—for we had many friendly Indians among us, fighting their own countrymen—whom, he assured his superiors, he could employ to advantage. Some of these painted barbarians, in fact, always accompanied us in our expeditions, as guides and spies; but Captain Dare would have had an army of them; though he never succeeded in permanently attaching more than eighteen or twenty of them to his company.

But with even this slight addition, by which the force of the Bloody Volunteers was increased to about forty men, Dicky began to have great thoughts; and entertained the hope of finding, or making, some opportunity of fighting a battle, and winning a victory, on his own account; “for,” as he justly remarked to me in private, “the brigade might win twenty victories and he, by Julius Cæsar, as a militia captain, be none the better for any of them.” It was a lucky thing for our brigadier, that, in the battle which we soon after had at the Hillabee towns, Dicky Dare, though but a militia captain, had only forty men under his particular command; for, otherwise, he undoubtedly would have snatched the victory entirely into his own hands.

We arrived, the evening preceding the attack, within a few miles of the village, undiscovered; and early the following morning, marched against it, our forces being so distributed as nearly, if not en-

tirely, to surround it. The Bloody Volunteers were, as usual, assigned to the post of honour and danger; taking a position beyond the village, for the purpose of cutting off the retreat of fugitives, who, flying from the brigade, would most naturally run into our clutches.

In such a position, it may be supposed, we could have had our hands sufficiently full of business, destroying fugitives and picking up prisoners. But the ambition of Captain Dare disdained the inglorious task of finishing the work of others; and so he had no sooner arrived at his post, whence, from among the trees and bushes, we could see the scattered wigwams of the Indians, looking all in peace and quiet, as if unconscious of the presence of a foe, than he came to a resolution to open the attack himself, and, if possible, carry the place before the arrival of his general. And he was just on the point of ordering us to dismount for the purpose, when, fortunately for the sake of the latter, the assault was suddenly begun by his superiors on the other side of the village, and, in an instant, the village became the theatre of tumult and conflict. A thousand muskets and rifles were heard roaring through the woods; and with them was mingled the din of the Indian halloo, the wild scream that freezes the blood of those unaccustomed to it, and gives at once so peculiar, and I may say so demoniacal, a character to an Indian battle. Certainly, those horrible yells, that seemed to express the fury of devils let loose upon a newly arrived company of condemned spirits, turned pale the cheeks even of the Bloody Volunteers; but when Dicky Dare, to reassure us, cried, "Courage, my brave fellows—remember, an Indian screech is neither a tomahawk nor a rifle-bullet!" the colour returned, and they all d—d their souls, like veterans

of ten years service, and swore "they valued an Injun war-whoop no more than the squeak of a stuck pig at Christmas."

At this moment, a band of some fifty or sixty warriors, at whose wild appearance I felt some very extraordinary sensations, and especially a tingling at the top of my head, as if the scalping-knife were already at work at it, were seen running towards us: upon which, at Dicky's orders, leaping from our horses, before they had yet discovered us, and imitating our Indian adherents, by covering our bodies behind trees and the thickest bushes, we gave them a volley, by which a number were killed, and the rest thrown into the greatest disorder. "Load again, my lads, and let 'em have another touch, by Julius Cæsar!" cried Captain Dare; which we did, and with such good effect, that the savages, who had rallied, and were now rushing against us with great apparent courage, were again brought to a stop; whereupon Captain Dicky immediately exclaimed, with irrepressible ardour, "Now, by Julius Cæsar! now's the time; mount, my boys, and we'll finish them with our sabres!"

The blood of the Bloody Volunteers was fully up, and they were now equal to any enterprise. So we mounted our horses, and rushed upon the disordered and now retreating Indians with our swords, charging them into the village, of which we should undoubtedly have taken immediate possession, had it not been for a tremendous discharge of bullets shot by a regiment or two of our own friends, who were also marching into it, and were too busy to inquire who they were shooting at. "Leave the houses," quoth Captain Dare, "and pursue the fugitives." We obeyed the order, and again dashed after the band of savages, whom we had driven so

far, and who were now making off in the forest, which was, for the most part, sufficiently open to allow of the operations of cavalry on a small scale. The fugitives were soon brought to bay; and, scattering, they took refuge behind the trees, and gave us so warm a fire, that we were compelled to dismount, and fight them in the same manner; when, our Indian allies, whom we had distanced, coming at last to our aid, so that we became superior in numbers, our intrepid captain ordered us to close upon them, which we did, and they again took to flight. We followed them thus for several miles, killing several of them, and doubtless wounding many more; but, by and by, they had all made their escape, and we returned to the village; which, with a great number of squaws, and children, and some old men, was now in the hands of our forces.

CHAPTER XIII.

Captain Dare, at the head of his Bloody Volunteers, wins new laurels by the storm and capture of an Indian village.

THE valour of the Bloody Volunteers was favourably noticed by the general, who complimented Captain Dare for his good conduct; and, what delighted the latter infinitely more, gave him orders, after refreshing his men, to proceed with them, and an additional body of fifty friendly Indians, whom he put under his command, along the creek, (a branch of the Tallapoosa River,) on which the Hillabee towns stood, to destroy all the scattered wigwams he might come across.

Captain Dicky immediately set out, and the wigwams were given to the flames through a distance of ten or twelve miles from the field of battle; and the young captain might now have returned in triumph to the army. But with such a powerful force, which our red allies swelled to nearly a hundred men, at his command, Captain Dare felt it impossible to return to the camp, without having performed some exploit worthier of fame than the burning of a dozen cabins of bark and logs; and hearing from the Indians that there was a small village of the enemy some seven or eight miles further down the creek, where it was probable the Hillabee fugitives would seek refuge, he immediately resolved to stretch his

discretionary powers so far as to march against it, and immortalize his name by its immediate destruction. This the Indians, who, to give them their due, were as fond of a little independent burning and killing as Dicky himself, represented as a feat neither difficult nor dangerous; and the Captain, haranguing the Bloody Volunteers, and representing the immortal honour they had it in their power to achieve, they unanimously agreed, with great swearing, they would follow him to that Indian town, or any other he pleased, and kill all the warriors and take all the squaws prisoners.

We set out accordingly, and by nightfall had come to a hill within a mile of the devoted village, and overlooking it; and here the Indians proposed we should encamp for the night, and surprise the town next morning at dawn, according to the usual Indian mode of attack. But Captain Dare, too impetuous, or too sagacious, to waste time in delay, was resolved to commence the assault immediately; he represented that the fugitives were now weary with flight, and overcome with panic, and might, therefore, be more advantageously assailed than in the morning, after having refreshed their bodies and recovered their spirits: "they will think," quoth Dicky, "that they have been followed by our general, and that he is pouncing upon them with his whole army. And besides," he added, pathetically—"if we stay here all night, we shall get no supper; whereas, in that village, we shall doubtless surprise the squaws in the midst of thier flesh pots, and so feast like fine fellows."

His arguments were effectual even with the allies, who grunted their approbation, more especially at the idea of the fleshpots.

Never were military calculations better borne out

than by the issue of our attack on the village. A single volley from our guns, with one peal of war-whoops, from the allies, settled the whole affair. I have no doubt, the Indians thought, precisely as Captain Dicky said they would, that the whole army from the Hillabee towns was on them; and the gloom of the twilight, which was gathering fast, prevented their discovering their error. Such were the confusion and terror among them that not so much as a gun was fired at us by the warriors; who fled from the cabins, like the squaws and children, yelling terribly, until the woods and darkness assured them of escape. Many of them even left their arms and ammunition behind them, as we discovered by searching the huts; in one of which we lighted upon a plentiful store of corn and dried meat—a valuable capture, as there was great scarcity of provisions in the camp at that time. What injury, besides the loss of the village and stores, we had inflicted upon the enemy, we could not well determine; but we found the bodies of two warriors in the street, besides another discovered in a wigwam, which, from appearances we judged was that of a fugitive, who had been wounded in the battle of the morning, and had been carried by his comrades thus far, and then died.

The victory achieved, it was now to be decided whether we should destroy the village and stores of provisions, and endeavour to retrace our steps to the camp, without regarding the darkness; or fortify our position in the village, and keep possession of it, until the stores could be transferred to the army.

The latter course was resolved upon by Captain Dare; who, removing all arms and other valuables into the wigwam in which we had found the stores, clapped the torch to the other cabins, and burned them to the ground. Then fortifying the store wig-

wam, which was converted into a camp, and stationing sentinels, like a man who knew what he was about, Captain Dare called his secretary Robin Day, who wrote after his dictation the following important despatch (which was immediately sent off by one of the Indian allies,) to his commander, the Brigadier:

“General:—Hearing of an Indian town, where it was supposed the enemy might harbour, I have the honour to report its capture by the forces under my command, after an action of two minutes; together with a store of corn equal to six days rations for the army, and enough meat to make a feast all round; and also some guns and ammunition. I have burned the town, except one wigwam which I have fortified for the protection of the stores, until further orders.”

This despatch will mark the genius of Captain Dare. The judicious reader cannot but observe the sublime brevity of its opening—that little clause, in which the young conqueror condensed, without words, ideas which would have caused another to resort to his dictionary. Even the thrasonical Cæsar found it necessary to clap down his *veni* and *vidi*; whereas Dicky Dare may be said to have accomplished his purpose with a *vici* only. “Hearing of an Indian town, I have the honour to report its capture.” What a laconic concatenation of extremes, of dissevered circumstances, of a past and a future condensed into a single present. “Hearing of an Indian town, I report its capture;”—as if the hearing of it, or having heard of it, (for it is not necessary a great man should be particular about his grammar,) was not merely necessarily followed by its capture, but was to all intents and purposes the *same thing* as its capture. It is thus genius leaps from its thoughts to their results, disdainful, or unconscious, of the steps that connect them.

CHAPTER XIV.

Captain Dare, with the Bloody Volunteers, attempts the conquest of the Indian country. He fights a great battle, and fortune declares against him—but still more decidedly against Robin Day, who falls into the hands of the enemy.

THE night passed away without disturbance; and the Bloody Volunteers rose from their couches the proudest of militia-men.

And now it was that Captain Dare, (who, I believe, from the greatness of his aspirations, had not slept a wink all night,) being convinced from the ease with which he had won so great a victory, that it would require but little more trouble to accomplish still greater ones, resolved to pursue his good fortune still a little further. His despatch to the Brigadier, he had no doubt, would bring that officer with all his army, before many hours, to take possession of the village and valuable stores Dicky had won for him. What need the Bloody Volunteers, then, to remain longer in watch, idling the time that might procure them a second victory? There were plenty more Indian villages waiting to be sacked: why might not Dicky Dare, while his general was following at his heels, march bravely forward with his command, and capture another of them? and, after that, another, and another; until there remained

no more—until the Creek nation was entirely subdued?

In short, Dicky Dare was seized with the ambition to conquer the Muscogee nation, himself, with his Bloody Volunteers and Indian allies; not, indeed, that he thought his band, however swelled in numbers, was of itself sufficient for such an enterprise; but it was amply competent, he argued to me, to whom he confided all his mighty plans, while backed by the brigade, following nigh at hand, and sustained at a distance by the army of General Jackson, and the other forces, which, at different points were operating in the Creek territories.

And here it is proper to observe, that besides our own division, now descending the Tallapoosa River, and General Jackson's at that time on the Coosa, both assailing the Creeks from the North, there were two other detachments attacking them from other quarters, one from Georgia in the East, another ascending the Alabama River, of which the Coosa and Tallapoosa are tributaries, from the south.

With so many armies assailing them, the Creeks, Captain Dicky argued, must be worried, and bothered, and frightened out of their senses: "there's not a man of them," quoth he, "turns his face towards one army of enemies without being apprehensive the other three may at any moment, be upon his back; if he hears a rifle bang, he takes it for granted a whole division is at him." In fine, Captain Dare decided, that in the midst of these distractions of the enemy, nothing further was required for his destruction than a moderate force of men under some intrepid leader, with judgment enough to know how much might be done by audacity and energy. "I attack this village here," quoth Dicky: "well, the enemy fancies it's a whole division at

him, yells and flies, and the town is mine! I attack another, and the same thing follows; and so it may be to the end.—And who, *then*, is the conqueror? I take it for granted, the President and Congress of the United States could do nothing less than send me a general's commission immediately; and, by Julius Cæsar, I should know better how to employ it than some of these old grannies, that do nothing for a whole year, and then let the enemy trounce them."

I objected to Dicky's plan, the possibility of his being attacked by superior numbers. "In that case," said the hero, "we must fight for it, by Julius Cæsar: and, at the worst, we can fall back upon the brigade."

"But they may cut us off from the brigade," said I: "Indians have a great knack at getting on an enemy's rear."

"Well then," quoth Dicky, "we can fall back upon one of the other armies; which is the comfort of the thing: retreat must always be open in some quarter or other."

Such were Dicky's plans, which, confided to me alone, (for he had some misgivings they were too grand to be properly appreciated and approved by others of the band,) he resolved to make trial of; and accordingly, as soon as the Bloody Volunteers had finished their breakfast, he directed each man to help himself from the stores to a week's provisions, and as much more as he thought fit to carry, remarking, that "while we had such scurvy contractors to take care of us, it was best for every man to take care of himself;" which was meant to prevent their suspecting he had a particular purpose in thus providing them. He requested them also to fill up their powder-horns and bullet-pouches; "because,"

quoth he, with a grim facetiousness, "if we have many more villages to take by storm, we shall run through the ammunition-chest in no time;" a jest which was not very witty, but highly agreeable, because of its complimentary character, to the Bloody Volunteers.

This being all done, he told them "the general and army were now close at hand, and they must mount for a little more duty among the wigwams;" which being nothing more than usual, no one made objections; and, accordingly, out we all marched to subdue the Creek nation.

Our first movement, as Dicky had informed me, was to be against another village twelve miles off, of which the Indians had told him; though he had not yet thought fit to acquaint these faithful auxiliaries of his having any further designs than to reconnoitre in its neighbourhood, to collect such information as might be advantageous to the army. But, I believe, these painted sons of the forest began, by and by, to suspect there was more in the wind than they knew, or could approve of, as some half dozen or more of them took their opportunity, one by one, to slip away from us; while others became very importunate to turn back, without, however, giving any better reason for the step than that they thought we were getting too far from the Big Captain—that is, the Brigadier. By and by, some of them saw, or said they saw, numerous signs, or trails of the enemy, and swore, with sundry oaths which they had learned from their white friends, that we should all be killed, if we went any further; an assurance which, I am sorry to say, had an unfavourable effect upon the spirits of the Bloody Volunteers, who burst into a sudden mutiny, came to a halt, and swore they loved their captain, but they would be—

not killed, as the Indians said—but they would be hanged if they went any further. Alas! Captain Dicky, in laying his plans, had quite forgot that his valiant volunteers were free and independent militia-men.

But Captain Dicky did not yet despair of the Bloody Volunteers. He raised himself in his stirrups, and began to address them in a speech, full or intended to be full, of ingenious arguments to prove that the first duty of a soldier, and even a militia-man, and even an American militia-man, was to obey his officer; when speech and logic were both brought to a close by a sudden volley of small arms let fly from a clump of bushes not far off; by which one of the allies was brought to the ground, and a volunteer slightly wounded.

“By Julius Cæsar,” cried Dicky Dare, triumphantly, “I reckon you’ll obey orders *now*, my fine fellows; because if you don’t you’ll be whipped, that’s all!”

And with that, he directed them immediately to charge the enemy out of their cover; a command which the Bloody Volunteers, recovering from the first feelings of consternation, readily obeyed—and perhaps the more readily, as it did not seem from the weight of the volley that the ambushed party could be a numerous one. Of this opinion also were the allies, who, uttering a spirited whoop, darted away to right and left with the intention of surrounding the enemy; who were immediately seen, to the number of twelve or fifteen warriors, flying through the woods.

We pursued them, with sufficient ardour, a little way to a thicket, in which they had taken refuge, and from which they gave us a second fire; while almost at the same moment, a third volley

was discharged from the wood at our left; by which we perceived we had more than one party to contend with.

Upon this, there was a cry among the men to fall back, lest we should be surrounded by superior numbers, and our retreat cut off.

"Very well," quoth Captain Dicky Dare; "but we must first trounce these vagabonds; for, by Julius Cæsar, I am not going to fly before them."

The auxiliaries were directed to dislodge the first party from the thicket; while Captain Dare, with the Bloody Volunteers, rode against the other in the wood. Both parties were soon driven from their coverts, with some loss on their side; and as both the bands were greatly inferior in strength to the forces acting against them, we were tempted to continue the pursuit a little further, the friendly Indians chasing their party in one direction, and we ours in another.

In this manner we became a little separated from the allies; when, on a sudden, a great firing was heard in the direction they had taken, by which the Bloody Volunteers were thrown into a second panic, and were with great difficulty persuaded by the magnanimous Dicky to ride with him to the assistance of our red friends; who, it was now plain, had fallen upon, and were engaged with a considerable body of enemies. We found them in full retreat before a force of savages as strong as our own, but disputing every inch and fighting, in their way from tree to tree, as they retired.

Observing the condition of the battle with the eye and judgment of a Bonaparte, Dicky ordered us to dismount, and leave our horses in charge of the wounded man, who retired a little distance to the rear; while we took a concealed position such

as would bring us upon the enemy's flank, as he drew nigh in the pursuit. This in a few moments procured us an opportunity of delivering a most successful and destructive fire, by which the savages were for a moment greatly disordered; so that nothing more was necessary to secure us the victory than firmness on the part of our allies, whom Dicky, not doubting their faithful cooperation, now called on to unite with us in a general charge. But, alas! the Bloody Volunteers charged alone; the allies taking advantage of the diversion effected in their favour, only to continue their retreat.

Our gallantry only served the purpose of bringing upon us the whole body of enemies, who came rushing up with terrible whoops and yells, brandishing their knives and hatchets, gnashing their teeth—in short, acting like so many tigers hungry for their prey.

The Bloody Volunteers forgot their fame, and fled. It was in vain Captain Dicky entreated them to "stand firm, and let the villains have it;" the cry was every man for himself;" and away they ran pell-mell after the horses, to secure their escape. Even Captain Dicky himself, thus abandoned by his heroes, was compelled to follow their example; and so, it may be supposed, was I. I ran as hard as I could; and being both lighter and fleet of foot than any of the bloody Volunteers, I was soon up with the headmost, and, indeed, a little in advance of them, looking eagerly for the horses, none of which, however, were to be seen; when the flight of the whole company was terribly brought to an end, at least in that direction, by a volley from another and more powerful band of Creeks, who had laid an ambush upon our rear, and now, having fired their guns fairly in our faces, leaped upon us to finish the work

with their tomahawks. As for myself, being in advance of the rest, I actually rushed into the very midst of the ambuscade, and almost into the arms of a warrior; who started up, shot off his piece within two yards of my head, and then, dropping it, ran at me with a long scalping-knife, roaring with triumph, and in good English, "Shiver my timbers, shipmate, I'll have *your* scalp any how!"

The words, unspeakably dreadful to my ears, were not less wonderful than dreadful; they came from the lips of my extraordinary friend, Captain Jack Brown; whom, notwithstanding that his face was all streaked over with paint like an Indian's, I immediately recognised, because—not to speak of his voice, which I could not so soon forget—he wore the very same sailor's clothes in which I had last seen him in Virginia.

It was no time, *then*, to remember the wrongs he had done me: at such a moment, I could have forgiven him, if he had robbed, cozened, and sold me to slavery a dozen times over. I called immediately for quarter:—"Quarter, Captain Brown!" I cried; "don't kill an old friend."

"What! Chowder Chow, sink me!" he cried; and his fury evaporated in a tremendous laugh. "And so you're out of *that* scrape, are you? But I'll be hang'd if you an't in a much worse one *now*!"

CHAPTER XV.

Bobin Day, a prisoner among the Indians, is carried to their village, where he is made to run the gauntlet; the happy device which he puts into execution against his tormentors.

WITH that, he laughed again, but seized me by the arm, and pulled me down into the bushes, to conceal me from the Creeks, who, he said—and, truly, I believed him—would murder me, if they saw me; and there he held me, until they had got a little away, in pursuit of the Bloody Volunteers, who were now flying in another direction.

“Split my topsails!” cried Captain Brown, laughing again, “but I believe you’ll be my lieutenant yet! How, in the name of Davy Jones and all the prophets, did you get here among these blasted Injuns? and how do you like ’em? For my part, sink me, I think it’s a fine thing, this fighting in the way of nature—banging away from a bush, and cutting off scalps, as you’d slice the top off an orange.”

“Captain Brown, there’s no time for talking;” said I; and would have said more, but he interrupted me.

“True enough,” quoth he: “and while the red raggamuffins are making mince-meat of them milishymen, the lubbers, why we’ll just save your numskull from their dirty fingers.”

And with that he bade me follow him, which I

did some distance through the woods, until the savages were no longer to be seen, though we could hear a brisk firing, as if the Bloody Volunteers, or perhaps their Indian allies, had turned bravely to fighting again; when I told him I thought I could now make good my escape, and find my way back to the brigade.

He told me, "no—the woods were now full of Creeks, who had cut off the retreat of our party, and not a man of it could escape—the savages would have every scalp in less than an hour, and mine too, unless he took good care of it for me—which he intended to do, because, split him, he loved me." And thereupon, he said he would take me to the Indian town, (that very one Captain Dicky had set out in the morning, with such a valiant design of taking by storm,) has is prisoner. I assured him, in great tribulation, "I would rather take my chance in the woods; because it was notorious, the Creeks, in this war, had never admitted a prisoner to mercy;" which he agreed was very true, but I was *his* prisoner, and not theirs; and with that, he delivered a volley of oaths, and gave me his word of honour the Indians should not kill me.

"But," said I, grasping my rifle, which I had not yet deserted, "I have no notion of remaining even their prisoner. And so, Captain Brown, with many thanks to you for your good will, and especially for having saved my life, (for which reason, I forgive your having made a slave of me,) I bid you good-by."

And so saying, I turned to escape; when, to my horror and astonishment, Captain Brown let fly his piece (which he had recharged as we walked along,) within an inch of my ear; and then seizing me by the collar, as I stood petrified, brandishing at the

same time a knife in in my face, as if he meant to cut my throat, he cried, "Hold still, you blasted skilligallee, or you'll be murdered to a certainty!"

I understood in an instant that his purpose was to save, not to destroy me; for even as he spoke, I heard a shrill whoop, and up ran three wild savages, who must have been within view as I started to run, and would undoubtedly, had I got any distance from Brown, have served me the turn they were now most anxious to do,—that is, to kill me. They came yelling and ravening up, and it was all Brown could do to save me from their knives and hatchets. He cursed and swore, threatened, looked big and ferocious, and told them repeatedly, now in English, now in a mongrel Indian jabber he had picked up, that I was *his* prisoner, and if they wanted one, they might go hunt for one themselves. In short, he prevented their murderous designs, though he could not entirely drive them off, as he wished; and when he presently signified that I must accompany him to the village, which I prepared to do, without resistance, being no longer able to help myself, they followed at a little distance behind us, looking sullen, and ferocious, and expectant, like so many wolves awaiting the moment to snap up the poor traveller whom they are dogging on his journey.

This circumstance, in addition to other causes of grief,—the fate of my brother volunteers, who, I feared, were by this time all massacred, and the prospect of captivity, supposing nothing worse should ensue,—it may be supposed, had no very favourable effect upon my spirits.

But the natural buoyancy of my mind, added to the assurances of Captain Brown, who repeatedly declared I had nothing to fear, and laughed at my uneasiness, gradually brought me into a more cheer-

ful frame, so that I could give ear to the conversation with which he beguiled the way to the village.

He desired again to know how I had escaped from the hands of Mr. Feverage; upon which I related the whole story, and asked him how he could reconcile it to his sense of honour to treat me in that way? "Oh!" said he, with a grin, "the devil got into my head, and I couldn't help it. Besides, it was what the sodgers call a mine countermined, a trick for a trick, split me; because how, d'ye see, my hearty, you were just meditating how you should give me the slip; and hang me, no craft yet ever took the weather of Jack Brown, on land or water."

I then, having informed him of the remainder of my adventures, with which he was vastly diverted, but with none so much as the discovery that the gallant Dicky Dare, his vanquisher on the highway, was the commander of the Bloody Volunteers, the heroes and sufferers of the day—I then requested, in my turn, to know what had thus brought him among the Indians, and arrayed him so traitorously in arms against his own country.

"My own country be d—d!" quoth Jack Brown, with lofty contempt; "I sails under my own flag, and nobody's else. But as for how I came here among these red Injuns, why, blast me, it was partly because of an accident; for, d'ye see, hang me, I took to the road again for diversion, just to kill time on the way; but some how, split me, I killed a niggur-trader ——"

"Killed a negro-trader!" cried I, with a faltering voice.

"Yes," said Captain Brown, with ineffable coolness—"I knock'd him off his horse with his own riding-whip, which I borrowed for the purpose; and then marched his niggurs to the next town to sell

them; for, shiver my timbers, d'ye see, the niggurs, being niggurs, could not witness against me. But some how or other, they got up a row about it; and so there was nothing but to up anchor and crowd on all sail for the Injun country. And so, hearing the paint-faced lubbers loved an Englishman; why, sink me, says I, 'I'm an Englishman, and I'm come to have a brush with you against your foes, my red-faced hearties, for I loves it.' And so they made much of me, and I have very good times with 'em, taking topknots. And," concluded Captain Brown, "there's fun in it."

What a perverse fate was mine, to connect me, and, as it seemed, so inextricably, with the fortunes of such a man as Captain Brown, a fellow to whom swindling and fraud of every kind were but jests—who spoke of killing a man as if nothing were more natural and proper, and saw nothing but very good fun in helping savage Indians to take the scalps of his own countrymen.

Nevertheless, Captain Brown had, just that moment, saved my life, and was the only person who could afford the protection, of which, it was obvious, I still stood in need. And, therefore, I had no idea of letting the horror and disgust with which he inspired me, deprive me of the advantages of his friendship.

After an hour or two, walking, we reached the village; where my unexpected presence produced a furious hubbub among the squaws and papooses, the only inhabitants, all the warriors and others capable of bearing arms, having gone out against the unfortunate Volunteers. They screeched and raved like so many furies and little imps of darkness; some pelted me with mud and chunks of wood, the little boys shot at me with arrows, and set the dogs

on to devour me; while one or two old beldams, as ugly as baboons and as fierce as tiger-cats, ran at me with knives, making every effort to despatch me. Captain Brown interposed, as before, to save me. He cursed the boys, he kicked the dogs, and tossed the old women away; but I did not esteem myself perfectly safe, until he had dragged me into a cabin, of which I soon found by the airs he put on he was the master.

Here, though I was protected from the mob of the street, I found myself confronted by three young, but by no means handsome squaws; who also burst into a rage at sight of me, and seemed inclined to give me as savage a reception as the others had done; but upon Captain Brown swearing at them, which he did with great energy, they slunk away to their domestic occupations, one to pounding corn in a mortar, another to puffing a fire under a pot, the third to some other work, but all grumbling and scolding in their own language, like viragoes of the most acid temperament, giving me every now and then looks of implacable hatred. I asked Captain Brown who they were; to which he replied, to my astonishment, "they were his wives, sink them, and as cursed a pack of jades as were to be found in the whole Creek nation." And thereupon the intolerable Turk told me, "If I wanted one, I might have one—or, for the matter of that, all three of them; and for his part, split him, he would never marry another Injun wife again as long as he lived, because why, he believed one was just as big a jade as another."

This was a new illustration of the extraordinary want of principles which Brown had long since coolly avowed, and which every act and word of his, only more surprisingly confirmed.

A half hour or more was spent in conversation, in which Brown gave a more detailed history of his adventures since abandoning me to Mr. Feverage; and then we sat down to an Indian dinner of meat, corn, pumpkins and sweet potatoes, all boiled together in a pot. The dish was not the most savoury in the world, but, being hungry, I should perhaps have very well enjoyed it, had it not been for the entrance into the hut of a savage-looking warrior, apparently fresh from the battle, who was presently followed by another, and then another and another, until there were more than a dozen of them present. I was not much dismayed at the appearance of the first visiter, who, at Captain Brown's invitation, squatted down at his side, and partook of our dinner; and, being asked upon the subject by Brown, proceeded, in broken English, to inform him of the results of the battle. He stated that the affair was not yet over, that the Bloody Volunteers had been unluckily driven in such a direction as to stumble upon and effect a junction with their allies, the friendly Indians, who had been also intercepted—that the party thus reunited, had rallied under the encouragement of the intrepid Dicky, and taken possession of an old deserted wigwam, from which it was not thought prudent to attempt to dislodge them until night; and that, accordingly, the Creeks had retired to a distance, still, however, surrounding the ruin, which, there was no doubt, they would carry, at the approach of darkness. This had given an opportunity to our informant, and, as it afterwards appeared, to many other Indians to return for a while to the village.

It was some satisfaction to me to hear that poor Dicky and his followers were yet alive; but the appearance of so many savages in the cabin drove from

my mind all thoughts of my friends, and of every thing else but self; especially when one of these desperadoes, after having eaten a very hearty meal, got up, and in the course of a long speech, addressed in broken English to Captain Brown, proposed that I, his prisoner, should be taken out and made to run the gauntlet, for the satisfaction of the women and children; who, he represented with great pathos, were mourning the loss of many a husband and father, slain by the white man, and stood therefore in need of some such consolation.

To this amiable proposal Captain Brown, to do him justice, at first returned a flat refusal; but the other Indians now joining in the request, and some proceeding to the length of actually laying hands upon me, as if determined to have their will, whether Brown consented or not, he made a merit of necessity and surrendered me up, notwithstanding the many piteous entreaties I made him to protect me. I reminded him of the promise he had made, on his honour, that the Indians should not kill me; to which, he replied, very coolly; "they were not going to kill, but to carbonado me;" and comforted me with the assurance, that "one was not to expect to get through the world, without a few little rubs, split him."

In short, Captain Brown, with all his professions of friendship seemed not in the least distressed at my affliction; and I was immediately haled out into the air, where my former tormentors, the squaws and little boys, already collected in expectation, received me with cries of mingled fury and delight. They immediately arrayed themselves, with the assistance of the warriors, into two lines about six feet apart, and perhaps a hundred paces long; thus forming a narrow alley, through which I was to run to Brown's cabin, at the door of which the lines

ended. All the persons forming the lines, squaws, children, and warriors, were armed with sticks and bludgeons, and some of them, I am certain, with knives and hatchets; notwithstanding that Brown, who assisted with great apparent spirit and gusto in arranging the lines, assured me the warriors had agreed there should be no dangerous weapons used.

I need not tell the reader with what emotions of indignation and grief I found myself degraded to such a fate, to make sport and pastime for vagabond Indians, whom I despised, even while I feared and hated them. But indignation and grief could not save me from the fate. I must run the gauntlet through those lines; and Brown, cautioning me to "run fair," as he called it, declared, I would be infallibly murdered, if I broke through the lines; and all I could hope was, by employing my utmost speed and agility in avoiding the blows to be aimed at me, to get through the infernal ceremony as quickly, and with as little hurt as might be.

Such was the advice of Captain Brown; who, having proved his friendship by giving it, and placed me at a point a few yards in advance of the lines, ready to start at the signal, took post at his own cabin-door to give it, and to receive me when the race was over.

As I stood a moment, looking down the living alley, bristling with clubs upheld in readiness, and sparkling with eyes all turned towards me with diabolical expectation, my fears got the mastery of me, and I felt a sudden inclination to run the race the other way—that is, fly to the woods, instead of to Captain Brown's wigwam. My next feeling was wrath and malice, and a desire, since escape was impossible, to make the sport result in as much suffering to my tormentors as to their victim. This vengeful feeling,

or some good angel, I know not which, suddenly brought to my mind the recollection of my adventures with the negroes in the streets of Philadelphia, and the device by which I had so effectually revenged upon the black dandy the indignities I had suffered from his brethren. I had no Scotch snuff to be sure, to enable me to play the same game over again on the present occasion; but my eye was attracted by a mass of loose light sand strewn the path on which I stood; and I felt that a better substitute for Scotch snuff could not have been offered me. Stooping down to the ground and busying myself a moment about my shoe, as if securing it for the race, I took the opportunity to snatch up in each hand as much sand as I could well cram into them; and then, the word being given by Brown crying out, "Now, my skilligallee, run, you lubber!"—words that brought a peal of yells from the savages, I started at full speed down the alley, scattering, as the husbandman does his seed, a little sand from both sides, and aiming it with admirable accuracy full at the eyes of my persecutors, administering always a double dose where I had reason, from the bigness of the club or the fury of the visage, to apprehend the most dangerous enemy.

The device succeeded wonderfully; it protected me from many a blow, aimed or intended to be aimed, at my unprotected body; and it changed the cries of ferocity of my enemies to yells of pain and anguish. Nothing can express the horrible confusion I left, at every step, as I ran, behind me; two hundred and fifty savages, man, woman, and child, were suddenly consigned to blindness, with each at least ten grains of sand in either eye; and how they ever got rid of them, as I am certain I left not a

sound eye to help the afflicted in all the village, I know not.

Next to the satisfaction of thus repaying, or anticipating, their cruelties, was that of my almost perfect exemption from injury. Some slight blows I received, indeed, and one cut, which I supposed was from a knife, on my left shoulder; but I should have reached Brown's cabin without a hurt of any consequence, had it not been that this worthy himself, my faithful friend, after giving the signal, had jumped in at the end of the line with a shillelah; with which, roaring in animated tones, "run, you lubber!" he hit me a tremendous thwack, by which I was tumbled, or rather darted, headlong into the cabin. Unfortunately for my own interests, as I had entertained no apprehensions of such a salute from Captain Brown, I had made no preparations to prevent it; unfortunately for Captain Brown, however, I was aware of his intent in time to revenge it; and at the very moment his stick came in contact with my back, I succeeded by a violent effort in flinging all my remaining ammunition into his face; and his furious exclamation, "shiver my timbers, I am blinded for ever!" was mingled with the less comprehensible, but equally agonized ejaculations of the Indians.

CHAPTER XVI.

How the Indians condemn Robin Day to the stake, along with Captain Brown, their adopted brother; and in what manner the two are saved from being burned alive.

"You have blinded me, you cub of a seadog!" cried Captain Brown, groping his way into the cabin, where were now none but ourselves; for his amiable wives, it seemed, had been too happy to take part in the savage entertainment, in which they had suffered as well as others. The smarting of my back gave a bolder emphasis to my reply,—"No craft yet ever took the weather of Jack Brown on land or water!"

"Bravo!" cried Jack Brown, bursting into a laugh, which, however, ended in a growl: "I've heard of a rat taking a cat by the nose, and a jack-ass kicking a lion. But, split me, no more gabbling:—pick the sand out of my eyes."

This piece of friendship I performed for the gentleman; who, being at last freed from pain, fell into a good humour, and highly commended the novelty and ingenuity of my device, and swore, the next time he went cruising, he would take in a cargo of sand, "because why, it would be a great saving of gunpowder." I had my doubts and fears as to the effects of my stratagem upon the tempers of the savages; but Brown assured me it was a good joke,

which they would themselves enjoy, as soon as they got their eyes washed out.

By and by, having tired of jesting upon the subject, he proposed I should turn savage like him—though he recommended me not to trouble myself with any wives, “because why, they were infernal jades, all of them,”—and accompany him forthwith to the scene of battle, for the honest purpose of assisting in the destruction of my late friends and comrades, the Bloody Volunteers; which, he said, would make the Creeks fond of me. I rejected the proposal with indignation; upon which he himself started off, leaving me, to my great grief, to the tender mercies of his spouses; who, perhaps, thinking themselves responsible for my safe keeping, immediately laid hands upon me, and with a deal of scolding and glowering, proceeded to tie me hand and foot; which being done to their liking, they rolled me into a corner of the hut, and left me to my meditations.

And thus to my meditations I was left for more than twenty-four hours, that is, until late in the afternoon of the following day; during all which time I suffered inexpressible pangs from the tightness of the rope, and from hunger and thirst; for the Mistresses Brown, having established me in the corner, paid no further regard to me than if I lay at the bottom of the Red Sea, bringing me no food, taking no notice of my moans and lamentations and petitions to have my bonds slackened a little, and, indeed, appearing to be almost unconscious of my existence.

At the end of that period, the savages returned to the village, as I was apprized by a great number of wild yells that suddenly arose in the forest; and presently, Captain Brown came into the hut, looking

very much fatigued, and with a handkerchief bound round his arm, as if he had been wounded. He looked surprised, and then laughed, to see me bound; but swore very majestically at his wives, and immediately released me from my painful bonds, with the observation, made by way of apology for the treatment I had endured from the furies, that "I might thank my stars they had not taken a twist of the rope round my neck, instead of my wrists and ankles!"

He then informed me, to my great surprise and joy, that Captain Dicky with his Bloody Volunteers, instead of being devoured by the savages, had out-generalled, if not even defeated them—that he had taken advantage of the night and the confidence of the besiegers, to creep from his fortress, and, after an attack as furious as it was unexpected, in which he had inflicted considerable loss upon them, to steal away, marching so vigorously during the whole night, that the savages had not been able to overtake him, though following hotly upon the track from morning till noon; and that, in consequence, many of the latter, and especially the Indians of the village, had given over the pursuit in despair, and returned home in a very bad humour. But, he added, there were plenty of other Creeks in pursuit, (for the enemies of the Bloody Volunteers were not confined to a single village,) and they would undoubtedly, sooner or later, come up with and destroy them; because Dicky, supposing himself cut off from the brigade, had turned in another direction, and was marching into the heart of the Creek territories.

While Brown was speaking, I was sensible of a great hubbub in the streets, which increased and approached; and, directly, a multitude of warriors,

fierce with paint and rage, come rushing into the hut.

"Shiver my timbers," said Brown, "the rapscallions are after mischief!"

And so, indeed, they were; for rushing upon me, the object of the visitation, in a body, and with such eagerness that some of them tumbled one over the other to the floor, they seized me with violence, and began to drag me from the cabin. I cried out to Brown for protection; upon which he repeated one of his profanest interjections, adding, with what seemed to me more of surprise than concern, that "he believed they were going to roast me." Nevertheless, he made some effort for my relief, demanding, with some appearance of indignation, "what they wanted with *his* prisoner," and insisting they should do me no hurt, "because why, sink him, he had adopted me into the nation."

The savages took not the least notice of his remonstrances, but haled me from the cabin into the streets, where I again saw all the squaws and children collected; and they burst into yells, at sight of me, as they had done before, crowding eagerly and tumultuously around the warriors, who pulled me to the river-bank, (for the village stood on the banks of the Tallapoosa,) and there tied me by the back to a pine tree that grew near the edge of the bluff; and immediately many of the squaws ran up, bearing armloads of wood, which they began to pile in a ring around me.

It was no longer to be doubted that they were going to burn me alive, and that they were in the greater hurry to begin their diabolical pastime, because the night was now coming on fast, leaving them scarce sufficient time to enjoy the spectacle of my dying agonies by daylight.

I looked around for Captain Brown, who had followed to the scene of execution, and was, I believe, doing all he could among the warriors, by argument and dissuasion, to save me from the horrid fate to which they had consigned me; but I was in such dismal confusion and anguish of spirit, that I could note nothing but that he was among them, and think of nothing but the share he had had in bringing me to the present pass. I called to him, and reproached him bitterly with the promise he had made, that my life should not be touched, and reminded him he had pledged his honour for my safety. At another moment, I might have smiled at the idea of appealing to the honour of such a man as Captain Brown; but, after all, he had something of the kind yet left in his breast, or some dare-devil sense of right and wrong, for I doubt if there was virtue in it, which took the place of honour in his composition.

"I sticks to my honour, my hearty," he cried, with a resolute voice, "and I don't intend the lubberly rascals shall do you any hurt."

And with that, he forced his way up to the tree, and in open defiance of the whole herd, began deliberately with a knife to cut the thongs that bound me. The savages seemed for a moment staggered at the act, as well as at the intrepid bearing of their ally; but, presently relapsing into rage, they fell upon him tooth and nail, some snatching the knife from his hands, and others seizing him by the shoulders to drag him away.

"Are you *there*, shiver me!" cried he, shaking himself free from their grasp; which he immediately requited by some half dozen or more terrible blows of his fist, planted with admirable precision full in the faces of those who had made most free with him. This exasperated their passion into frenzy, in the

midst of which, overpowering him with numbers, he was at last tumbled to the ground, and in two minutes after, bound like myself to a tree, on the point of sharing the death he was no longer able to prevent.

But Fate had not willed we were to perish the victims of Indian tortures. The day was closing fast; but it was the darkness of a tempest that shortened it prematurely. A wild moaning sound, the uproar of a hurricane booming through the forest, was heard even above the yells of the Indians, during their conflict with Brown; and when that was over, and the whoopings came to an end, it had increased to such a degree as to engage the attention and excite the fears of all. Indeed, the ropes had not well been secured upon Brown's body, when, on a sudden, the trees on the opposite bank of the river, were seen snapping and flying in the air; while the river, late so dark and still, was converted into a chaos of boiling foam, intermixed with the limbs and trunks of trees, as the tornado, with the speed of the wild-horse, swept across it to the Indian village.

The savages, screaming with fear, fled to the refuge of their cleared fields; and so, doubtless, would their victims have done, if able; for I can declare, at least for myself, that the horror of that dreadful tumult of the elements, the sight of great trees whirling in the air like straws, and of the river spouting up from its bed—for no other word will express its commotion—as if the whole body of waters were about deserting it, filled me with such consternation, that I quite forgot I was on the point of being burned alive, forgot, too, that death by a thunderbolt or falling tree would be mercy compared with immolation by the hands of torturing Indians.

The tornado was on us in a moment, and—But I

have no kind of knowledge what happened, or how it happened; but I remember having looked, one moment, with horror upon Brown, who was venting terrible execrations, in no apparent fear, but great amazement at the appearance of things, and, the next, finding him lugging me down the bank of the river, swearing as furiously as before, and assuring me, "if I was not done for, now was the time to give them blasted Injuns the go-by." And with that, tumbling me into a canoe that lay on the verge of the river, and pushing her off into the water, which was still in great commotion, he jumped in, snatched up a paddle, and, giving me another, bade me "flap away like a mud-terrapin."

The storm was still blowing, though with moderated rage; but a great rain had succeeded, and was now pouring in such deluges, that as I looked back to the scene of the intended torture, I could barely discern that the village was in ruins, and the trees that divided it from the river, all prostrated. I could see no Indians; they had not yet returned in quest of their victims. The next moment, the site of the village was concealed from my eyes by a bend of the river, down which our canoe was urged at the greatest speed we could give it.

CHAPTER XVII.

Robin is separated from his fellow fugitive, and after wandering through the wilderness, stumbles on his old friends the Bloody Volunteers; and, with that corps of heroes, is taken prisoner by the Spaniards of Florida.

I ASKED Captain Brown the particulars of our escape; but he said "he knew nothing about it, except that the blasted pine" (meaning the tree he was bound to,) "came down like the mast of an Injic-man in an ox-eye off Good Hope, and so snapped him loose; and then he had cut me free, sink him; and that was all he knew of it; except that if he ever turn'd Injun again, the devil might fry him in butter for breakfast, split him."

And with that, he bade me paddle away, which I did with all my strength, asking him, the while, very anxiously, what we were to do, and what was the prospect we had of making good our escape from among the Indians. He replied that we could do nothing better than paddle down the stream as fast as we could, during the night—that it was lined with Creek towns, which, however, we could easily pass unobserved—that two nights' paddling would carry us out of the heart of the Creek settlements; after which, we could proceed on by day as well as by night; and so, he supposed, that in four or five

days we should reach some American fort or other on the Alabama River.

"But what," asked I, anxiously, "during these four or five days, are we to do for food, having none with us, and no means of procuring any?"

"What are we to do? Why, *starve*," quoth Captain Brown, coolly—"a thing I have had great practice in; for once, hang me, I lived nine days on a pair of shoes and a gallon of rum; and, another time, fourteen days on nothing, except the hind leg of a niggur, which was none of the best, because how, it wasn't cooked, and no rum, salt, or pepper to make it savoury. And as for starving five or six days, here on a fresh river, where one may fall to on the dry grass like a hippopotamus, (and shiver my timbers, I don't believe grass is such bad eating neither, because why, how do the cows get so fat on it?) I don't think that any great matter. And mayhap, if we have luck, we may catch a young alligator or two for dinner; though, split me, it wouldn't be wonderful if we were snapped up ourselves by the old ones."

I liked not at all the prospect of fasting four or five days, or feeding on dry grass and alligators; but the thought that I was escaping from the savage stake determined me to meet my fate with fortitude. It was not my fate, however, to starve long in the company of Captain Brown.

The storm that followed the hurricane lasted but a short time, but it rained violently during nearly the whole night—a circumstance we esteemed no great misfortune, as it gave us the better hope of passing the Creek villages unnoticed. We paddled on, therefore, with zeal and confidence; and by and by, when the rain ceased as it did a little before

daylight, we had left the torture-ground many a long league behind us.

But while congratulating ourselves upon our success, we had the misfortune, while rounding a point on the right bank of the river, suddenly to come in contact with a great sawyer, as I believe they call it, by which our bark was turned topsy-turvy and wrecked, and ourselves tumbled into the tide.

Every body has heard of the drowning sailor, who caught hold of the anchor for preservation, and went with it to the bottom. In the confusion of the moment, I was guilty of a somewhat similar piece of folly; for I grasped the tree which had wrecked us, and upon which I was no sooner mounted than it plumped under water, then up, then down again, giving me such a tremendous seesawing, and all between wind and water, that I lost the little wits left me by the immersion, and so was on the point of drowning, before I could think of making an effort for safety. I was partly recalled to my senses by a sudden snorting from Captain Brown, who immediately roared out, a little down the stream, whither he had been carried by the current, "I say, split me, hilloa there, my hearty! have you gone to the bottom? Here's the bank near;—swim, you horse-mackerel!"

But, alas, the voice of Captain Brown, pealing over the river, awoke upon that solitary bank he recommended me to swim to, and which he was, doubtless, himself striving to reach, certain echoes, the most disagreeable and fearful that could fall upon my ears. They were nothing less than the yells of Indians—first, a single startling shriek, that was responded to by a multitude of voices, as of a party that had just been roused from sleep; and in the midst of the uproar, a dozen or more rifles were

fired off in the dark, as I supposed, at Brown; and then I heard, or fancied I heard, the noise of mocasined feet jumping into canoes, and the rattling of paddles against their wooden sides.

Roused by the new danger, I immediately let go my hold of the tree, and swam to the other side of the river; where, not pausing to look for Brown, or even to think of him, because I fancied the Indians in their canoes were close behind me, I ran up the bank, and was presently in the depths of a trackless forest. I then, indeed, thought of Brown, but it was too late to look for him, supposing he had escaped to the bank as I had done; and, besides, I dare not stop for such a purpose. It was now almost dawn; in half an hour the Indians would be able to follow me by my trail; and well I knew how necessary it was to make the most of the advance I had of them. I ran on, therefore, through the woods; and, by sunrise, I reckoned I had left the river five or six miles behind me. I then slackened my pace somewhat, but not much, being still in fear the Indians might overtake me.

Towards midday, I felt a little more at ease, and was able to collect my thoughts, and consider—though I did not come to a stand to do so—what I was to do, thus left by my cruel fate alone in a wide wilderness. I had treasured in my memory all that Captain Dicky and Brown had said of American armies entering the Creek nation from the East and South, and of forts recently built on the Alabama river. But how I was to find either an army or fort, unless I should stumble upon them by mere accident, was not very clear, as the East was a wide quarter of the compass, and the Alabama a pretty long river. It appeared to me but a hopeless task to go in search of either; yet, as it was necessary

to go in some direction, I thought my best course would be to proceed to the Southwest, which, from a general notion I had of the country, I fancied would bring me to the Alabama river, near to its confluence with the Tombecbee, where I hoped to find myself in the neighbourhood of forts or settlements.

But, alas, I soon discovered it was much easier to resolve upon a course than to pursue it. The sun, upon which I chiefly depended to guide me on my way, presently refused to shine, and for not that day only, but several others, for it was now November, the month of fog and storm; and, when night came, and was even clear, I found there was no seeing the stars through the overarching boughs of the forest, that spread around me, apparently without end. I could, indeed, *sometimes* manage to determine the points of the compass; but the end was, that I soon became bewildered, lost in the wild desert, in which—not to dwell upon an adventure that was varied only by my fears and distresses—I wandered for seven weary, dreary days, subsisting upon nuts, when I had the good fortune to find them, which did not happen every day, and more especially towards the last; when I entered upon a barren, sandy country, upon which nothing grew but pine trees; and where, therefore, I had the best prospect of dying of famine. But there was relief in store for me, and it came at a moment when, being quite worn out with hunger and fatigue, and reduced to despair, I stood most in need of it.

It was the seventh day of my flight, in the afternoon, and I had thrown myself upon the ground, as I almost hoped, to die; when I heard at a distance a sudden firing of guns, at first a volley, and then an irregular succession of discharges, which convinced

me there was a battle waging nigh at hand. This dispelled my despair, and my first thought was to fly, not doubting that, where there was fighting, there there must be Indians also; but remembering that although Indians might be engaged on one side, there must be white men on the other, and being emboldened by my desperate condition, I resolved to steal towards the field of contention, and, if possible, effect a junction with the supposed white men.

This proved to be no very difficult matter; for although the firing suddenly ceased, so that I was deprived of the means of directing my course, I presently saw a body of men, twelve in number, marching pretty rapidly through the woods towards me, all of them armed, and all, as I knew by their clothes, good American backwoodsmen. I ran towards them, crying out that I was "a friend," not desiring they should shoot at me as an enemy; and, accordingly, I arrived among them unharmed, and immediately discovered myself in the midst of my old friends, the Bloody Volunteers—or what remained of that once formidable company, their gallant leader, Captain Dicky Dare, still marching at their head.

Yes! there they were, twelve heroes and men of might, who finding their return to the brigade cut off, had carved their way through the heart of the Indian nation, and fighting and flying together, had arrived in the piny desert, bringing, not merely famine and fatigue such as I endured, but a host of enemies, by whom their march was continually harassed, and their numbers thinned, and from whom they owed their daily escapes only to the military genius of their commander. Where they were, or whither they were going, they knew no more than I; nor had they known for many days. Some attempts the valiant Dicky had made to pene-

trate both to the east and west, to execute his preconcerted plan, in case of necessity, of effecting a junction with one of the American armies; but those quarters were precisely the ones in which he found it impossible to proceed; and during the last four or five days, he had been content to march to any point of the compass which his fate, or his foes, permitted.

Great as were the wonder and joy on both sides—for the Bloody Volunteers were all rejoiced to see me alive again, having supposed me long since dead, and Captain Dicky, who looked half starved himself, pulled a handful of corn from his pocket, being all the food he had remaining, and generously divided it with me—there was no time to indulge in congratulations. There were Indians close behind; the Bloody Volunteers had just repelled their attack, but it might be at any moment repeated. “Push on,” was the word; and away we went—whither, as I said before, no one knew, but with the encouraging assurance of our Captain, that, “whichever way we went, we must, sooner or later, come to *some* place or other.”

Fortunately, our commander’s words were soon verified; for we had not continued the march more than an hour, when our ears were unexpectedly saluted by the tones of a bugle pealing through the woods. Whence could such a sound proceed save from some American fort or camp? We pressed onward with renewed speed, and, by and by, caught sight, not of a fort or camp, but of a train of forty or fifty mounted men, all in handsome uniform, who came trooping along through the forest, but at sight of us, suddenly halted; and we perceived them unslinging carbines, which they had hanging at their backs, as if preparing to meet an enemy. Then

galloping towards us, they came to a second halt within a hundred paces of us; while their leader, parting from them, rode up nearer, and saluted us, to our surprise, in the Spanish language, demanding who we were, and whence we came; questions which I, being the only one of the company who understood the language, interpreted to the Bloody Volunteers, as well as the reply of Captain Dicky to the officer, that we were a detachment of such a brigade of such a division of the Tennessee army. Upon this, the officer very politely informed us we were his prisoners, and begged we would do him the favour to surrender our arms to those of his Majesty the King of Spain, upon whose territories we were now unlawfully bearing them; hinting, at the same time, that our refusal to do so would place him under the disagreeable necessity of cutting us to pieces.

This was a greater surprise than the other, though, it proved by no means painful to the Bloody Volunteers; who, repelling a suggestion of the indomitable Dicky that "he thought they might whip the haughty Dons, if they would, for all of their numbers," insisted upon laying down their arms immediately, whereby they would escape all future danger from the Indians, as well as the pangs of starvation that now afflicted them.

"Well," said Captain Dicky, with a sigh, "it can't be helped, then; and perhaps the American government would not sustain us, even if we trounced them; because we are at peace with Spain. But the consolation is, the greatest generals and bravest soldiers have been sometimes prisoners of war.—Tell the officer," said he, "we surrender to the arms of his Majesty the King of Spain."

So the twelve of fame gave up their arms, and were forthwith marched off to the town of Pensacola, from which we were only twenty or thirty miles distant, and which we reached early in the afternoon of the following day, being treated very well on the road, and sumptuously feasted.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Bloody Volunteers are carried to Pensacola, where Robin Day receives an agreeable surprise.

As soon as we arrived, Captain Dicky's eleven followers were carried to a fortress near the town, where they were confined; while the young hero and myself—I being invited to officiate as interpreter—were conducted to the house of the *Intendente*, or military governor of the town, the Señor Coronel Aubrey, or de Aubrey;—for such Captain Valdez, our captor, told us was his name; and upon my remarking that the name appeared to me rather English than Spanish, he admitted with a shrug that seemed to be full of meaning, though I could not divine what the meaning was, that his Excelencia the Coronel was but a half Castilian after all, nay, that he was a North American by birth, who had left the Carolinas at the period of the American Revolution, and entered the Spanish colonial service, in which he had remained ever since. And Valdez added, with another shrug, as profoundly significative and as incomprehensible as the first, that Colonel Aubrey had acquired wealth as well as power, while many pure-blooded Castilians might be found in the service of his sovereign, who, *caramba!* were no richer than *he* was.

A few moments saw us ushered into the presence of this dignitary, a fine, and, indeed, noble

looking man of fifty or fifty-five years; in whom, notwithstanding the difference of years, I was struck with a resemblance to the portrait of the Spanish gentleman which I had so much admired in the drawing room of Mr. Bloodmoney. And to prove that he could be no other than the original of that picture, I saw hanging upon the wall of the apartment in which he received us, a copy, the very counter-part of that portrait. Allowing for the difference of years, there was but one characteristic in which the Intendant differed from his effigy. The countenance of the latter expressed a deep and settled melancholy; whereas Colonel Aubrey's was in the main a cheerful one, or at most sedately cheerful. "But," thought I to myself, "a man is not in sorrow all his life."

He received us—or rather, I should say, he received Captain Dicky, whose regimentals, though greatly the worse for his forest campaign, distinguished him as my superior—with courtesy, but seemed very much surprised at his juvenile appearance; indeed he turned to our captor, and asked him with some sharpness—fortunately for the pride of Captain Dicky, the question was in Spanish—whether he had not made a mistake, and brought him the drummer, instead of the leader, of the American party?

"Upon my soul," replied the officer, "the little fellow is commander in chief of the whole party. And," he added, casting his eye upon me, "if we are to believe what the young gentleman, his friend and follower, says of him and his feats, it is time the American government had made him a general of division."

The Intendant here gave me a scrutinizing look, which ended in a smile, and he addressed himself to the business in hand by asking a great many

questions in regard to the Bloody Volunteers, their objects in thus invading the territories of his Catholic Majesty—whether they were acting under the orders of General Jackson, or any other American commander—and a multitude of other inquiries, such as were, doubtless, proper to the occasion; and to all which Captain Dicky, as soon as I had rendered them into English, returned the most appropriate and dignified answers.

He assured the governor upon his honour as a soldier, that neither his government nor commanding general had the least idea of violating the territory of their Spanish friends; that the invasion was an affair of accident, attributable solely to him, and to him only on account of his ignorance of the Spanish boundaries. In short, he answered every thing, and said every thing necessary to allay the suspicions that might be entertained by the Governor as to any sinister movements of the American army, in progress or designed, against his little Intendancy.

So far all went very well; but a difficulty unexpectedly arose when his Excellency, politely assuring Captain Dicky that his explanations were quite satisfactory, begged to be permitted to look over his papers—that is to say, his commission, and the orders of his brigadier, in the attempted execution of which he had been driven so very far from head-quarters. The difficulty was that Captain Dicky had *no* papers: the irregularity of his election, and the hurry of affairs, had prevented his receiving, before marching to the theatre of war, a formal commission from the executive of Tennessee; and as for orders, he had never yet been distinguished by any but verbal ones from his general.

To remove the difficulty, Captain Dare entered into a laboured explanation of the circumstances,

from the period of his election up to his surrender to the arms of his majesty of Spain, including the whole of his adventures during the flight through the Indian country—an exploit that can be compared only to the memorable Anabasis of the Ten Thousand; in which Colonel Aubrey seemed much interested, and I am sorry to say, diverted; for he laughed once or twice very heartily. He then asked me if I could as a gentleman (for, upon his demanding what my rank was in the company, I took the opportunity, which the ragged appearance of my outer man rendered desirable, to tell him I was a gentleman volunteer, a soldier of fortune serving in the ranks,) endorse all the statements of my friend Captain Dicky; and upon my hinting in reply, that my captivity among the Indians, and long separation from the company, rendered me an incompetent authority as to a portion of the statements, though I had no doubt of their truth, he became very anxious for the recital of my adventures also; which I gave him, that is to say, my adventures in the Indian nation with Captain Brown; whom, however, for my own sake I took care to represent as a mere fellow in misfortune, without saying any thing of his rascalities and piratical character; and it seemed to me, that while equally diverted, he was still more interested by them than he had even been with the exploits of Captain Dare.

These representations satisfied him that Captain Dare's statements were to be relied on; or, at least, he said as much: upon which, Captain Dicky assumed, in his turn, the character of questioner, and demanded to know of his Excellency his intentions in regard to himself and his Bloody Volunteers; whether they were to be detained as prisoners of war, (in which case, he begged the Intendant to observe, he protested against the detention, as an act unfriendly and

injurious to the United States, the ally of Spain,) or whether they were to be treated as friendly visitants, and allowed to depart immediately to their own country; in which latter event, Dicky declared that, having now found out how the land lay, he had no doubt he could conduct his command to the American lines at Mobile.

To these interrogatories the Governor replied, with a smile, that the affair being a very extraordinary one, he did not feel himself at liberty to decide upon the course necessary to be pursued, until he had deliberated further on the subject; but, for the present, he said, he would consider Captain Dare only in the light of a guest; and immediately requested the honour of his company to dinner; an invitation which, on the faith of my being a *gentleman* volunteer, as he said, with some emphasis on the phrase, he extended also to me.

But here another difficulty arose, founded on the condition of our habiliments; in which we were the more loath to appear at a gentleman's table, as Captain Valdez had hinted the Governor had a very charming daughter, who would, doubtless, preside on the occasion; and I was obliged to confess on Dicky's account, that, Captain as he was, he had not a shirt to his back, having torn it into bandages for his wounded volunteers; while I lamented, on my own behalf, the ferocity of the Indians and the fury of the briars, which had quite destroyed the beauty of a handsome hunting frock I had bought at the beginning of the campaign. Colonel Aubrey laughed, and said he was happy to have it in his power to relieve us from so serious a dilemma; and with that, he conducted us into a chamber, where we were left in charge of a negro servant, who supplied us with linen from his master's wardrobe, and the means of

making a very gentlemanly and luxurious toilet. And by and by another slave made his appearance, bearing for my use a handsome military frock; which, as it very nearly fitted me, I fancied the Governor had obtained from some juvenile officer, to serve my purpose, until I could fit myself out in a manner becoming a gentleman volunteer.

Having completed our toilet very much to the satisfaction of both, and rejoined the courteous Intendant, we were immediately conducted by him into a sumptuous saloon, where we found a table already spread, with many black servants around it; besides whom, there were three other persons in the room; one an old man in a clergyman's dress, his excellency's chaplain; the second a stiff and starched matron, whom I took for a duenna, but who proved to be merely the *casera*, or housekeeper; and the third a young lady, the fair daughter, as I could well believe, of the Intendant. But, heaven and earth! what was my amazement and confusion, when, looking bashfully up into the face of the *señorita*, who received the two strangers with graceful courtesies, I beheld the beautiful somnambulist, the Spanish girl, to whose gratitude or humanity I had owed my escape from Mr. Bloodmoney's house, on the memorable night of the burglary! She recognised me at the same moment, and her confusion was almost as great as my own; though, with me, to surprise was added the fear and anticipated shame of exposure: "in a moment," thought I to myself, with such thrills of dismay and anguish as I had never before felt, 'I become, instead of a gentleman volunteer, a rascally housebreaker, angrily and ignominiously expelled from the Intendant's house, perhaps consigned to a Spanish prison.'

At that very moment of discovery, Colonel

Aubrey, who had already presented Captain Dicky to his daughter, was in the act of commending me, *el Señor Voluntario*, as he called me, to her notice. He smiled at my agitation, as supposing it, perhaps, the mere bashfulness of a gawky boy; but when he saw that his daughter shared my confusion, he was struck with astonishment, which immediately darkened into suspicion and displeasure.

"How, Isabel!" he cried with a frown: "you have then seen the young man before?"

"*Si, padre mio querido!* yes, my dear father," cried the lady, with a voice whose faltering tones cut me to the soul, and I thought I should have sunk through the floor; for the next word, and all must be revealed, and the poor housebreaker—Fy! I thought of Captain Brown and the Indian stakes on the banks of the Tallapoosa, and I wished the Creeks had finished their work, and burned us alive—*him* for his villany in making me a burglar, and *me*, if for no other purpose than to save me the humiliation of the present moment.

But the humiliation endured *only* for a moment: the voice of Isabel ceased to falter, her eye to dwell upon the floor; and the angelic creature—for such she now appeared—added, with equal firmness and address, "I have seen him, my dear father; and I owe it, perhaps, to the young gentleman that I am now here alive before you! It was in Mr. Blood-money's house: I wandered in my sleep—*Santa Maria!* I shall never wander in sleep again!—a robber was in the house: he seized me; and—and—Yes, *mi padre!*" she cried with animation, "this young man saved me from his murderous clutches!"

At this dreadful story, for dreadful it seemed to all, Colonel Aubrey turned as pale as a ghost, the ecclesiastic crossed himself, the *casera* fetched a half

shriek, the negroes rolled their eyes, and Dicky Dare, giving me a nudge on the ribs, whispered eagerly—"I say, by Julius Cæsar, what's all this the girl's talking about?"

"Seized by a robber!" at last ejaculated the Intendant; "your life endangered!—in Mr. Bloodmoney's house too? and I not told a word of it!"

"Alas!" cried Isabel; "the Señor Bloodmoney was so much affected that such a thing should happen to me in his house, and the Señora his wife so deeply afflicted, so much afraid of your anger, that, at her entreaty, I promised, before we sailed, you should not know of it; and, though loath to conceal any thing from my dear father, I should not have told you what may be of disadvantage to the Señor Bloodmoney to be known, (though; indeed, it was not his fault, but the audacious villany of the robber,)—had it not been for my surprise at so suddenly seeing the young gentleman who rescued me."

What an amazing transition in my position, as well as feelings! From a burglar, I was, as by a touch of magic, converted into a hero; and from emotions of terror and disgrace I passed into sensations of the most rapturous delight and exultation. My original feelings towards the lovely Isabel were, as I have long since confessed, of a highly romantic and tender character; and such was the nature of those which now seized me, that I felt an almost irresistible impulse to catch her in my arms, as the scoundrel Brown had done, and profess I know not how much of love and gratitude. And perhaps I might, in the fervour of the moment, have committed myself by some such demonstrations of affection, had not Colonel Aubrey been prompted by a similar impulse in favour of myself; whom he immediately

caught in his arms, calling me the preserver of his child, his friend, his benefactor, and I know not what beside.

But I *do* know that I had at that moment some idea of what might be the feelings of a modest young woman in a man's arms, by experiencing those of a modest young man in a similar predicament. I was, in a word, very anxious to get out of them, notwithstanding all the Intendant's obliging expressions; and perhaps I blushed the harder, after the embrace was over, for Dicky Dare, whose curiosity was waxing hot to penetrate the mysteries of my good fortune, giving me a second nudge and whisper,—“I say, by Julius Cæsar, what was the old gentleman hugging you for? And why the deuse don't we sit down to dinner, before it spoils by standing?”

CHAPTER XIX.

In which Robin Day makes a rapid progress in the regards of the fair Isabel.

It seemed as if Colonel Aubrey divined the meaning of Captain Dicky's questions, or, at least, the latter one; for banishing his fervour with a smile, he bade us "sit down;" adding, "that from all I had told him of my forest feats, he did not doubt I would prefer a good dinner to all the fine words he could utter, or the warm embraces he could give me." But as soon as the reverend *padre* had delivered a benediction on the meal, and we had taken our seats, he renewed the subject, and requested that his daughter would now inform him of the particulars of the adventure in which I had played a part so interesting and questionable,

But Isabel looked again embarrassed, and gave me a quick uneasy glance, while she replied:

"Indeed, my father," she said, "I have told you nearly all I know. As to the robber, he was a vile fellow, a sailor Mr. Bloodmoney informed me, who had applied to him to have the command of the vessel, which it was supposed Mr. Bloodmoney was equipping as a privateer; and the wretch, to convince Mr. Bloodmoney he was the best man for his purpose, assured him he had passed his life in an employment, which is doubtless the best school for

privateersmen,—piracy;—nay, that he was a famous villain too, called Tiger-cat, or Hell-cat, or some such name of renown ——”

“Hah!” said Colonel Aubrey, “there was some such fellow in the gulf here, that I have heard of; *El Gato* I think they call him, and sometimes *El Infernal*. But they said he was marooned or murdered by his own men, because too bloody-minded a villain even for a pirate. And this fellow would have commanded the brig then? What said Bloodmoney to that?”

“Oh,” replied the damsel, “he would have none of him, and threatened, besides, to hand him over to the police. But Mr. Bloodmoney did not, in reality, believe he was the rogue he so freely professed to be, thinking that that was a mere braggadocio, crack-brained piece of bantering; and he threatened him with the police only to get rid of him. But, however this might be, the man broke into the house that very night, collecting with unexampled audacity all the plate and other valuables; with which he would undoubtedly have got off undisturbed, had it not been for my misfortune in walking in my sleep, and so stumbling upon him in the midst of his operations. He was seized and overpowered, yet made his escape, after dangerously stabbing a watchman, who had been called in from the street to take charge of him. And this, my dear father,” added the maiden, giving me another uneasy glance, “is all I know of the man; for the brig sailed away from Philadelphia with me a few days after.”

“All this is very well,” quoth the Intendant; “but you say nothing of my young friend here; who, I presume, is a friend or connection of Mr. Bloodmoney’s?”

“Yes, sir—I believe so,” said the young lady,

giving me a third, and very piteous look. But as I had never seen him before, and sailed away immediately after ——”

“Never seen him before!” said Colonel Aubrey with surprise; upon which, I, feeling that it was necessary to prevent his astonishment going any further, and perceiving that the fair Isabel was no longer able to help me, hastened to explain that I was, in reality, neither friend nor kinsman of Mr. Bloodmoney, and that I had never been in his house before the eventful night; but that I was on my way to him with letters of recommendation and credit from a gentleman, Dr. Howard, who was his connection, and my friend.

“Yes,” cried Isabel, here eagerly interrupting me: “Dr. Howard came himself, soon afterwards; and Mr. Bloodmoney told me he was his kinsman, and a man of great wealth and respectability.”

Encouraged by this interruption of the young lady, who, I could not but see, was as anxious as myself to make the most of every favourable circumstance, and to avoid all unfavourable ones, I proceeded to assure the Intendant, that “a strange accident,” (and so it *was* a strange accident,) “together with my ignorance of the city, and other circumstances, had prevented my reaching Mr. Bloodmoney’s house until a late hour—in fact, when all were asleep; but that I should never regret the irregularity of a visit which had enabled me to be of service to the young lady, his daughter.”

“Nor I neither, by my faith,” said Colonel Aubrey, warmly. “But I wonder Bloodmoney did not inform me of the affair, were it only to afford me an opportunity to show what kind of gratitude was due to the preserver of my Isabel.”

He then asked me what was my relationship to

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Dr. Howard; to which I—being seized with a devil of mendacity and deception, for I was ashamed to confess my humble origin in the presence of the fair Isabel—replied that it was a very distant one; but added (what I was not ashamed to confess,) that I owed every thing, my education and even my subsistence, to his benevolence. And I would have added more in his praise, had not Colonel Aubrey, with great delicacy, immediately shifted the subject, by asking jocularly, “whether I had gone to Mr. Bloodmoney for the purpose of turning privateersman, like honest Captain Hellcat?”

Upon my replying that, in fact, I had, he looked surprised, and laughed very heartily, and informed me that the vessel was no privateer after all; that he had bought her, through Mr. Bloodmoney, and fitted her out for his own purposes; that she lay then in the port, though under another name; for he had called her *La Querida*, because she brought back to him his *querida*, or beloved Isabel, after two years of absence; which the young lady had passed in Philadelphia, completing her education.

He then alarmed me by a question, which was, doubtless, very natural and appropriate to the occasion—what, since I had set out to go to sea, had turned me from my purpose, and converted me into a soldier? But I got over the difficulty by hinting that my friend and schoolmate Dicky Dare had persuaded me to follow him to the wars—and, truly, had he not?—an explanation that perfectly satisfied the Intendant. And from that moment, giving over his questions, he addressed himself to the business of the table, bestowing a due share of his attentions upon Captain Dicky, who had been previously rescued from neglect by the fair Isabel addressing him in English, and thus giving him an

opportunity to enter into conversation without the intervention of an interpreter.

At the dessert, in which we were feasted with the delicious fruits of the tropics, fresh brought from the neighbouring island of Cuba, the reverend padre left the table to attend, I presumed, to some clerical duty: and, presently after, the servants were discharged; and we were left a little party of four persons, who were enjoying ourselves very agreeably in conversation; when a messenger came running post haste from the fort, with an account that the Bloody Volunteers, for some reasons best known to themselves, suspicious perhaps, from the long absence of their captain, that some foul play was intended them had burst into a mutiny, which it was feared would terminate in bloodshed. Upon this, the Intendant got up in haste, with Captain Dicky, whom he invited to go with him and appease the tumult; committing me, who, he said, might remain to entertain his daughter, to her sole charge and keeping.

The moment the two had left the room, Isabel, starting up and advancing a step or two towards me, exclaimed, in low and hurried, but earnest tones, and in English—"Señor! lay no misconstruction upon what I have said and done. If I have deceived my father—if I have descended to evasion, and almost to falsehood, know that I was paying a debt of gratitude, which makes *me* forget things my father could not have judged but with harshness. I lament that one so young, so warmly befriended, so seemingly full of promise, should have fallen into evil hands and practices; but fear not exposure from me, who neither can nor will betray you."

I was confounded by the words and manner of the beautiful girl, who, it was apparent, thought me

a rogue in earnest. A moment before, I fancied I required nothing but an opportunity to speak to her in private, to retrieve my character in her eyes, and convince her I was no robber. But on a sudden I felt it might be no such easy matter.

"Alas," I cried, in extremity, "have you seen Dr. Howard—was he at Mr. Bloodmoney's house—and can you still think me a burglar? Did *he* think me one?"

"What otherwise could he think?" replied Isabel, firmly; "what ought he to have thought, after what had preceded? After a beginning in murder—Ah! you perceive, he told us all! And, though he softened the circumstances, and the poor man did not actually die ——"

"M'Goggin did not die? Thank Heaven for that!" cried I; "for that was the only thing which to myself seemed like crime. And yet that was no murder, had the wretch died twenty times over; and, if you know the circumstances of that unfortunate affair, you must be aware it was a mere silly schoolboy scheme of vengeance, in which a serious injury to the pedagogue was neither desired nor intended."

"But," said Isabel, "there was still more they spoke of: that—but it seemed to me, even then, too extraordinary for belief:—there were people who charged you and your companion with a highway robbery upon a poor sailor, on the road to Philadelphia!"

"Oh, the confounded wagoners! it all arose from them, I have no doubt." And with that, I told the whole story to the young lady; who, listening at first with eager interest, at last, when I came to describe the audacious trick of Brown, by which, the inconveniences of the crime were transferred

from the robber to the robbed, suddenly burst into a most unromantic fit of laughter.

"And this impudent sailor, then," she cried, "was the same man, the fellow with the horrid name, from whom you—But gratitude makes me too readily take sides with you! How, señor," she demanded, more seriously—"how comes it that you are the next moment found in company with this man, whom you already knew to be a robber, in Mr. Bloodmoney's house—or, indeed any where?"

Upon this, I told her how, having changed his clothes and removed his hideous beard, he had made me believe he was Mr. Bloodmoney himself, robbed me of my letter of introduction and money, carried me into Mr. Bloodmoney's house; in short, I told her the whole of that unlucky adventure, which moved her to as much risibility as before; though she soon reproved her mirth by the expression,—
"Alas, señor! it is not well to laugh at an adventure, which, however ridiculous, was the cause, and perhaps is yet, of pain to your friends, and of injury to your good name. And it is still less proper for me to laugh," she added, "since it brought me relief at a moment of need and terror."

I told her, with much fervour, I cared not how much she laughed at my folly, provided she was satisfied of my innocence. Upon which, she said my story was too ridiculous not to be true; that it explained all the circumstances of my case very perfectly; and that she believed it. "And, indeed," said she, with charming frankness, "I always thought there must be some delusion in the matter, and that you could not be a robber in reality; because you did not look like one, and because, you know, you told me so."

CHAPTER XX.

Robin Day is surprised by the appearance of Skipper Duck and other old friends.

I THOUGHT at that moment, I had never seen so celestial a creature, and felt prompted to say I know not what silly things, and perhaps should have said them, had not the maiden requested me, with an enchanting smile, to inform her what other extraordinary adventures, ("for truly," said she, "you seem to have been born for extraordinary adventures,") had followed my flight from Mr. Bloodmoney's.

I took up the tale accordingly, and had proceeded as far as my unlucky mistake with the British sailors, and the discovery of it, while marching into battle with them against my own countrymen, an incident which recalled the mirth of the beautiful hearer; when Colonel Aubrey suddenly returned, and being surprised at his daughter's merriment, requested to know the cause of it. "Oh," quoth she, "the Señor Day has been entertaining me with the history of his surprising adventures, which I hope, some time," (and here I thought she gave me a significant look, besides emphasizing the word some time) "he will also relate to my dear father."

"I shall be happy to hear all that the Señor Day may think proper to relate," said the Intendant; "but, in the meanwhile, I must beg of him the

favour to attend me to the audience chamber, where—" Here Isabel looked pale, and I, thinking the summons must have some reference to the Bloody Volunteers, interrupted him by hoping that nothing unpleasant had resulted from their quarrelsome outbreak.

"Nothing at all," said he: "they had, some how, got into their heads a ridiculous idea that they were to be sent off to South America, to be condemned to the mines. But all is now quiet; and Captain Dare, who chooses to remain with them awhile, will presently return to favour us with his agreeable society." He added, that the business at which he begged my assistance, was the examination of several men, the crew of a small vessel, which had that day entered the port under suspicious circumstances, but who claimed to be good and honest American citizens; in which case it would, doubtless, be advantageous, as well as agreeable, to them to have a gentleman, their own countryman, present as an interpreter. The suspicious circumstances were chiefly the want of sufficient papers, and of cargo; the disproportion between the crew and vessel, the latter being a mere coasting shallop, while the former comprised eighteen or twenty men, of whom nearly two thirds were negroes; and, what was more suspicious still, a great piratical looking long-tom, stowed away with a quantity of small arms and ammunition, in her hold. In short, Colonel Aubrey suspected the vessel to be a pirate, a stray member perhaps of the fraternity then known to exist under Lafitte at Barrataria Bay; though the master, or chief man among them, insisted he was an honest negro-trader from the Carolinas, come to try his luck, with a small cargo of slaves, among the Spaniards of the Gulf.

Having given me this explanation, the Intendant led me, all loath to leave the charming Isabel, into the audience chamber; where among a number of soldiers, who kept guard over them, were six or seven men in sailor's clothes, whose appearance startled me a little out of my propriety; because some of them I immediately recognised as my quondam friends of the Jumping Jenny, the followers of honest Tom Gunner; and another look showed me, standing foremost among them, and looking excessively dogged, yet discomposed, the detestable Skipper Duck; whom, of all the men in the world, I least expected to stumble upon in this remote quarter. When I first caught sight of the fellow, he was stealing a glance at the Intendant that expressed perhaps more than a rogue's usual fear of the face of Justice; but when, rolling his eyes askant from Colonel Aubrey, they fell upon me, I was myself astonished at the actual dismay into which his uneasiness was immediately converted.

"What!" cried Colonel Aubrey, "you seem to know the fellow?"

Before I could reply, one of the sailors, having caught sight of me, exclaimed, pointing me out to his messmates, "I'm blasted if that an't our little fighting-cock, Day, that was with us in the Chesapeake, and was snatched up by the blasted Yankees at Norfolk!"

These words covered me with confusion; for I knew not, in the moment, what unlucky construction the Intendant might put upon this portion of my history, unless told him in my own version; and the embarrassment was increased by his suddenly giving me a sharp look, and saying, "he thought it proper to inform me, that, although long years of disuse had made it a very painful and disagreeable

task to him to *speak* English, it was nevertheless his mother tongue, and he retained sufficient knowledge of it to understand every word that was spoken." Yet I recovered my courage in a moment, upon reflecting that neither Skipper Duck nor any of his men could accuse me of murder, or highway robbery, or burglary; and immediately replied—"Señor, I have no objection you should understand any thing, or all, that these men may say to me, or I to them. In truth, I *do* know them; this fellow,"—pointing to Skipper Duck, who still looked frightened out of his wits—"in particular, who is as foul a knave as the sun ever shone on. The others are, or were, British sailors, with whom, and with others, their comrades, it was my misfortune to be compelled to bear arms—or rather to *appear* to bear arms, against my own countrymen on the Chesapeake; an adventure which I was but this moment engaged relating to the Señorita Aubrey."

"Ah!" cried the Intendant; "you told her? And it was that she was laughing at?" Upon my assenting to which, he looked pleased, and smiled, declared he was impatient to hear my whole story, and then requested I would inform him more particularly in regard to Duck and his accomplices.

I told him, that if the vessel was, as I supposed, the *Jumping Jenny*, Duck was her skipper, and, I believed, her owner;—that she had been captured by the British in the Chesapeake, manned, armed, (whence, doubtless, the long-tom and the ammunition,) and employed, with other similar vessels, in their plundering expeditions; and that Duck had served on board as their pilot; that he had been, after a time, taken prisoner by the Americans, or

made his escape to them; at all events, he must have told them a good story, as I had seen him, apparently at liberty, fighting with them against his late employers, the British; and there ended my knowledge of him and the Jumping Jenny. How he got possession of her again, I knew not; but I suspected he must have returned to her voluntarily; and then, with the sailors who were now with him, and who, it could scarce be doubted, were deserters, had run away with her, at a convenient period, when the rest of her crew, with their officers, were ashore upon some adventure. As for the negroes, I supposed they were slaves whom he had stolen from their masters; or that they had been picked up along shore, with other plunder, by his British associates, and merely carried off by him, to make his flight more profitable.

In this very reasonable explanation, I, at a future period, learned I had exactly hit the truth; and, indeed, upon examining them a little, Colonel Aubrey was satisfied the sailors were deserters from the British navy, and Skipper Duck a trader in stolen goods: for which reason, he directed they should be confined in the fort, to be surrendered, with the vessel and slaves, to the first British commander who should visit Pensacola.

But before he sent them away, I told him the story of little Tommy, the son, I assured him of my benefactor, Dr. Howard, the kinsman of his friend Mr. Bloodmoney; and I immediately taxed Duck to his face with having stolen him. The villain was greatly disconcerted, and denied that Tommy was Dr. Howard's son: but he admitted he was still on board the vessel, having been, like the negroes, thought too insignificant to be brought before the In-

tendant; and Colonel Aubrey, who was much struck and even affected, by the story, immediately gave orders to have him brought to the house, declaring he would find means to have him restored to his father.

CHAPTER XXI.

In which Robin Day meets another surprise, and a perilous one; which is succeeded by a story of much interest to the Intendant.

I now thought I might return again to the society of the enchanting Isabel; but Colonel Aubrey informed me he must beg my assistance in the examination of yet another American; adding, with a smile, that he fancied I would meet another surprise, and a pleasant one: "for," said he, "some of my troopers have just brought in from the woods, where they found him lost and famished, a poor man who reports that he has just escaped from captivity and torture among the Creeks; and, as they say he has the appearance of an old sailor, it would not surprise me if he should prove the poor fellow, your companion in flight."

The poor fellow, my companion in flight! A pleasant surprise, indeed! I was horrified by the announcement; for, not to say that the appearance of Captain Brown had always boded me some new misfortune, his entrance upon the present scene could not be otherwise than dangerous to me. I would gladly have dispensed with the interview, but perceived I could not do so without awakening suspicion. My hope was that the stranger should, after all, prove not to be Brown, but some other person unknown. But, alas, the hope was almost

immediately dispelled by the entrance of the "poor fellow," who proved to be Captain Jack Brown himself, though sorely altered by famine and distress. His appearance was emaciated and squalid, and even his spirit seemed broken down by suffering; the look of fearless self-possession and audacity had deserted his countenance, which now wore a hangdog expression of suspicion and fear, enough to convince any one he was a rogue; and I perceived it had but an unfavourable effect upon Colonel Aubrey. I might myself have been astonished at such a change in the man, who seemed scarce able to look the Intendant in the face, had I been less occupied with my own anxieties."

"Well," cried the Intendant, "is this the man?"

Brown startled at the words, and looking round him, caught sight of me, seemed astonished, and then brightened up in a wonderful manner, as if—for I thought I could read what was passing in his mind—satisfied that my presence would be of advantage to him. "Ah! shiver me, Chowder, my hearty!" he cried, rushing forward and seizing me very affectionately by the hand; "and so you've clear'd them blasted Injun niggurs after all, have you?—Tell him," he added in a whisper, which he sought to conceal from the Intendant, and uttered with great haste and vehemence—"tell him my name's John Smith; or d—n me, I'll murder you!—Glad to see you alive again;"—here he raised his voice, and shook my hand with terrible ardour; "glad to see you afloat; for, sink me, I thought the red rascals had sunk you to Davy Jones long ago."

With that, letting go his hold of me, he now, as if quite restored to his courage, raised his eyes to the Intendant's face, gave him a scrape of his foot; and hitching up his trowsers, and otherwise putting

on the airs of a bluff old sailor, quite ignorant of the forms and ceremonies of the world, he exclaimed, "Split my topsails! (axing your honour and excellency's pardon,) if, so be there's no offence, I'm an American sailor, sink me; and so I axes to know what your honour and excellency means, by making a prisoner of me? because how, I sails under the stars and stripes, and I knows my rights, and, split me, I sticks to 'em. But perhaps your honour and excellency don't understand my lingo? which is a thing whereof I am sorry, because as how, I don't know no Spanish."

His honour and excellency surveyed the speaker very earnestly, smiled faintly at his eloquence, passed his hand thoughtfully across his brow, and then surveyed him again; when, finally, turning to me, he demanded with abruptness, "Have you known this man long?"

"Not long, señor," I replied, not disposed to speak too much to the point: "but he is the fellow-prisoner I spoke of."

"To my mind, he has an evil look," said the Intendant; "and methinks I have seen him before. Do you know enough of him to answer for his honesty?"

Alas! what a question! I knew, perfectly well, that Brown was a villain deserving the halter; but the services he had rendered me among the Creeks, and especially his manful attempt to snatch me from the stake, even at the risk of his own life, dwelt upon my memory, and I was loath to say any thing to his prejudice. But to assume the responsibility of giving him a good name was entirely too much for my gratitude.

"I should be sorry, señor," I replied, "to be answerable for the honesty of any person, upon so

short an acquaintance."—The answer stuck in my throat; for I felt that, however evasive, it involved a substantial falsehood.

"His name," demanded Colonel Aubrey.

"Really," said I, "I am not certain I know even that. He told me once it was Smith: but"—Here Brown gave me a direful look of warning and menace, which I disregarded; for I found that one falsehood in his favour was all my conscience would permit—"at other times, I understood him it was Brown."

"Brown!" ejaculated the Intendant, starting wildly from the chair, on which he had taken his seat, and advancing towards Brown; who immediately putting a good face on the matter, exclaimed—

"Ay, your honour, there's no gainsaying it; that's a name I sometimes sails under, and, mayhap, have the best right to, because why, it belongs to the family."

"Brown!" again cried Colonel Aubrey, surveying him with the utmost agitation. "Can it be! Is it possible? I knew the face. And yet—and yet"—And here the disorder of his spirits rendered his expressions for a moment inarticulate; and he sat down again upon the chair; from which, however, he immediately afterwards sprang up, exclaiming, "Fellow, if you be *he* indeed, you must know me. Look! My name is Aubrey! Seventeen years have not yet changed me so far that you can say you do not remember me?"

"Never saw your honour's excellency before in all my life," said Brown, with great apparent sincerity.

"If you have lost all memory of *me*," said the Intendant, seizing Brown by the arm, and pointing

to the portrait, of which I have before spoken, hanging upon the wall—"If you have lost all memory of me, *him*, at least, you cannot have forgotten!"

I had been greatly struck by this singular turn of affairs, and was burning with curiosity to know what fate could have ever connected the affairs of the Intendant with such a rogue as Brown. And, it may be supposed, I looked on with a double interest when the portrait was referred to—that very picture, or its duplicate, which, when I had pointed Brown's attention to it, in Mr. Bloodmoney's house, had discomposed him not a little, and drawn from him the explanation, that it was "an old friend of his who had gone to Davy Jones long before."—It produced a somewhat similar effect upon him on the present occasion; and he muttered, "Ay! I knows *him*! It looks just like him, when—" But he interrupted himself. "I knows *him*," he repeated; "poor gentleman. His name was Mowbray —"

"Aubrey! Aubrey!" cried the Intendant, with a smothered voice.

"Well, it may be," said Brown, "but I always thought it was Mowbray; and, sure, his own brother, the sodger, told us so—the skipper and me—when he bought us over to the sarvice. It was Aubrey, or Mowbray; and, poor gentleman, the hellcats (whereof I mean, the d—d Spanish constables,) were after him; because how, he was a traitor, or conspirator, or whatsoever you call it; and so we sent the boat, and took him off by night, him and the rest of them and a whole chestful of money; and off went the Sally Ann bragging through blue water. Off she went, and, split me, the blue water soon had the best of her: she foundered, please your honour's ex-

cellency; and the skipper and the passengers, with poor Mr. Aubrey, if so be that's his name, went down with her to the bottom."

"My miserable brother!" cried the Intendant, covering his face with his hands, and sinking into a chair. But starting up again, he demanded, "But how is this? *You* were saved—others were saved ——"

"None but me and Tim Duck," said Brown: at which name Colonel Aubrey eagerly demanded, turning to me—"What! was not that the name of the fellow, the captain of the sloop, just before us?"

This question, which I answered in the affirmative, not without alarm lest Duck should be sent for, and immediately impeach my honest acquaintance, had the effect of disturbing the latter likewise; so that, forgetting his former assurance, that he knew no Spanish, he hastened to exclaim, "There's more Ducks than swim on salt water; but this here fellow can't be Tim Duck, because how, Davy Jones has got him."—Fortunately for Brown, the Intendant was too much excited to notice the inconsistency; and Brown, to secure his attention to less dangerous subjects, immediately resumed his story.

"None but me and Tim Duck," said he, "stood it out; because how, d'ye see, we took to the boat—the three men and me, which was the mate, and was to be skipper next voyage, and the niggur-boy, which jumped after us; and that was all of us when we pushed off ——"

"What then!" cried Colonel Aubrey, "my poor brother was abandoned, without an effort to save him!"

"Why, d'ye see," quoth Brown, "he *would* run below after the younker; and just then, the schooner took a lurch, and so we pushed off, and down she

went with him—and the skipper too; for, blast me, he was lying sick in his bunk, unable to help himself. And so we pushed off in the boat, without bread, water, or compass, and pitch'd about fourteen days on a stretch; and two of the men, they died; and says I to Tim Duck, says I, 'Tim Duck, we must draw lots;' and says he to me, 'Let's do for the niggur;' and so he killed the blacky; and we lived on him six days; and then came the ship, the Good Hope of Boston, and pick'd us up; and there, shiver my timbers, your honour and excellency, there's the end of the story."

"It is not *yet* the end of it," said Colonel Aubrey, with a stern voice. "It is now seventeen years since that vessel sailed out of her port, never more to enter another; and up to this moment, not a word of her fate was ever breathed to human being; and no one but believed she had foundered at sea, and that every soul on board had perished with her. How comes it that neither you nor the fellow Duck, the survivors of the wreck, ever gave information of the calamity to any one—to owners or underwriters? how could this have happened, if your story be true? And, by Heaven, your silence throws a suspicious character over what was before only deemed a natural accident of the sea. Speak, fellow: though you pretend to have forgotten me, I remember you well—and I remember, too, there were persons who said the mate of the Sally Ann had not always been in so honest a vessel, and was not the safest man to entrust with either a rich cargo or the life of a wealthy passenger!"

"They lied then, d—n their blood," cried Brown, with great emphasis; "for the mate of the Sally Ann was as honest a lad, at her sailing, as ever rose from the fore-castle to the quarter-deck: and if

you're the gentleman, poor Mr. Mowbray's brother, whereof I disremember, who made the bargain with the skipper and me, and brought him and the youngster, and the young niggur, and the money, aboard, you must know the old skipper said I was to have the schooner next voyage, blast her, because how, he was the owner, and he was old, and he knew I was a man to be depended on. And as for this here thing that surprises you," he added, very bluffly, "because as how your honour never heard tell of the sinking of the schooner till now, why sink me, that's a matter soon settled. For, d'ye see, the ship that pick'd up me and Tim Duck was the Good Hope of Boston; and she was an Injieman on her outward voyage; and so says Captain Jones, her commander, to us, says he, 'I'll send you back to the States by the first return ship we meets, or I'll drop you at the Cape;' but hang me, there was no return ship we sees; and when we comes to the Cape, there was nothing there; and the Good Hope was short of hands, because she lost four men overboard in a squall; and says Captain Jones to us, says he, "If you'll enter for the voyage, my boys, you shall be well treated, and have pay from the time of picking up into the bargain." And so we entered for the voyage, me and Tim Duck; but it was a blasted unlucky voyage for all of us, for the ship she was caught in a Typhoon, and wreck'd on the east coast of Sumatra; and the Malays fell on us, curse 'em; and them that wasn't drown'd they kill'd, and them they didn't kill they captivated, whereof I, John Brown, was one; but Tim Duck they kill'd. And I was a slave among 'em twelve years, and they treated me like a niggur: and a Dutch captain that was there after pepper, he bought me for a barrel of rum and two old muskets; but he said it was six

hundred dollars: and so when we comes to Batavia, a Dutch judge there says I must sarve the Dutch captain four years for the money; and I sarved him. And when my time was out, I ships in the Dutch ship call'd the Polly Frow for Amsterdam: and there I ships in an American brig call'd the George Washington, which fetches me right straight to Boston, where I landed on the seventh day of May, in this here year of Our Lord, after an absence of seventeen years, or thereabouts. And then I tells my story, and they logg'd it right away in the newspapers, with the whole account of the sinking of the Sally Ann; whereof nobody cared, because how, the captain he was the owner, and not insured, and his wife was married to another man. And," quoth Brown, to whose relation I listened with mingled wonder and distrust, having strong reasons of my own to believe it was a tissue of falsehoods from beginning to end—"if you axes to know how a sailor like me comes into the hands of them cursed Injuns; why here's the case, blast me: for my friends they makes me up a purse in Boston, because of my misfortunes, and so I starts off to try my luck a ped-lering; because, d'ye see, I've had enough of the sea, sink me, and don't want to see no more of it. And so I turns my back to it, and that fetched me among the Injuns, and they snapp'd me up, pack and all; and they fatted me up to make a feast of me; whereof this young gentleman" (meaning me). "will bear witness, because he was tied up with me. And we broke loose, and sailed off in a canoe; and she was wreck'd on a log; and we swum for it, him one way, and me another, and so we parted company; and I navigated the woods alone; and I'll be hang'd, but I found it a crooked and dangerous navigation."

CHAPTER XXII.

A denouement and catastrophe, and Robin Day loses the favour of the Intendant, and is packed off to a fort for safe-keeping.

AND so ended the story; which—told with an appearance of great simplicity and truth—seemed, notwithstanding my disbelief of it, to carry conviction to the mind of Colonel Aubrey, and to remove all the suspicious he had begun to entertain in relation to the real fate of his unfortunate brother. He returned immediately to the subject of the wreck, and asked a multitude of questions, to all which Brown replied with so much readiness that it was impossible not to believe that, upon this point of his history, he was uttering at least *some* truth.

To the Intendant all his answers seemed as natural as they were affecting; and having concluded his melancholy inquisition, he turned to a servant, who was near him, and bade him go fetch the Señorita Isabel, “that she might see with her own eyes the man who”—But what else he said I heard not; being so horrified at the idea of the young lady being brought into the room while Brown was in it, that all my senses deserted me, and I stood such a picture of consternation, that Colonel Aubrey, starting from the gloom into which he had fallen, asked “what ailed me, and if I were sick?” Before I could stammer out a reply—and, in truth, I know

not what I intended to reply—the anticipated catastrophe had arrived; the young Isabel had entered the room, and cast her eyes upon Captain Brown; who, astonished out of his prudence, ripped out a hasty oath, with an equally profane addition;—“D—n my blood!” he cried, “we goes to h—ll *now* in a hurricane!” As for Isabel, whose recollections were perhaps stimulated by Brown’s voice, she immediately uttered a shriek and threw herself into the Intendant’s arms, crying, “*El Gato! El Gato!*—It is the villain himself!”

Great was the confusion produced by this turn of events, so unexpected by all but unhappy me. Even Colonel Aubrey looked petrified for a moment; though, the next, he ordered the soldiers, who had brought Brown in, to secure him, which they did, Brown submitting with a very good grace; but all the while protesting he was “no more *El Gato*, as they call’d him, than he was Davy Jones himself.”

“We shall inquire into that, as well as other things,” quoth the Intendant, turning from Brown to me, whom he regarded with a stern countenance.

“So! young man!” he cried: “you concealed from me your knowledge of this man, of his acts, and character! pretended not to know in him the ruffian from whom you had rescued my daughter!”

“Alas, sir,” I cried, “if you will allow me to explain.”

“We will allow you an opportunity to do so at another moment. At present——”

But he was interrupted by Isabel, who starting from her terrors, caught him by the hand, exclaiming eagerly, “Oh, my dear father, the young gentleman is innocent. If I had only told you all, at first!—”

“Hah!” cried the Intendant, bending a scowling

eye even upon her—"have *you*, too, united with him to deceive me?"

The fair Isabel stammered out an excuse—"she could explain all—she always meant to explain all." The Intendant arrested her further speech, by a look full of the most penetrating inquiry, which he immediately after extended to me. Then waving Isabel imperiously to silence, he directed the soldiers to carry Brown to the fort, and guard him well. "And *you*, señor," he added, addressing himself to me, "will do me the favour to accompany them, and lodge to-night with your companions."

"Appearances, as well as your suspicions, are against me, señor," I said, gathering hope from the assurance that I left a friend behind me in the beautiful Isabel: "but I trust yet to convince you I am only the most unlucky person in the world, and nothing worse."

And with these words, and a stolen glance at Isabel, who looked the picture of grief and humiliation, I stole—or sneaked, which is perhaps the proper word—out of the room and house, in which, a few moments before, I had felt so proud and romantic; and followed, with Brown, (who, instead of expressing compunction for being the cause of my present, as of nearly every other, misfortune, indulged sundry hearty execrations upon what he called my disobedience of orders in not passing him off for Mr. John Smith only,) to the fortress, which I justly regarded as a prison. At its gates, I met my friend and commander, Captain Dicky, returning to the mansion whence I had been so ignominiously banished; and informing him in a few words of my mishap, I authorised, and indeed begged him, since no other course now remained to me, to acquaint Colonel

Aubrey with the whole history of my connection with Captain Brown, to convince him I was not in reality the accomplice, but the victim of that worthy personage. I had no idea, at the moment, that he could have any other reason for his severity than the suspicion of my being a knave and the confederate of Brown. Had I been a little older and wiser, I might have seen an additional cause in an equally natural and more painful apprehension, awakened by the good understanding that seemed to exist between the fair Isabel and myself.

It was nearly night when I entered the fort; where the appearance of Captain Brown excited a good deal of curiosity among the Spaniards of the garrison, who crowded around to view a rogue bearing a name so formidable and renowned as *El Gato*; but I thought they expressed greater admiration than horror at the sight of him. Nor were there any greater pains taken to secure him from flight or mischief than to clap a pair of light manacles upon his wrists; after which, he was suffered to ramble up and down the fort, conversing with the soldiers of the garrison, (which was not a numerous or particularly well disciplined one,) and with the prisoners—Skipper Duck and his comrades, who were not fettered at all, and a number of convicts—degraded soldiers—who idled about, each with a cannon ball chained to his leg.

My first care, upon entering the fort, was to look for little Tommy; but the Governor had sent for him, and he was already gone. I then sought out and found my companions in arms, the Bloody Volunteers, who sat retired, like Milton's philosopher devils, not yet entirely cured of their suspicions and fears of Spanish faith and South American gold mines. I did all I could to convince them their apprehensions

were groundless, and that they would, in all probability, be, in a day or two, released and furnished with guides to conduct them to Mobile: but, by and by, growing weary of arguing with men who had made their minds up to their own opinions, and tiring the sooner, perhaps, that I was in a very melancholy and contemplative mood, I walked away from them to a corner, where I could sit by myself, and build castles in the moon, which was rising over the bay, and changing a leaden twilight into a night of silver.

My meditations were soon broken in upon by Brown, who opened the conversation by assuring me with sundry oaths, he had a regard for me, and meant to help me out of my present difficulties. He then showed me that his manacles were loose; and swearing he was "not going to stay to be strung up by that blasted old skurmudgeon, Aubrey, whom he had help'd to a fortune, curse him," he informed me that he designed making his escape from the fort, and, out of his friendship for me, would restore me to liberty also.

— I was astonished at what seemed the audacity of such a design, and asked how he could hope to break from a garrisoned fort, with centries at the gates and along the walls? He replied, that "the garrison was nothing—the officers were all dressing for a ball, which the Intendant was to give them that evening—" ("Alas!" thought I; "but for this vile Brown, I might have had the honour of dancing with the charming Isabel!")—"half the soldiers had already slipped away to seek their own diversions; as for the centries, the lubbers would go to sleep, as soon as the officers were off;" and finally, he assured me he had friends in the fort, who would make escape an easy matter. I asked what was to

be done, after escaping? was he to fly back to the Indians again? or abscond about the town to be discovered and again imprisoned? Upon which he invoked a blessing on my brain of mud and molasses, as he called it, and told me he had struck up a league with his old friend Duck, "who *was* Tim Duck, for all his blasted lies to the governor," and that they were to escape together in the Jumping Jenny, which was lying hard by the fort.

Although I listened to this account not without interest, I felt my curiosity moved by the reference to Skipper Duck, as connected with the subject of the Sally Ann; and I could not help asking him, "if there was then no truth in what he had told Colonel Aubrey?" "All a blasted yarn," said he, "from beginning to end." "But you were mate of the schooner, and must know whether she really foundered or not—and whether the fate of Colonel Aubrey's brother was as you represented it." "What's that *your* business?" said he, sharply: "stick to things that concern you, sink me; and stand ready for cutting loose from the fort, whenever I gives the order."

I told Captain Brown, "I had no objections to his making his escape, if he could, and that nothing would give me more satisfaction than to be certain I should never more see him again in the world; that as to escaping with him, I had no intentions that way at all: *I* was under no fears of being strung up by Colonel Aubrey, as he professed to be; and was content to remain where I was.—In short, I told him I would not fly with him. Upon which, he called me sundry hard names, swore, with a diabolical grin, that when I knew him better, I would find the first thing for a first lieutenant to do was to obey orders, and then, to my great satisfaction, left

me to my meditations, and to my castle-building, which, as it is always a seductive employment, and was then the most agreeable one I could engage in, I continued for an hour longer; at which period my fancies began to flag, and my head to nod with all the grace of a Chinese Mandarin's, in the face of her ladyship the moon.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Robin Day escapes against his will from the fort, and finds himself a third time on board the *Jumping Jenny*.

I WAS, in a word, on the point of falling asleep, the night, though a late November one, being, in that benignant climate, quite warm and agreeable; and I had just begun to dream I saw my friend Captain Dare dancing a waltz with the beautiful Isabel, in the midst of a splendid assemblage of ladies and gentlemen, who were all saying "what a handsome couple they were;" when the rage and envy and jealousy into which the visionary spectacle threw me, were suddenly dispelled by a couple of men jerking me up by the elbows, bidding me, in Spanish, follow them, and then, without waiting for me to obey, hurrying me away I knew not whither.

My first idea was that they were soldiers of the fort, conducting me to some lock-up place for the night; my next, finding they were hastening me to the gate of the fort, was that they were messengers despatched by Colonel Aubrey to invite me again to his presence; a notion extremely agreeable, as it convinced me the representations of Captain Dicky, together with those of the Señorita Isabel, had fully succeeded in restoring me to his favour.

Nor was this flattering assurance dispelled until I suddenly found myself upon the shore of the bay,

where were a number of men crowding into a small boat, and another, nearly empty, rowing with muffled oars from a shallop, that lay anchored a little way from the beach. That shallop, my fears told me, was the Jumping Jenny, and my two unknown friends, it was plain, were conducting me to her.

I endeavoured to come to a stop, assuring my conductors "I was not one of the escaping party, did not choose to run away, and would go back if if they pleased, to the fort;" upon which they displayed a brace of glittering knives, and one of them said, in Spanish, "I might go to the mire, for all he cared," (which is a polite way they have in Spanish of telling you you may go to a much worse place,) while the other swore a terrible Castilian oath—"he would eat my soul, if I gave them any further trouble." There was no resisting such an oath, two Spanish knives, a pair of whiskered visages that looked uncommonly ferocious in the moonlight; and I therefore yielded, and, with a heavy heart, stepped into the boat, which, three minutes afterwards, I exchanged for the deck of the Jumping Jenny.

"Are you there, lieutenant, d—n my blood?" cried Captain Brown, whom I had not before seen, but who now gave me a grin and a squeeze of the hand.

"Captain Brown," said I, intending to remonstrate with him for thus carrying me off against my will; but was cut short by his saying, in tones too diabolically emphatic to be resisted, "Hold your jaw, you—" (But I omit the epithet,)—or I'll fry you for supper!" and I saw him no more for several minutes; during which he was busily engaged restoring order among a great number of men who crowded the deck, and getting the Jumping Jenny

under way. The latter purpose was effected with surprising rapidity; and in a moment, as it seemed to me, the sloop was under full sail, driving with a favourable wind down the bay.

The moon, which, until this period, was extremely bright, revealing the objects on shore with great distinctness, was now suddenly overcast with clouds—a fortunate circumstance, as it proved; for presently a great hubbub was heard arising in the fort, which we were fast leaving behind us; and by and by several cannons were fired off, the balls of which came dancing along the water at no great distance from us, and perhaps would have come still closer, had the gunners been favoured with a better light to direct their aim. Rockets were also let off, and these were presently answered by others that appeared flying in the air above the fort at the Barrancas, as it was called; a position a few miles below Pensacola, and just at the entrance of the bay, which it was supposed to command.

Upon this, there began to be some confusion and indications of alarm among my fellow fugitives, which Captain Brown, who seemed to have assumed the command of the vessel, attempted to remove by cursing and swearing; failing in which, he threw open the hatches, and directed all who were “afraid of their carcasses,” to descend into the hold; and if the spirit of his crew was to be determined by the readiness with which the invitation was accepted, it was certain three fourths of the company were not heroes; for just so many of them immediately vanished from the deck.

My own inclinations, notwithstanding that it might be supposed my experience in the wars had robbed me of all faint-heartedness, were also in favour of a descent into the hold; but a sense of

shame withheld me, not to say that I was conscious there could be, in reality, little protection from danger in such a place, on board so small a vessel. Anxiety, moreover, to ascertain the destination of the sloop, and the designs of Captain Brown, which I feared might be none of the most virtuous or lawful, kept me upon the deck; and I watched the first opportunity to accost him again, demanding whither we were bound. "To h—ll!" quoth Captain Brown; ordering me a second time, in the most ferocious tones, to hold my tongue, which I did; for I saw he was in no humour for trifling. Indeed, he seemed to have been suddenly changed into another man, and was, withal, so grum, and crusty, and savage, that I thought it was my best plan to keep out of his way as much as possible for the remainder of the night.

I accordingly left the quarter-deck, where I had previously taken my stand, and went to the bow of the vessel, where was a group of men, some of them, as I knew by their voices, the comrades of Skipper Duck, and others Spaniards, who had their eyes directed towards the Barrancas fort, which we were fast approaching, though endeavouring, to pass it at as great a distance as the width of the channel would permit. As we drew nigh, they began to fire upon us, but did us no harm, until, by some mischance, the *Jumping Jenny* was run upon a shoal, where she lay nearly an hour, until the rising of the tide floated her off; and during that time, the gunners of the fort, having a stationary object to aim at, and occasional moonlight to direct them, succeeded in striking us with several balls, one of which knocked a great hole into the cabin and killed a man who had taken refuge there; while another, still more

unfortunately, as Captain Brown, judging by his execrations, seemed to regard it, carried away the bowsprit, by which the *Jumping Jenny* was very seriously disabled. The mischief was repaired in some way or other by the exertions of Brown and the sailors; so that presently, the tide floating us clear of the shoal, we were able to make way against the current, to get out of reach of the fort, and finally to proceed to sea.

As soon as we were beyond the range of the Barrancas guns, all hands were called up to assist in further repairs that were found to be needed; and I had now an opportunity of making my remarks upon the crew, whose numbers, for there were nearly forty of us altogether, had previously filled me with surprise. I had already distinguished the voices of Duck's crew of British deserters; I now saw that Duck himself was among them, and apparently upon pretty good terms with Captain Brown; and I had some reason to dread the fury of his revengeful temper; but he was too busy to notice me. I was next struck with the appearance of twelve or thirteen negroes, all very likely fellows, whose awkwardness with their legs and hands proved they were too little accustomed to salt water to be pirates, as Colonel Aubrey had been inclined to suspect them, while their coarse tow-linen garments, resembling those in which I had seen the negroes so commonly dressed in Virginia, convinced me that they were, as I had suspected, slaves whom Duck had stolen or seduced away from their masters. Besides these, there were nine or ten Spaniards, most ferocious-looking fellows, in whom I fancied I recognised the ball and-chain prisoners, or felons, of the fort; and my suspicions were correct, for as it afterwards

proved, there was but one honest fellow among them, if such I may call a soldier who had been an ancient comrade of Brown, and was easily seduced by him to desert his post as a sentry at the fort-gate, and assist in the escape of all the prisoners who were desirous of deliverance.

Last of all came creeping from the hold, and I was confounded at the sight of them, my old friends the Bloody Volunteers; who, as I soon learned from them, had been imposed upon by Brown, or his confederates, to believe that the Spanish governor had ordered them all to be shot at sunrise; that Captain Dicky sanctioned, or ordered their flight in the Jumping Jenny; and finally, that the Jumping Jenny was to carry them round to Mobile; at which American town, they were assured they would certainly arrive, at the furthest, in twenty-four hours. I assured them privately, that two thirds of the story told them were undoubtedly false; that the governor could not have ordered them to be shot; nor could Captain Dicky have sanctioned, or even known of their escape; and as for the remaining third, I feared that was as false as the others, and that the Jumping Jenny was more like to carry us to Barrataria Bay, among the freebooters, than to an honest place like Mobile.

The Bloody Volunteers were indignant at the idea, and Corporal Pigeon, a courageous young fellow, the only non-commissioned officer (except the Captain,) who had survived the Indian war, began to hint that we were twelve of us, who, if we stood together, might take the question as what port the Jumping Jenny should sail to, into our own hands, and to swear, he, for one, would never go to such a place as Barrataria Bay; when the vessel, coming

into rough water, began to pitch and roll, the Bloody Volunteers all fell deadly sick, and Corporal Pigeon declared, with woful qualms, the Jumping Jenny might carry him to the bottom of the sea—it was all now indifferent to him.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Jumping Jenny hoists the black flag, attacks and captures a superior vessel; and Robin Day finds himself a pirate.

WITH all the repairs that could be given her, the Jumping Jenny made such slow progress that, by daylight, we were not more than ten or fifteen miles distant from the land, with the wind, which had suddenly chopped about, blowing us right back to Pensacola. And to add to our uneasiness, we could perceive a sail standing out from the bay, which the Spaniards said could be no other than the Governor's vessel, the *Querida*, which there was reason to believe, had been hastily armed and sent out to retake us. At the same time, another sail was discovered, which proved to be a schooner, making in, with a fair wind, for the bay, and approaching us very fast. Upon this, Captain Brown, after surveying the latter vessel from the mast-head, made a speech, as soon as he had descended, or, rather, two speeches, one in Spanish, the other in English, in both which tongues he swore with equal fluency, declaring that we must "take that schooner, or hang, every soul of us; because how, we must have a better ship than we sailed in, if we expected to escape that blasted *Querida*, whereof he supposed she was full of men and guns from the fort, and would blow us into kingdom-come, unless we could

give her the slip." And he hinted that a signal of distress, with our evident crippled condition, would bring the schooner near enough to make sure of her.

His words were so manifestly true, and the idea of capture so unpalatable to every soul on board, except myself, who desired nothing so much as to be out of a vessel commanded by such a desperado, and, perhaps, the negroes, for whose wishes nobody inquired or cared, that it was straightway resolved the schooner should, if possible, be taken and converted to our uses; even the Bloody Volunteers raising their disconsolate faces from the sloop's side, over which they had been for a long time all hanging, and bobbing, and gulping in a row, to retch out a folorn assurance that they would fight rather than surrender, if there was any danger of being hanged by the captors. The Spaniards and sailors, in particular, avowed themselves ready for action, and proposed to raise from the hold, where it was yet lying, the formidable long-tom, by way of preparation; but Brown swore he was no such lubber as to put an eighteen-pound shot through the ship he was just going to sail in, or to display so formidable an engine to the eyes of men whom he was inviting to his assistance. And, that there might be as little room for suspicion as possible, he directed all the company, with the exception of six or seven men, to conceal themselves below, keeping themselves in readiness, with such arms as they could find, to rush up, when he should give the command.

This order, I found, was not to extend to myself; whom he arrested, as I was going below, telling me, with some appearance of his former devilish humour, that "the quarter-deck was the place for a lieutenant,

and that he expected me to do my duty and fight like a hell-cat." I summoned courage, the crisis being alarming, to assure him that we had very different ideas of our duties; that I saw no right *I* had to attack that schooner or any other, and no right *he* had to command me to do so; that I was not his lieutenant, and would not consent to be so regarded; and if he was bent upon a desperate course himself, he might be assured that I was not going to be dragged into it with him.

To this he vouchsafed to reply, first, that, "as to the matter of right, I talked like a sucking-pig, and must hold my jaw for the future, on pain of having it sliced off with a broadaxe;" secondly, "shiver his timbers, he loved me, and was willing to make my fortune; and as for the lieutenancy, sink him, he had promised I should be his lieutenant, and I *should* be, d—n his blood, or else his cook, or his powder-monkey; for he saw nothing else I was fit for;" and, finally, as to my assurance I was not going to be dragged by him into any unlawful act, he told me "I should be dragg'd through h—ll-fire, if he will'd it;" and he ended the ferocious reply by warning me that he was "my captain, and he was Captain Hellcat, split him, who never had a man say nay to him; and that upon any grumbling or disobedience of orders, he would not hesitate to tie me up and give me a thousand lashes."

I found, in short, that Captain Brown on land, and Captain Hellcat at sea, were two very different persons; and that, however much I might have detested the one, there remained for me nothing but to fear the other. My spirit was not heroic enough to rise in arms against an oppressor, who talked of broadaxes, and a thousand lashes, not to speak of the metaphorical fires of doom, as if nothing could be

more natural to him than to employ them as instruments of authority and punishment; and I confess, with as much shame as is proper to the occasion, that his savage menaces terrified me into immediate submission; in which state I remained as long as it was my miserable fate to continue in his hands.

In the meanwhile, Brown had completed his preparations for the attack, by arming the men he kept on deck, who were the Spanish felons, three or four of the sailors, and Skipper Duck, with pistols and cutlasses brought from below; which arms were laid about in places whence the men could snatch them up in a moment, and where there was no fear they could be seen by the people in the schooner. He then hoisted a flag of distress, which was no sooner seen by the schooner, than she stood directly for us, and came so near that, by some manœuvre or trick, which I did not exactly understand, Brown managed to make her run afoul of his own vessel; which no sooner happened than he gave a terrible yell, more like the scream of an Indian than any thing else, and leaped on board the schooner, followed by the Spaniards and sailors; while the rest of the company, the remaining sailors, the negroes, and the Bloody Volunteers, came tumbling up from the hold, to complete by their appearance the victory which would have been just as easily won without them.

There were but five men on board the schooner, which was but a small one: they had no arms to resist us, and they were so terrified at this most unexpected assault from men into whose power they had been drawn by their humanity, that they yielded at once and fell upon their knees, piteously begging for their lives. Nor had I, who, in pursuance of orders which I feared to disobey, crept, all of a tremble, into the schooner with the others, the least

thought that any harm would be done them; because it was so needless, and they had not provoked it by resistance. But, alas, I had not yet attained a full conception of the character of Brown; who, with a most murderous spirit, called out to "give the rascals no quarter," fired his pistols at them, as he jumped upon the deck, and then rushed upon them with his cutlass, followed by the Spaniards; who, whether the whole thing had been arranged between them and Brown before, or whether his devilish example awoke a sudden and equally devilish spirit of imitation, as is most probable, were as forward and active as himself; and the poor men were immediately butchered before my eyes.

The horror with which this brutal and wanton slaughter filled my whole mind, was shared by others of the company, and especially by the Bloody Volunteers and two or three of the English sailors, as I could see by their countenances, turned upon one another with looks of fear and inquiry. Like me, they seemed to wonder what could have urged Brown to such a massacre; a mystery which was presently explained by his exclaiming, "There, d—n my blood! the thing is done, and there is no backing out of it. Now, my jolly dogs, the sea is before you and the gallows behind you—the gallows or the yard-arm, d'ye see, blast me; whereof, on one or the other there's not a man of you but must swing, the moment he turns his face backward. So a free life is the word for all, because, shiver me, my hearties, you can't help it; a free life and a jolly one. And here you are with a good vessel under you; and here am I, d—n my blood, Hellcat by name, to command you—to show you where gold grows on the sea, that may be hauled up by buckets-full, and where to spend it without fear of law or

lawyer. So, say the word, sink me, a gallows on shore, or a cruise under the sign of the Hellcat!"

It was plain from his own words, that Brown had murdered the poor wretches for the purpose of making pirates of us all, whether we would or not; for after such a deed of blood, which, in the eyes of the law must dye us all with nearly equal hues, few felt that any thing remained but to adopt the outlaw life on which he himself was evidently bent. Or if any there were, they were like me, too much overcome by fear of the ruthless desperado to utter a single word of remonstrance. The Spaniards received the proposal of a cruise with cries of approbation, the Englishmen shook hands and said, "if they were to be hang'd, they must be, and there was no helping it;" the negroes asked Massa Hellcat, as they called him, if they were to be free, provided they turned pirates also, and upon Brown saying they should be "as free as blackbirds," they uttered a huzzah, and said they could cut throats as well as any body. The Bloody Volunteers said nothing: horror and sea-sickness together subdued them to submission.

CHAPTER XXV.

In which Robin Day is carried to Cuba, and made acquainted with the tender mercies of pirate law and Captain Hellcat.

THE capture, the murder, the proposal of Brown for a cruise and its acceptance, were altogether the work of but a few minutes. A few more served, at Brown's orders, to transfer from the *Jumping Jenny* to the schooner every thing of value which the former contained, the sails, stores, and arms, and especially the eighteen-pounder, which was swung up from the hold and received on board the schooner with acclamations, as the herald and author of many a future victory. All being at last taken from her, the *Jumping Jenny* was cut loose, after being first set on fire; the bodies of the murdered mariners were thrown overboard; and the schooner, which we soon discovered had on her stern the name of the *Moro*, or *Moor*, of Havana, bore away to the South West, leaving the sloop to burn, and the *Que-rida* to follow us, if she could.

A search was now instituted throughout the *Moro*, and it was soon found that she had on board a cargo of military stores for the garrison at Pensacola; a happy circumstance for the new-made pirates, for the *Jumping Jenny* was but badly provisioned, and the Intendant had taken the precaution to remove from her nearly all the gunpowder, as well as some of

the small arms, so that the followers of Captain Brown, but for this discovery, would have been as badly armed as they were provisioned for the intended cruise. There was found, also, a good store of liquors on board; a discovery that completed the exultation of the commander, who immediately ordered a cask of brandy to be broached, and treated his crew to a rouse, drinking, himself, several deep potations with all the gusto of one who enjoyed, and had long been denied the luxury.

This completed the conversion of his proselytes, or of all who were convertible: the Spaniards uttered many *vivas* in honour of *El Capitan Gato*, who, they protested, was the greatest man that ever sailed the sea; the Englishmen shook hands again, and swore they cared not a fig for gallows and yard-arms; the negroes fell to singing and quarreling; and one of the Bloody Volunteers declared, "he would not object to a little pirating, if he could do it on dry land, because, by George"—and finished the rest of his speech over the side of the vessel. Even Captain Hellicat became a little glorious, and expatiated upon the pleasures and advantages of a freebooter's life, robbing and murdering at will; "he had tried the land, d—n his blood, in every way he could take it; he had swindled and cheated; robbed houses and niggur-traders; taken scalps, and three wives among the Indians; cut thief-takers' throats and play'd the quack-doctor; but after all, blast him, it was nothing; the sea was the only place for a jolly dog, a freebooter's life the only life for a gentleman and man of honour."

"And, talking of honour, sink me," said he, suddenly turning his eye upon Skipper Duck, who was serving out grog from the cask, "I have just to inform you, my young hellicats, that a pirate must be

a man of honour as well as another. He that betrays his messmate to the harpies on shore, is a rascal, and a knife in the gizzard is too good for him."

And with that, reminding the unfortunate Skipper that he had played the traitor at Norfolk, and assuring him that he spared his life only because of his acting with good faith, and playing so important a part, in the escape from Pensacola, he ordered him to be tied up and punished with five hundred lashes.

The astounded skipper was immediately seized upon by the sailors and Spaniards, who seemed indignant at his perfidy, and eager to prove their zeal to the commander; and, notwithstanding his remonstrances, which soon changed to pleadings and beseechings, the punishment was inflicted with a scourge hastily constructed of knotted ropeyarns, and placed in the hands of the negroes, ten of whom were ordered to administer each fifty lashes on his naked back, and to administer them well, which they did.

It cannot be supposed that I, who had such cause to hate him, should grieve for any misfortune that could happen to Skipper Duck; but the atrocity, the horrible severity of the punishment, which appeared to me only a more brutal murder than any I had witnessed, awoke emotions that were akin to pity; and perceiving the poor wretch had fainted before more than half the number of stripes had been inflicted, I presumed to beg Captain Brown not to carry the punishment further, assuring him the man would die under it. All the answer I got was, that "he might die and be d—d," and an injunction to mind my own business; and when the bloody business was over, and Duck, at last untied, fell like a dead man on the deck, he very coolly ordered the negroes to "throw the carcass overboard."

I interfered again; and having felt the poor fellow's pulse, said he was not yet dead; upon which Hellcat swore I was a doctor, and I should be the ship's doctor, now he thought of it, and so directed me to take him in hand and cure him. I said I should be happy to do all I could for him; but asked what I was to do for remedies? "Oh!" said the unfeeling villain, "give him some *holly-golly-wow!*" and then left me, after a great horse-laugh, to solve the difficulty as I could.

Fortunately, there was soon after discovered among the stores of the *Moro*, a large chest of drugs, that was doubtless intended for hospital service at Pensacola; so that I had the means of trying my skill, though I had but little confidence it would recover the skipper from the effects of so dreadful a flogging. I had him carried below, where I established him as comfortably as I could, dressed his wounds to the best of my ability, and had the satisfaction, in about an hour, of seeing him open his eyes, and restored, though it was but for a little while, to consciousness. He seemed surprised to find me administering to him, and was struck with a sudden remorse for the wrongs he had done me; for he begged me wildly to forgive him, and, still more wildly, said he could reward me for my goodness, and would do so, if he lived; and then he declared he would have vengeance on Brown, whom he said he could hang, and would too, if he had to hang beside him. The ferment of his spirits, added to the anguish of his wounds, presently threw him into a delirium, in which condition, indeed, with occasional, and very imperfect intervals of consciousness, as I may here say, he remained for more than two weeks, in which it was my grief to be in attendance upon him.

In the meanwhile, Captain Brown, though indulging in a brief carouse, omitted nothing necessary to secure his escape from the *Querida*, which was seen to sail towards the burning sloop, and then alter her course to pursue us; though it was by and by seen that she was gradually falling behind us; which, as it was said she was a very fast vessel, was considered a proof that the Moro was no mean sailer. Something was, however, allowed for the hurry with which the *Querida* had been fitted out, and, perhaps imperfectly, to pursue us; and Captain Hellcat himself said, he would be very willing to make an exchange of vessels, and give, as he added, all the negroes to boot. Long before night, we had lost sight of her entirely; and then our course was altered, and I understood from the Spaniards that we were bound, not to Barrataria, as I had supposed, but to some other haunt of pirates on the coast of Cuba.

And there we arrived upon the fifth day of our voyage; during which the appearance of the schooner was altered by paint and other devices, and her name changed from Moro, to *Vibora*, or Viper; a much more appropriate title for a thing so full of treachery and venomous hostility against all mankind. During this period, Brown had converted her into a pirate in earnest, and thoroughly organized his crew, appointing for his lieutenant (for he was now content to dub me his doctor,) the ferocious fellow who had threatened to eat my soul at Pensacola, and who was the most worthy of the honour, although no sailor; because next to Brown himself, the most devilish spirit on board. This worthy assumed to himself the name of *Gatita*, or the Kitten; but upon Captain Brown bestowing the same title upon his followers in general, the lieutenant signi-

fied his will to sail for the future under the name of *Diablillo*, or the Little Devil, the diminutive addition being expressive merely of his modesty; for he was a man nearly six feet high, and robust in proportion.

We arrived upon the coast of Cuba without difficulty or accident, but, alas, not without further bloodshed; for upon the fourth day of the voyage, meeting a British schooner, supposed to be from Jamaica, our captain, in a fit of drunken valour, (for, indeed, he was seldom entirely sober,) determined to attack her, although she was armed with two guns, and seemed not at all afraid of us. She made, in fact, a vigorous resistance, and fired a shot through us, by which one man was killed and three wounded, being struck by splinters; but a ball from long-tom, striking her between wind and water, avenged the injury; and five minutes afterwards she went down, her crew, in the meanwhile making signals of surrender and distress, which no one regarded. As long as she remained above water, we continued to fire at her; and finally bore away, leaving three or four miserable wretches, who were seen floating on the sea, clinging to planks and spars, to the mercy of the waves and sharks, of which there are always great numbers basking about in the tropical regions of the gulf.

The next day, we came in sight of the highlands of Cuba, near its western cape, and entered an out-of-the-way harbour; where, however, a number of Spaniards soon made their appearance on board the schooner, seeming very glad to see *El Capitan Gato*; whom they hailed as an old acquaintance. And here *El Capitan Gato*, to the great astonishment and affliction of this portion of his followers, immediately put up for sale the thirteen negroes, and they fetched

a very good price; which Captain Brown assured them, by way of consolation, was the only thing according to his way of thinking, that a negro was good for. Their place was supplied more advantageously for his purposes, by fifteen cut-throat islanders, selected from a number who begged the honour of making their fortunes under his diabolical auspices; and, truly, they approved themselves, in the end, worthy of their leader.

We remained here but two days; during which Captain Hellcat had an opportunity of establishing his authority by a second act of punishment inflicted upon a faithless follower, and proved the justice of the remark with which he adjudged it, that "one had better walk into hell with a bomb-shell hung round his neck, than attempt foul play with him." It seemed that the Bloody Volunteers, not yet enamoured of the free life of the sea, and very desirous to make their escape from the Viper, had laid a plan for effecting their purpose, as soon as we entered the harbour. It was resolved, that if any one should have the good fortune to get ashore, he should proceed in search of a magistrate, and inform him of the true character of the Viper; for, poor fellows, they had no thought but that we were in the harbour under false colours, fancying that all the visitors of the schooner were made to believe she was an honest trader. The public authorities, or any good citizens, informed she was a pirate, they had no doubt she would be immediately seized, the murderous Brown and his voluntary followers conducted to the gallows, and themselves liberated. The attempt was made by one, who was allowed to accompany Brown to the shore, and succeeded so well in his enterprise, that, in less than an hour after he had been first missed, he was brought back to the schooner by

the honest people of the harbour, to whom, or to one of them, who could speak English, he had told his story. "Very well," quoth Brown, making use of the language I have chronicled above; adding, with horrible oaths, that "since he was so eager to make his way to the sharks, he would help him to them; but they should be water-sharks, sink him, and not land-sharks." And the poor wretch was immediately bound by the arms and let down into the sea from the bow of the vessel, where he was presently surrounded by these tigers of the deep, and at last set upon by them, and devoured before our eyes.

With all my fear of Brown, my horror at such barbarity gave me courage to interfere, to intercede for the poor fellow's life; but Brown, who was more intoxicated, as well as more devilish than usual, caught up a cutlass, and drove me below, to "do my own butchering," as he called it—that is, to attend to the wounded men, who, as well as Duck, had been consigned to my surgical care.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The second cruise of the *Viper*: she captures the *Querida*, and the Intendant's daughter becomes the prize of Captain Hellcat.

THIS dreadful act of vengeance completed the subjection of the Bloody Volunteers, who, from that time forth, gave over all plans and prospects of escape, and yielded to their fate and the tyrant into whose hands they had fallen, with a sullen resignation that showed it was an easy thing even for the brave and free to stoop to bondage; and a few weeks more might have seen the Bloody Volunteers, passing from despair to recklessness, converted into a set of as thoroughpaced buccaneers and desperadoes as their comrades. As for me, the case was somewhat different. My medical office, and perhaps the mean opinion Brown formed of my courage, prevented my being ever called upon as a combatant; and hence I was in little danger of being hardened into a villain by sights of blood, and by the consciousness of having shed it. But I was none the less a slave. The effect of the murder was to increase my fears of Brown, to rob me of all hope of escaping the horrible life he had assigned me, and to break down with a sense of misery and degradation the spirit which had been once before so nearly broken by my first oppressor. There was some resemblance, indeed, between my fate in the *Viper* and what it

had once been in the Jumping Jenny. The difference was, that, in the one case, I had been beaten and tortured in body; while in the other, the scourge of brutality was applied to my mind. The insults and menaces of Brown (perhaps it was my prudence only which saved me from grosser weapons,) were as painful and killing as ever had been the blows of Skipper Duck. A few weeks might have seen my brother volunteers changed into pirates; but I in that time must have pined away and died of a broken heart.

The next day, the Viper sailed out of the harbour, without, however, proceeding far, and took a station to intercept vessels doubling the west cape of Cuba; and there she remained cruising four days, during which two captures were made, one of them a very valuable one, of vessels from Jamaica; and, in both instances, their crews were massacred to a man; for it was a maxim Brown constantly inculcated, to leave no one to witness against him: "he had heard of many a free lad of the sea going out of the world in a hempen horse-collar;" he said, "but, it had always turned out, they had let some lubber off, to blab against them."

Of the particulars of these murderous exploits I have no heart to speak: they are sickening to my memory. I have enough, and more than enough, to relate of atrocities in which my own interests and history were too deeply involved to be forgotten.

Returning for a day to the harbour to dispose of the prizes and their cargoes, for which latter, at least, there seemed to be no want of purchasers among the honest people on shore, we sailed out again to the station, to lie in wait for a certain English brig which Brown in some way got intelligence of, and

which, it was said, would be such a capture as would make the fortune of every man on board. Upon the second day of the cruise, she made her appearance, and efforts were made to approach her; which was found however to be no easy task, as she immediately took the alarm, altered her course to the North, and stood away from us in a style which proved her to be a very fast sailer. But she was too valuable a prize to be given up without an effort; and accordingly the Viper crowded on all sail in pursuit, which was continued until night, when we lost sight of her.

But even then the chase was not abandoned; for, supposing from the relative position of the vessels, the character of the wind, and other circumstances, that the brig would change her course again in the darkness, Brown ordered a similar change in the course of the Viper, expecting to get sight of the chase again in the morning.

In this, however, he was disappointed, for when morning came, the brig was no where to be seen; but about midday, when we were beginning to retrace our course to Cuba, the man at the masthead descried a sail; which, at first thought to be the lost chase, was soon discovered to be another brig, standing, like the Viper, to the south. Upon this, Hellcat, who had been assuaging his wrath at the loss of the English brig with deep potations, swore he would take the stranger, if he died for it; a resolution in which he was confirmed by some of his Pensacola recruits declaring, after a time, that the stranger was no other than the Governor's brig, the Querida, which had herself so recently been the pursuer.

To Brown's desire to attack her there was, at first, a great deal of opposition made by many of

the crew, who feared she was actually cruising in search of us; in which case there was every reason to believe she was sufficiently well manned and armed to subdue us; but the lieutenant Diablillo swore he had no apprehensions of that—the *Querida* was a private vessel entirely, armed, indeed, as all trading vessels were, in that period of war, but slightly; and if she had been despatched after the *Jumping Jenny*, it was because no other vessel in port could be so easily got ready, and because little danger to her was to be apprehended from the resistance of the *Jumping Jenny*; and he added, moreover, as a thing he knew, that the *Querida*, at the period of our flight, was preparing to sail to the Havanna, with invalid soldiers from the garrison; and, he had no doubt, she was now on the voyage, and might be easily taken; but, he added, with a freebooter's discretion, as there was no reason to suppose she could have any, and much less a valuable cargo on board, coming from such a place as Pensacola, he saw nothing to be gained by engaging her, except blows; for, truly, it might be expected the old soldiers would make some kind of resistance.

Brown swore, in reply, the gain would be the brig herself; and declared, with many oaths, he would have her; "he had fallen in love with her," he said, "in Philadelphia at first sight, and had nearly run his head into a noose, trying to get her; and if she was Governor Aubrey's ship, that only made him more determined to take her;—for why, he had sworn eternal war against him and his whole blood, (and, blast him, he began the world, and the life of a man, by shedding it;) and he would be curst if he ever let slip an opportunity to do him a mischief."

No one presumed to debate a question already decided by Captain Hellcat; and, accordingly, it was resolved the Querida should be his: upon which he magnificently promised, as soon as the prize was secured, the victory should be celebrated by a carouse, and they should all, in his own phrase, "get as drunk as emperors."

As the intended victim was steering the same course with the Viper, nothing more was done with the latter, after preparing the guns (of which we had now two twelve-pounders, taken from a prize, besides long-tom,) and other weapons, but to shorten sail a little, so as to let the Querida gradually overtake us; which, by and by, she did, not seeming to have any suspicion of our being any thing more than honest British traders, (for we had an English flag at the mast-head;) and about an hour before nightfall she had come so nigh, that Brown was able, after firing a broadside, that was meant not so much to injure the vessel as to strike a panic into her crew, to run her aboard and grapple with her; after which her capture was soon effected by boarding. It is true, her crew, who were many of them Americans, that had shipped in her at Philadelphia, though taken completely by surprise, made a gallant effort at resistance, firing off one of her guns, as we closed with her, by which several of our men were torn to pieces; and then, when the latter were leaping on board, delivering a volley of muskets and pistols, which they had hastily caught up; but they were but fifteen or sixteen in number, their captain, from whom they derived their courage, was cut down at the first flash of a cutlass; and it was madness to oppose such an overpowering force as was arrayed against them. Some threw down their arms and ran below, to gain a temporary and

unavailing concealment; while others begged for quarter, which was refused them. In five minutes the Querida was a prize, and Hellcat her master.

During these brief moments, as well as for hours before, I had remained on the deck of the Viper, expecting and then witnessing a spectacle which I had always before been happy to shun—the sight of the murderous conflict. Never before had I anticipated an engagement, save with grief and horror; but on this occasion, I looked forward to the attack with an eager impatience as great as that of the veriest pirate on board. Alas! I hoped that the pirates were, after all, deceived—that the Querida was well armed, and actually in search of us, and that the onset of the Viper would be the signal only for her own capture. I fancied, when she came so nigh that I could almost count the men on her deck, that she had craftily concealed, like the Viper, the overpowering numbers of her crew, to lure the pirates more surely to their doom; and even when the latter were boarding her, I looked to see them suddenly leaping out to overmaster the assailants.

The fall and flight of her vanquished defenders, and the rush of the pirates, some into the cabin, others into the forecastle and hold, after the miserable survivors, dispelled the illusion; and I covered my eyes with my hands, that I might see no more of the scene of butchery.

At that moment, there came from the Querida the shrieks of women—the cries of several female voices, one of which smote like the peal of my own death-bell upon my ear. I started up, and looked wildly to the Querida, from whose cabin issued several of the pirates, one of them dragging with him a man—a Catholic priest—who, with looks of terror, extended a crucifix above his head, as if with that

symbol of divine mercy, to entreat the mercy of man, the pity of the slayers around him; another haling along a woman, in whom I immediately recognised the *Casera*, or housekeeper of Colonel Aubrey; and a third, the lieutenant Diablillo, dragging—Oh, my God! it was Isabel herself!

I leaped—I forgot *then* the abjectness and pusillanimity of spirit, to which despair had reduced me—I leaped from the schooner into the brig, and dared to seize the bulky Diablillo by the arm, with the frantic cry, "Villain, unhand the lady!" when my puny heroism was rewarded by a buffet from his Herculean fist, by which I was thrown bleeding to the deck; while, with the other, he grasped the shrieking Isabel, exclaiming with exultation, "*Fuego de Dios!* let others take what they want, here is *my* share of the plunder!"

"*Yours*, you blasted jackanapes?" roared Captain Hellcat, who made his appearance from some other part of the vessel, and gave a snatch at the lieutenant's prize: "take the granny and the niggur gals, if you want; but, d—n my blood, this prize falls to your master."

"You shall have my blood first," cried the lieutenant; who, suddenly letting go his hold of the wretched Isabel, and calling, with the rancour of long concealed envy or hatred, "Let every Spaniard stand by me, and down with the American tyrant!" attacked Hellcat with his cutlass; while Hellcat, nothing loath, crying, "Let every man stand by, and see the end of a mutineer!" engaged his rebellious lieutenant with equal strength and superior skill, and at the third blow brought him to the deck, with his skull cloven to the eyes. The Spanish pirates, who composed nine tenths of the whole

crew, were perhaps willing enough to side with Diablillo, and put down their foreign master: but they paused to await the result of the conflict; and the moment it terminated, they returned to their allegiance, with loud cries of "Captain Hellcat for ever! and down with all traitors!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

Robin Day adopts a desperate resolution, and escapes from the pirates, with the beautiful Isabel; and what fell out thereupon.

IN the meanwhile, Isabel, who caught sight of me rising from the deck, and grasping for a weapon, with which, in the madness of the moment, I was determined to strike her ravisher to the heart, flung herself, the instant he let her go, into my arms, wildly calling upon me to kill her: "Kill me—stab me to the heart—Oh God! you can do nothing else!—Kill me, and I will die blessing you!" But Brown, turning from the corpse of his lieutenant, tore her from my grasp, telling her, with brutal jocularity, "*he* was the man to be hugg'd, d—n his blood;" and — But I heard nothing but the shrieks of Isabel; whom, despite her frenzied struggles, grinning with triumph and complacency, he folded in his blood-stained arms.

Where was the courage which but a moment before would have armed me for a contest with—for my death from—Diablillo? I fell upon my knees, and with the tone of a slave, begged the heartless caitiff, "for the sake of the mother that bore him, to do the lady no harm. Her father is rich," I cried; "he will ransom her with his fortune!"

"Yes, yes," cried the poor priest, the chaplain whom I had seen at the Intendant's table, and who,

displaying a terror but little becoming one of his holy profession, caught at the prospect of relief; "As you are Christian men," he exclaimed piteously, "do us no harm—do *her* no harm. Her father is rich and powerful; he will ransom us—he will ransom *her*. *Santos Santisimos!—Deus mei!*" And here he fell to praying; while the *casera* sobbed from a distance, stretching her hands towards her young mistress, whom perhaps she had nursed in infancy, "*Oh, mi niña, mi niña*—my child, my child!"

"A priest, d—n my blood!" cried Hellicat, looking admiringly upon the chaplain. "Why, then, split me, give us a bit of your lingo—say the service, and splice me to the *señorita*; for I wish I may be sunk if I won't marry her."

"Ransom! ransom!" interrupted many of the Spaniards, who were evidently better pleased with the idea of a prize in money, which could be divided in shares among themselves, than one that must fall to the lot of their captain only: "The Intendant is rich, the girl is his only child:—Ransom, ransom!"

"Ay, ay," quoth Brown: "but, strike my topsails, I'll marry her first, and ransom her afterwards. For, d'ye see, sink me, she'll fetch no better price to-day than to-morrow, and no worse to-morrow than to day; and the longer I keeps her, the madder her father will be to have her; and where's the difference whether she goes back Mrs. Hellicat, or a plain *señorita*? I mean to marry her, d'ye see; and you shall all get drunk at the wedding."

And with that, the miscreant, still holding his victim in his powerful grasp, ordered the terrified priest to "splice away, blast him, and take care to make short work of it;" and upon the latter, first

timorously remonstrating, and then absolutely refusing to prostitute the sacred forms of religion to a purpose at once so farcical and dreadful, he burst into a furious rage, and would have murdered him on the spot, but for the interference of the Spaniards; to whom, though willing enough for any common murder, the killing of a priest was an impiety not to be thought of. The spirit even of Helleat stooped before the prospect of an universal mutiny; which he put an end to by yielding his bloody purpose, pretending that he had threatened his reverence only in jest.

"But," said he, "if his holiness won't marry me in the way of the church, I'll marry myself, d—n my blood, in a way of my own."

And thereupon he released the wretched Isabel, permitting, or, rather, ordering, her to go into the cabin, to enjoy a reprieve of a few moments, which he devoted to the yet unfinished business of victory. As she staggered wildly down the companion-way, I succeeded for an instant in catching her eye, and making her a sign—it was but a look—meant to express that I would save her, or perish with her; and, indeed, I had suddenly conceived a project, which though desperate and full of difficulties enough, I was resolved to attempt in her behalf.

It had been mentioned by Diablillo, that the Querido was to carry to Cuba invalids from the garrison of Pensacola; and twenty such invalids were found below, where some of them had been lying during the conflict, and whither others, that were not so helpless, had fled, after yielding some little assistance to the sailors in the fight. In the first rage of conflict, three or four of these poor wretches were slain by pirates, who followed them below; but the murderers relented, when they found they were killing

men, who, besides being their own countrymen, were half dead with disease already. And such was the newborn humanity of the victors, who had already experienced the power of determination and unanimity, that they defended the prisoners even from the fury of Captain Hellcat; who would have tossed them all into the sea, and with difficulty agreed to a mode of disposing of them, devised by the crew, which, while it saved their tender consciences the guilt of murder, left it very much to be doubted whether the prisoners should ever survive to witness against them, as Hellcat swore they would, in a hall of justice. The brig's longboat was lowered into the sea, and into this the sickmen were sent, along with the priest, and the *casera*, whose withered looks were her safety—if being placed in the longboat could be called safety: some friendly hands threw them an oar or two, a cask of water, and a few pounds of biscuit; after which, the boat was cut loose, and they were left upon the wide sea, several hundred miles, I believe, from any land, to perish of starvation, or to go to the bottom at the first breath of the tempest; while the Viper and her prize, the pirates being pretty equally divided between them, and Hellcat himself assuming command of the latter, proceeded, under every sail, and in company, on their course towards Cuba.

And now began the carouse which was to celebrate the victory. The pirates called aloud for their grog, and Hellcat, himself more than half intoxicated already, called, as I had expected, upon me to mix it. My commission as surgeon, though it procured me exemption from the perils and guilt of combat, did not exempt me from various other duties of a degrading, and even menial, character, which Brown took a wanton pleasure in imposing upon me; among

others, the office of cup-bearer and compounder of strong drink; for he declared, with his usual oaths, "he saw no reason why I should not mix liquors as well as medicines, one being as much, and as good, physic as the other."

It was upon this degrading office, which I had submitted to sullenly but without complaint, that I founded a sudden and desperate project to relieve the unhappy Isabel: I was resolved to repeat the experiment I had performed in the household of Mr. Feverage, to drug the liquor of the pirates—to drug it deeply too—I cared not if it should kill some of them, or, indeed, all—and then, at night, when they were overcome with stupor, trusting to the jolly boat, hanging upon the Querida's stern, which I thought I could launch without assistance, with the rescued Isabel beside me, commit myself to the waves, in the hope of reaching the long boat, or, at the worst, of remaining afloat until picked up by some passing vessel, or thrown upon some hospitable shore.

To the calm judgment of ease and security, such a project appears nothing short of madness; but there was nothing better to be done, and the desperateness of the scheme was no objection, when no other could be attempted, or even imagined; and, above all, where from life having become already burdensome, I was willing to lose it in the endeavour.

I had every facility for the execution of such an enterprize, the command of the medicine chest and the key of the spirit-room, which Brown had committed to my keeping two days before; and the only real difficulty which I apprehended, was to disguise the taste of the laudanum, of which I poured all there was in the chest into the huge vessel—in fact, it was a common bucket—in which I mixed the in-

fernal potion—a mixture of rum, brandy and spirits, diluted with strong wine, with sugar and spices added, according to instructions originally given me by Hellicat for brewing what he called his hell-broth; but I got over the difficulty by throwing in a bottle of brandy-bitters, Hellicat's favourite morning drink, and adding an unusual quantity of spices, by means of which the peculiar savour of the opium was entirely concealed.

Nor was any objection made to the novel compound, when it came to be drunk; on the contrary, Brown, to whom, as in duty bound, I offered the first bowl, swearing, upon recognising the taste of his bitters, "it was the best physic I had ever yet mixed, d—n his blood," and the crew also agreeing that it was excellent. They drank, and drank again—got drunk, danced, swore, fought, became stupid, and dropped about the deck, where they fell asleep; so that in less than two hours, there was not a man of them all who was not overcome by the drug and liquor together.

Brown himself was the first to succumb, being, from his previous draughts, in the best state for receiving the influence of the narcotic; not to say that he drank more deeply than any one else, according to his universal custom. He soon became very much intoxicated, and his countenance put on a look of apoplexy; when, declaring, with a brutal jest, "he must look after his young wife, d—n his blood," and bidding his followers drink a rouse to her honour and health, he staggered down the companion-way into the cabin, leaning upon my arm for support, which he was obliged to accept; and which I had offered, with the full determination to stab him with his own knife, if that should prove necessary to save Isabel from his ferocious clutches.

But, happily, no such dreadful act was required of me: he reeled from the last step, and fell at his length upon the cabin-floor; where he instantly dropped fast asleep, snoring, or rather snorting prodigiously.

I looked for Isabel; she had shrunk to the farthest corner of the little but handsome cabin, where I saw her on her knees, striving to pray, her cheeks as white as snow, her lips livid, her whole frame trembling, her eyes wild with fright, and her hand grasping a knife, which she had picked up some where in the cabin, and held as if prepared, at the moment of extremity, to bury it in the breast of the ravisher, or her own.

"Fear nothing," I hastily whispered, "and be in readiness to follow me at a moment's warning."

I then immediately left the cabin, and returned among the bacchanals on deck, to endure their scurrilous jests upon Hellcat's marriage, as they called it, and to ply them still further with the drugged liquor.

It was now night, and my heart was beating with hope. Every moment added another stupefied sleeper to the list of my victims; and I might look the sooner, and the more surely to the period of escape. Before the orgies began, Hellcat had appointed a guard of five men to take care of the brig, during the carouse, ordering them, of course, to keep sober the while on pain of his high displeasure. It was necessary to my purpose that they should drink like the rest; and, fortunately, I found it no difficult thing to seduce them also into the debauch; and, by and by, to see four of them laid insensible on the deck.

The fifth man alone, who was at the wheel, though he made no scruples of drinking, resisted

the influence of the narcotic, even after every other miscreant was sound asleep, and I despaired of bringing him under its power. He was a robust villain, and one of the basest and cruelest spirits on board; and the knowledge of his depravity nerved me to an act, which, though now necessary to my hopes, I should not otherwise, perhaps, have had the courage to attempt. I struck him down—it was a treacherous and unworthy blow, but I could not help it—I struck him down with a handspike; and while he lay stunned and powerless, I bound his hands and feet with a rope I had prepared for the purpose, and secured a gag in his mouth; so that, although, when he revived, as he presently did, he might watch my proceedings, he could neither impede me in my purpose, nor rouse the others by his cries. I then lashed the helm, so that the *Que-rida* might continue her course without interruption during the whole night.

All obstacles were now removed; and with a beating heart I completed my preparations by putting into the boat a pair of oars, (there was, it rejoiced me to find, a sail with its mast, wrapped up, already lying in her; and also a rudder, a compass, some provisions, and other things, which I had laid down in my mind as necessary to provide against every accident; and I was surprised at the apparent coolness and deliberation with which I collected them in different parts of the vessel, and carried them through the sleepers to the boat. I satisfied myself, by a trial at the pulleys, that I could without much difficulty, let the boat down into the water, by lowering a little at the bow, and then the stern, and then at the bow again, and so on; and that there was no danger of her filling with water in the act, because the wind was very light, and the brig was

making headway but slowly; and, besides, the sea was not rough.

I then stole back to the cabin, and found its inmates as I had left them half an hour before, Hell-cat lying in a stupor on the floor, and Isabel on her knees, grasping the knife, and looking as if changed into a statue, her eyes alone retaining the mobility and wild vivacity of life.

"Fear nothing," I again muttered—"come with me; you are saved."

But she only stared at me more wildly than before, seeming to be unconscious of my meaning, and incapable of any exertion; until, at last, having given her my hand, and assisted her to rise, she suffered me to bear her from the cabin to the boat, in which I placed her; and then cautioning her not to be alarmed nor to lose her balance, I began to lower her into the water; a proceeding which, from the necessity of using a great deal of care, occupied me a considerable time. As soon as the boat reached the water, I slipped down by the ropes; and separating the hooks by which she was suspended, we were in a moment floating free in the waves, the Querida sailing slowly away from us. I seized upon the oars, which I had previously wrapped around with bits of canvass, by way of muffles; and rowing in the opposite direction, the night being cloudy and very dark, had soon the satisfaction of losing sight both of the Querida and her consort the Viper.

And now, dropping the oars, I resolved to spread the sail, and take advantage of the little breeze that was blowing, to get as far from the pirates as possible: but before I did so, I addressed myself to Isabel, who had not yet spoken a word, and indeed seemed to have had all her powers of mind frozen within

her, and told her to be of good heart; for the pirates were now out of sight.

"God be praised!" she exclaimed, and fell upon her knees in the bottom of the boat, sobbing out an incoherent prayer; which she interrupted to cry, wildly, "Are we safe then? and shall we not again fall into their dreadful hands?"

"We are safe for the present," I replied; "and I hope, I trust—nay, I can almost believe—for Providence that has set us free, will not abandon us—that we shall never see them more."

Upon this, the beautiful girl threw herself into my arms, and clasping me round the neck, exclaimed in tones of impassioned gratitude and devotion—"Señor, I will love you, and be your slave! Yes, yes! Save me but again—God has sent you twice to rescue me from a villain—save me but again, and I am yours forever!"

Alas, poor Nanna! How was it possible, at that moment, to remember that I had once fancied I adored her? The beauty of the fair Spaniard, the romantic interest in which I had won a privilege to treasure her memory, the feelings she had so evidently cherished in my favor, at Pensacola under her father's eyes, had more than half turned my heart and brain already: and it needed scarcely so devoted a proof of her regard to seal me to the slavery of affection she so wildly offered. "I will save you or die," I cried, folding her in my arms.

"I will die with you—or live to love you for ever!" she murmured in return: and there, upon the wild sea, in the midst of peril and distress, we plighted our faith with equal fervour and artlessness, and exchanged our vows of eternal affection. With all the misery of fear and degradation that had lately borne me to the earth; with all the anxieties and

doubts, the apprehensions of waves, and tempests, and pirates, which, however I might conceal them from Isabel, I could not but entertain; I felt, in that moment, the thrill of happiness, the exquisite elation that sublimates the lover beyond the low ambition and the pride of kings.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The voyage in the jollyboat; in which Robin Day makes an interesting and surprising discovery.

BUT the maid of my love was to be saved—she was to be borne, before day, long beyond the view, and, if possible, the reach of the pirates. I shipped the rudder, stepped the mast, and spread the little sail, of the management of which I had but little, of indeed, any knowledge; and the gentle breeze bore us softly onwards in a direction which I judged or hoped, would be most likely to bring us by morning in sight of the longboat; which gained, I reckoned upon the wisdom of the padre, or the counsels of the soldiers, to determine the best steps to be taken to secure the safety of us all. It was in deciding upon the direction I must steer to find the invalids, I discovered that the compass which I had taken, though it might prove an excellent guide by day, was but an indifferent one by night, when it was impossible to see it. But I was happy enough to get an occasional glimpse at the north star, by which I laid and maintained my course as well as I could.

As soon as the sail was set, I took my seat at the tiller; and there, with my dear Isabel at my side, maintained it through the best part of the night, having nothing to do but to steer, to encourage her

spirits, to repeat my vows of love, and to enter into mutual explanations of the extraordinary circumstances by which we had been thus thrown together upon the solitary sea. I told her the story of my flight from the fortress; and she sobbed with joy to find it had been compulsory, that I had not voluntarily accompanied the detestable Brown.

"I told them so," said the ardent girl; "I told my father you could never have united in any enterprise with the wretch from whom you had saved me, and whom therefore you must hate as much as I did. But he was angry with me; and because you had pretended not to know the man when brought before him—because you did not immediately expose and denounce him.—Ah! why did you not so? if you loved me, why did you not say to my father, 'This is the wretch who assailed my Isabel.'"

I replied, that my reasons were, first, the fear of being made to appear as his accomplice in the burglary; that was a foolish fear, but the surprise and confusion I was in, all the time, prevented my thinking so; and, in the second place, because, notwithstanding my many reasons for hating Brown, he had actually saved my life, and endangered his own in doing so, among the Indians; and I therefore could not, without base ingratitude, have denounced him, when the denunciation would most certainly have been followed by the severest punishment.

This matter explained, (and the beautiful girl accepted my excuses,) I proceeded to relate the remainder of my adventures among the pirates up to the moment in which a cruel destiny had brought her into their hands. I then requested to know

what causes had brought her to sea in her unfortunate namesake, the Querida.

"Alas," she replied, again throwing her arms round my neck, and sobbing on my bosom, "*you* are the cause—or rather, I am myself the cause; for it was not *your* fault, if I loved you. My father is good and honourable, but proud, suspicious, quick in his anger, and stern in his resolutions; and he saw—indeed, I did not know it myself—that I was more than grateful for the service you had done me at Philadelphia; and then I had not told him *all*, and he thought I had deceived him; and, besides, appearances were against you, and he was angry I should think of one whom he thought badly of.—But he will think better of you, *mi querido*," she sobbed, "when we go back to him again, and I tell him how you have saved me a second time."

After these preliminary expressions, she gave me an account of the events that had followed, and some that preceded, my flight from Pensacola.

As soon (after the Intendant had sent me off to the fortress,) as his angry reproaches had allowed Isabel an opportunity to speak in my defence, she acquainted him with those particulars of my story which I had related to her, explaining the true nature of my connection with Helleat in the burglary; and by and by Captain Dicky, who presently made his appearance, and was called upon to speak on the subject, confirmed the account, by telling my whole story up to the point of my capture by the Indians, with which I had made him well acquainted: and, as he did me the honour to say, that, "although he considered me a very big goose, and especially too big an one for a soldier, yet he would stand sponsor for my honour and integrity against

the whole world," Colonel Aubrey was at last brought to believe his opinion had done me injustice; to repair which, he despatched a messenger to bring me from the fort to his house again. The messenger arrived just fifteen minutes too late; but he discovered the flight of the prisoners, and gave the alarm; the forts were ordered to fire upon us, to bring us to; which failing, the *Querida* was hastily despatched after us, and, as has been seen, to no other purpose than to witness at a distance the murderous attack upon the *Moro*, which she was not able to prevent.

My flight with Brown, (which none but the warm-hearted Isabel could believe involuntary,) and, worse than all, the act of piracy that so immediately succeeded it, had the natural effect of destroying every favourable impression in my behalf that had been made in Colonel Aubrey's mind; and the attempt of Isabel to advocate my cause only excited him to deeper indignation at the unworthy perversity of the maid, who could bestow her regard upon a wretch so degraded and abandoned as I. And in this feeling, a week after, he placed her in the *Querida*, now ready for her voyage to the Havanna, under the care of the reverend padre, to be consigned to a convent, until sufficiently punished for, or cured of, her romantic fancy.

I expressed my surprise that Colonel Aubrey, with all his anger, should have been willing to expose her in a vessel so insufficiently armed, with the full knowledge that a pirate like *Helicat* was now ranging the Gulf; but she replied, that was an apprehension that had never entered his mind. No one doubted but that the desperado had hastened to join the outlaws at *Barrataria Bay*, and was, therefore, for the time at least, out of harm's way; and, besides,

the Querida was considered very well armed and manned; and, being also a fast vessel, she might have beaten the corsair off, or escaped by superior sailing, had her crew been soon enough aware of the character of the Viper.

These explanations, with many a vow repeated over and over again with a fervour and tenderness which our desolate situation both prompted and excused, occupied us through half the night; during which our little bark skimmed her way easily and safely along the sea; when, on a sudden, a gust swept over us, whipped the mast out of its step, and blew it with the sail entirely away; by which calamity we were doubtless saved from being instantly capsized, though we were left without any other assistance than the oars to help us along.

To the oars therefore I betook me, as soon as the gust had passed by; and I plied them diligently until morning; at which period I looked eagerly around, to see if the Viper was yet in sight; but she had vanished, with her prize. I then looked as eagerly for the longboat; but no longboat was to be seen: the little jollyboat and ourselves were the only objects that broke the wide-spread monotony and solitude of the sea.

My heart sunk; but I concealed my fears from Isabel, and plied the oars again, although well nigh exhausted, until another gust swept the waves; by which I suffered the further misfortune of losing one of the oars, which was broken in my unskilful hands. Even the greatness of this calamity I disguised from Isabel, by assuring her I could use the remaining oar as a scull, and get along nearly as fast with it as with two. But my pride, or tender solicitude to keep Isabel from alarm, could hold me no longer against a discovery I now made; which was, that

with all my pains to gather into the boat every thing I could think of that could be serviceable to us on our voyage, I had forgotten the greatest necessary of all: bread and meat there were in abundance; but, ah me! not a single drop of water.

"But we shall soon find the longboat," said Isabel, with equal simplicity and confidence in my nautical abilities; "and then we shall have water enough."

Alas! I had now given up all hope of finding the longboat; my only trust was that Providence would direct some vessel in our way, that should pick us up. And with this forlorn expectation I was obliged to acquaint Isabel, when, long after mid-day, she began to express wonder at the non-appearance of the longboat, asking me if I did not think we should find it.

Upon being made aware of our truly unhappy situation, she became greatly agitated and terrified, now throwing herself into my arms and telling me she would die with me, now dropping upon her knees and offering such wild and piteous supplications to Heaven as drew the tears from my eyes; and then springing to me again, and striving to comfort me with assurances that she was not afraid, that she was not thirsty, and would not be, and then again returning to her prayers. I did, and said, all I could to re-assure her; and, by and by, she recovered her composure somewhat; and to fortify her spirits still further, she drew from her bosom a rosary, which she began to tell, like a good Catholic; and doubtless would have continued to do so, until she had gone through the whole circle of beads, had I not been suddenly impelled to interrupt her.

I have already observed that I was struck, in the portrait of the Spanish gentleman, the brother of

Colonel Aubrey, with a rosary worn round his neck, because of a resemblance which I saw, or fancied, in the beads to those which my patron Dr. Howard had obtained from Mother Moll, and preserved for me with great care, thinking they might, at some period, contribute to unravel the mystery of my birth and parentage. The beads which I now saw in the hands of Isabel, were identical with those in the portrait—and they were, as I could see, identical with my own; save that the great central bead, or cross, in Isabel's rosary was richly studded with gold and gems, of which the cross in mine was destitute; although there were cavities on its surface in which such might have once existed.

The coincidence was remarkable, as the beads were of a singular kind of wood, and of strange fashion and carving; and it was to me so much the greater and more interesting, as to my awakened fancy it seemed to foreshadow a connection in reality between my fate and that of the beautiful being to whom I had just sworn eternal attachment. My brain teemed with sudden recollections of the foundered schooner and the mysterious fate of her exiled passengers; and moved by an irresistible impulse, I caught the rosary from Isabel's hands, exclaiming, as well as my great agitation would permit me—"These beads, Isabel!—they belonged to the original of the picture—your father's brother, who was lost in that schooner of which Brown was the mate—and of which Colonel Aubrey spoke with Brown?"

"Yes," replied Isabel, surprised out of both devotion and fear by the interruption, the question, and, above all, by my disturbed looks.

"And there was a fellow to it?" I cried—"another similar rosary, of the same strange wood, and fashioning?"

"Yes," said she, with a sigh; "it was on the neck of little Juan."—How my heart leaped at the words! "They were holy beads from Jerusalem, consecrated on the Sepulchre of our Lord; and—But if you are not a Christian—that is, not a Catholic—you will smile at such things: but we held them as a kind of talismans, because of their being consecrated on the Tomb of the Redeemer. But, alas! they have proved no talismans to us yet!"

"And you will know that other, its fellow?" I cried, fumbling for the beads, which I had long since tied round my neck for safety, because my patron Dr. Howard had so earnestly charged me to preserve them; though I held them myself in so little estimation that it was seldom I ever thought of them: "You will know it?" I cried, loosening the string, and putting the beads into her hand: "the jewels are gone; but are not the beads the same?"

At the sight of them, Isabel's agitation became nearly as great as my own; she gave me a look full of wild inquiry, and then taking her own rosary into her hand, she faltered out, "There is a way to prove whether they are fellows;" and with that, twisting the cross of the latter between her fingers, she showed me, what I should never before have dreamed, that it consisted of two pieces that screwed together in the centre, so as to make a little box, and that each piece contained, within the box, a little miniature, the one a likeness of Colonel Aubrey's brother, as he was represented in the portrait, the other the semblance of a young and beautiful woman, somewhat resembling, as I thought, the dear Isabel herself.

"If *this*," said Isabel, placing my own between her trembling fingers, "if this be, indeed, the fellow, it must contain the same portraits."

As she spoke, the cross, which, from the ingenuity

of its construction, neither I nor any one else had ever supposed to be any thing but solid wood, parted in twain, and disclosed the same pair of visages concealed in the little box.

"*Dios mio!*" cried Isabel, starting up wildly, "how came you by this rosary?"

I could scarcely articulate a reply: "Seventeen years ago, a vessel from the West Indies was wrecked upon the coast of New Jersey; and I, a helpless infant, the only living thing on board, was taken from it by wreckers."

"And?" cried Isabel, eagerly—

"And this rosary was upon my neck!—Oh, my dear Isabel, it must be so! Nature herself stirred up the affection that warms our bosoms. It must be so: that wreck—I can see it all now, and can almost prove it—that wreck could have been no other than the fatal schooner; and I, dearest Isabel, I am the little Juan you spoke of, and your cousin."

"My cousin? O my God!" cried Isabel, "if it be so, you are my own brother! We were twin-born together!"

"How!" I cried, confounded by her words; "and Colonel Aubrey, your father."

"My father in name and affection only," said Isabel, "the father of my infancy and childhood, whom I have never called by any other name, who is however, in reality, but my uncle, my father's brother. My father—and *your* father, if you be Juan—perished in that dreadful schooner, the Sally Ann"

"Yes!" I cried, struck by a sudden recollection: "here is the very name scratched upon the cross; though by whom scratched I know not. Dr. Howard always thought it must be the name of my mother. And now, too," I added, "I can understand the expressions of Duck, which I thought the mere ravings

of delirium, that he could reward my humanity, and make my fortune by the same act that should obtain him vengeance on Brown; for it is certain—it was proved by Brown's own admissions before Colonel Aubrey, when ignorant that Duck was in Pensacola, and confirmed by his direct confession to me afterwards, in the fort—that Duck was actually on board the Sally Ann, and had been his accomplice in a deed of villany hitherto unsuspected; for, Isabel, I know enough to convince me that our father, instead of being drowned by the foundering of the schooner, was murdered by her crew, and Brown at their head, for his money."

"Yes," said Isabel; "and so thought my father—my uncle I can scarce call him; and he was resolved, upon the arrival of a brig of war attached to the station, and therefore under his command, but then absent on a cruise, to despatch her to Barrataria in pursuit of Brown, with orders to spare no means to ensure his capture, that his brother's death might be fully avenged.—But how is this, my brother—my heart tells me I must call you so!" said Isabel, anxiously: "how is it the schooner could have come ashore, and you in it, and yet my uncle, who had instituted inquiries in America, should hear nothing of it?"

"That," I said, "was easily accounted for;" and informed her that the knowledge of the wreck was for a period of eleven or twelve years confined to the wreckers themselves; and that, at the end of that time, Dr. Howard had in vain labored among my jealous preservers to learn even so much as her name, or the period of the wreck; which latter he could only guess at by forming his own conclusions as to my age, and coupling with them the fact he had learned, that I was an infant too young to speak, when I came ashore.

In short, strange and wondrous as the circumstances all seemed, and imperfect as they were in the chain of connection, they bore with them such convincing evidence of my identity, that neither Isabel nor I could longer doubt we were brother and sister, the twin-born offspring of parents long since passed away to the world of death. We wept and embraced, and exchanged; by a natural transition, the fervour of lovers for the affection of brother and sister, which a romantic casuistry has pronounced to be the purest and heavenliest of all the bonds that connect the hearts of man and woman.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Robin Day and Isabel are rescued from the jollyboat by an American schooner; which is taken by the pirates, and Robin is again their prisoner.

I LEARNED from Isabel, what I had in part been informed of—that my father, with his younger brother, the present Intendant, had emigrated from South Carolina in the war of the Revolution, being loyalists, whom the fall of the British power in the colonies reduced to ruin. They had entered the Spanish service in Cuba; where the elder brother acquired rank in the army, and rose to wealth by espousing a Spanish heiress, my mother and Isabel's; but, in an unfortunate moment, was drawn into some treasonable project or conspiracy to subvert the Spanish power in the island. The conspiracy was discovered, and my father escaped from the officers appointed to arrest him, only through the instrumentality of the younger brother; who, faithful throughout to the government he served, yet ardently attached to my father, procured him the means of flight in the fatal schooner. One boat carried to her my father and little Juan—myself—with a single attendant, and such valuables as he had time to collect; another following with my mother and sister, was intercepted; and my father was compelled by extreme peril to set sail alone. Neither

my father, nor the schooner, nor any of her crew were ever heard of afterwards, until Brown's sudden appearance in Pensacola. Grief for her husband's fate, which had been followed by the confiscation of his estates, drove my mother to the tomb. Isabel, a portionless orphan, was adopted by her uncle; whose own wife (for he also had married in the island,) died in a few years, leaving him childless; and who, partly by purchase, and partly through the bounty of the government which could thus reward his own long and faithful services, had effected the recovery of a great part of his brother's estates; which, with his own, were destined to swell the dowry, or inheritance, of his adopted daughter.

This discovery, brought about by a means so simple, and at a time so perilous, had the happiest effect on the spirits of Isabel, who declared, with pious fervour, that the Providence which had in so extraordinary a manner brought us together and revealed the secret of our relationship, could not have done so only to let us perish in each other's arms on the broad deep; and her confidence restored me in part to mine.

But, alas, the night came upon us, and passed away, without relief; and then another day and night, and yet another; in short, the third day passed away, and the fourth night was approaching, and we were yet upon the sea. My poor Isabel was dying in my arms—dying of the thirst, which, to lessen the misery of my self-accusing despair, she protested to the last she did not feel. At that time, Heaven sent us relief. A vessel drew in sight, approached us, caught sight of us, despatched a boat to our assistance; and, just as the sun sank at last in the ocean, I had the inexpressible happiness to find myself with Isabel in safety on board an American schooner, homeward

bound from Jamaica, where she had been, under the protection of a British pass, with a cargo of supplies, which had been converted into money. I need not inform the historic reader that such passes were, in in those days, granted by the British Admirals on the American coasts to such honest Americans as were willing for a price to supply the wants of their own national enemies; and that there were always to be found spirits sordid enough to accept the advantages and profits of such a trade, until a special act of Congress, passed during that very year, put a sudden end to it.

It might be inferred from such a circumstance that Captain Galley of the *Fair American* (for such was the name of the commander and the vessel, of which he was also a part owner,) was not exactly the person to whom I should have chosen to owe the obligations of life, or from whom the most hospitable or generous treatment was to be expected. Yet sordid as he might be, I found him not deficient in good feeling; and his wife, a young woman whom he had married at Jamaica, and was taking home to America, displayed the warmest and kindest sympathy for the distresses of Isabel, which she immediately addressed herself to relieve.

I know not whether it was from an impulse of humanity infused into his breast by his warm hearted wife, of whom he was excessively fond, or from a coarser motive of gain, or from the two feelings combined, that Captain Galley upon learning in what relationship Isabel stood to the rich Governor of Pensacola, began to express his regrets that that port was so very far out of his way; hinting that, if it were the Havanna, from which, he said, having a fair wind, we were scarce distant twenty-four hours' sail, he would not hesitate to carry her thither to

her friends, without asking of them any thing further in recompense than the payment of his expenses. His schooner was partly his own; he was his own insurer; his partners would not find fault with him; it would be a pity to carry the young lady so far from her friends, leaving them so long mourning for her supposed death.

Upon my informing Isabel of this, she eagerly entreated that he should carry her to the Havanna, where there were many of her father's friends, and her own, who would recompense him for his trouble and humanity—her father was rich, and would think no sum of money too great to reward the preserver and restorer of his Isabel.

Upon such assurances, Galley immediately put up his helm for the Havanna; promising if the wind held, we should see the harbour lights before midnight of the ensuing day.

But the wind did not hold, being in a few hours, succeeded by calms and baffling breezes, that occupied us during two whole days; at the end of which we were no nearer to the Havanna than before, and with so little prospect of reaching it, that Captain Galley declared he must give it up and resume his voyage: a resolution that, however, yielded to the supplications of Isabel, and especially to her assurances that he should be munificently rewarded for every moment of delay; for, notwithstanding that he still said he desired nothing but his expenses, I could fancy he had some secret expectations of turning a very pretty penny by his adventure.

But the Fair American was never destined to conduct us to the Havanna. That day, soon after noon, while we were vainly struggling against a south-east wind, which was directly in our teeth, two vessels, a brig and a schooner, came in sight; and

when they had approached us sufficiently nigh to be made out with the glass, I was struck with horror to find they were nothing less than the Viper and her late prize the Querida.

Captain Galley, whom I immediately informed of their character, was greatly alarmed; although he had several times before declared he was not afraid of pirates, because he relied upon the swiftness of his vessel, and had in her, moreover, a large eighteen-pound gun, with which he thought he could beat a single antagonist off. But two pirates together, one of them carrying a piece as heavy as his own, were enemies to awake the most serious fears; and these became agonized apprehensions, when, the pirates immediately giving chase, it was found, after a little trial, that they were actually gaining upon us, with every probability of overhauling us before night.

Upon this, Captain Galley asked me, with much agitation, if I thought the pirates would let him off with his life and vessel, provided he should give them up all his money, the proceeds of his cargo: and I saw by this, that he already had thoughts of surrendering to them. I told him "no;—that I had no doubt every soul of us would be murdered, except the poor women," whom I begged him to remember, and for whose sake I besought him to defend the schooner to the last drop of his blood; assuring him that, for my part, rather than fall again into their hands, I would immediately jump with my sister into the sea, and there perish with her. If we could but resist them until night, we might escape them in the darkness; and, certainly, we *might* keep them off until then. I begged him to observe, that the Viper, which proved to be a faster sailer than the Querida, and was, for that reason, and because

she carried an eighteen-pounder, (the Querida's guns being light,) our most dangerous enemy, was superior to us only in the numbers of her crew; that that superiority was of no account, while she was so far off as to be able to fight us only with the great gun, because our crew of six men (which was the number, excluding ourselves) was as competent to the management of our piece of ordnance as thrice the number could be; and that it was not improper to hope we might cripple her by a lucky shot; in which case, we could avoid the Querida until night, and thereby escape her altogether.

These representations had their effect upon Galley, as well as upon the crew; who, being driven into courage by sheer desperation, and further fortified by a glass of grog, that was served round to each man, swore they would stand by each other, their captain, their ship, and above all the helpless women on board, to the last moment. And they immediately began their preparations for battle, by bringing up shot and cartridges from below, and changing the position of the cannon from the bow to the stern, where it was soon in readiness for the pursuers. Some muskets and cutlasses were also collected, to arm us against boarders, in case it should be our hard fate to be brought to close quarters.

While the men were engaged in these preliminaries, the captain took me aside to assist him in removing Isabel and his wife to a place of safety—that is, out of reach of the cannon-shot. We carried them, both half dead with fright, into the lowest hold; where Galley knocked out the head of an empty puncheon, in which he placed them, having previously rolled it into a dark nook among the ballast; with which, and pieces of rubbish, he proceeded to cover it up, so that it might readily escape

the eye of a careless searcher. But a moment's reflection convinced me such a device offered but an insufficient protection against pirates who were accustomed to ransack every cranny and hole of a captured vessel, in search of concealed valuables. Besides, if the schooner should be taken, the pirates would either carry her to their haunts, or set fire to her; in either of which cases, supposing the women might escape immediate detection, one of two dreadful calamities must overtake them; in the one case, they must, sooner or later, be discovered, in the other, they must perish in the burning vessel. These considerations armed me for a desperate project, which I proposed to Captain Galley, who accepted it as the last refuge of despair. We placed a barrel of powder, laying a train from it to the cabin floor; and we agreed, should the pirates succeed in boarding the schooner, that either of us who might be alive, should set fire to the train and blow up the vessel; whereby, if we destroyed with our own hands those we would have died to protect, we, at the worst, only accelerated their death, while defending them from the possibility of a yet more dreadful fate.

Nor was this horrible device without another favourable effect: Captain Galley, the moment we returned upon deck, informed the sailors of what he had done, avowing a solemn determination, the moment he observed any signs of cowardice, or heard any talk of surrendering among them, to blow up the schooner with all on board; so that the sailors perceived they must fight bravely, whether they would or not; and thereupon they called for more liquor, and swore one and all, if they must die, they would die fighting.

The contest now soon began, and was opened by
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ourselves letting fly at the schooner, which was thought to be within reach of the gun, and was approaching in her usual insidious way, although she must have seen from our efforts to escape, that we understood or suspected her character. Our first shot had no other effect than to make her run up a black flag, and display her crew, which, though more than half of them were, as I supposed with truth, on board the Querida, was still pretty numerous; but, by and by, she brought the long-tom to bear upon us, and the battle was begun in earnest. At first, both the vessels fired without doing any injury to each other, being too distant for accurate aim; but presently as the Viper drew nigher, the shots began to tell, and we had after a while, the inexpressible satisfaction of seeing the foremast of the Viper go tumbling over her side.

It was now plain she could follow us no longer, and we set up a shout of mingled joy and defiance. But, alas, in the midst of our exultation, she sent a return ball, by which her injury was avenged upon the Fair American, the latter being almost as seriously crippled as herself. The consequence of this was, that, although we had no more to fear from the Viper, whom we found, notwithstanding our injury, we could now outsail, we were brought within the danger of the Querida, which came bearing down upon us, assisted by a change of the wind, of which she could reap all the benefit, and we none. It is true our eighteen pounder gave us a great advantage over her, which Captain Galley endeavoured to make the subject of encouragement to the men; who were still further animated by the appearance of a strange sail, that seemed to have been attracted by the sound of our firing, was evidently doing her best to approach us, and was pronounced, while still at a

great distance, a ship of war by our sailors, who burst into shouts of joy at sight of her, resolving at all extremities to keep up the fight until she had arrived to our assistance.

But our courage was not seconded by good fortune. It was in vain we fired shot after shot at the *Querida*, with the hope of crippling her; several of them struck her in the hull, and even killed some of her men, but masts, spars, and rigging all escaped; and, finally, opening her own batteries upon us, by which half of our men were slain, she succeeded at last in closing and grappling with us; and then, with yells of vengeance, and Hellcat himself at their head, thirty pirates leaped on board, and it was all over with us in a moment.

Galley, giving me a look of horror and despair, ran down into the cabin to fire the train. A musket-shot struck him at the head of the companion way and he fell headlong on the floor; but gathering strength for an effort, he raised himself upon his arms, and flashed a pistol on the powder: it was soaked with his own blood, and his life and the ineffectual flash were extinguished together. I would have rushed after him to complete the design; but it was too late; the path was intercepted, and I was surrounded by pirates, from whom I expected immediate death, being at a single blow disarmed and wounded, when some of them recognised me, and called out my name; and Brown himself saved me from their vindictive fury—though not with a purpose of mercy.

"You shall feed the sharks, d—n my blood!" he cried, with furious exultation, taking me by the throat, and demanding eagerly, "where was the girl?" while, in the same breath, he ordered his men to "look her up," as if taking it for granted she was

concealed somewhere in the vessel. I could make but one effort to save her from his brutal arms: "They will look in vain," I cried, "unless they look at the bottom of the sea, to which your cruelty consigned her."

"How! drown'd?" cried Brown.

"Yes, drown'd," I replied; whereat he made a furious blow at me with a cutlass; from which I was saved by one of the men jerking me away, saying, "that was not the way to end a deserter!" "Ay, sink me to h—, he shall die like a dog!" said Brown; and I was immediately dragged into the *Querida*, and there secured by being tied to one of the guns; while the pirates searched the Fair American for the spoils of victory.

But the search was conducted in the utmost hurry and confusion: the strange sail was now seen approaching the *Viper*, making demonstrations of hostility, which alarmed the pirates of the *Querida* for the safety of their consort, now left far behind, and perhaps for their own. A few moments served to bring to light poor Galley's money, the proceeds of his cargo; a few moments more, to show they had, in this lucky windfall, secured the chief profits of the voyage, with which they hastened back to their own vessel, leaving Isabel and her companion undiscovered; and then the *Querida*, crowding on all sail, stood away from her prize, leaving her as I anticipated—nay, as I had hoped—in flames. As I raised my head from the gun to which I was tied, and perceived the fire running up her rigging and seizing upon her sails, I could thank God that my sister had thus escaped the malice of the pirates. But I could not look a second time upon her funeral pile.

I dropped my head upon the gun, and closed my

eyes, until a sudden cannonading in the direction of the Viper, and exclamations of alarm from the pirates, awoke me to life and the desire of vengeance. The strange vessel, which I could now see was a large brig of war, had overtaken the crippled Viper, and was pouring into her a heavy and continuous fire, which the Viper returned manfully with her great gun, as if relying upon speedy assistance from the Querida. But this assistance there was no one in the Querida disposed to render. It was manifest, the brig was superior in strength to both the corsairs together; and I understood from the expressions of Hellcat's crew, that she was recognised by some of them to be the Vengador, the Spanish brig of war attached to the Pensacola station, that very vessel of which Isabel had spoken as designed by Colonel Aubrey to be sent in pursuit of the pirates. Alas! had she but come a few hours—nay, but an hour sooner! I looked back to the Fair American; one of her masts had fallen over her side, and the flames were fast sapping the strength of the other.

I turned away, looking again to the Viper; the Vengador had closed with her; the black flag, which had been a little before run up in defiance, was now sinking to the deck; she was conquered; the Querida had deserted her; and nothing remained for her abandoned crew but to surrender at discretion, or die fighting upon their own decks.

CHAPTER XXX.

The pirates are chased by the armed brig Vengador, and, in the pursuit, both vessels are driven ashore.

THE pirates of the Querida took advantage of the fall of their comrades to secure their own escape. The night was fast approaching, and closing in with the appearance of a storm: a few moments, and darkness must separate the corsair and her too powerful foe. Yet before the darkness had wholly invested the ocean, the Vengador was seen to leave her prize, and set her sails in pursuit of the Querida.

But the pirates were confident of escape; and they laughed her hostile intentions to scorn; and they turned to vent their exasperated feelings, their passions, always infuriated by battle, and now more than usually excited by the loss of the schooner and her crew, upon me, their ready victim, guilty of the crime of desertion; of attempting to poison them—and, still worse, of robbing them of the rich ransom they expected to obtain for the Intendant's daughter; and they called upon their captain to do justice upon me, according to the laws of sea—that is, I presume, pirate's law, for I know no other which they acknowledged.

"Ay, ay," said Captain Brown, with his usual oaths, "I have not forgotten him."

And with that, I was taken from the gun and car-

ried to where he stood on the quarter-deck, expecting nothing but instant death, and now indifferent to it, only that my flesh crept at the thought of the tortures with which it might be accompanied. But the fury had departed from the capricious breast of Hellcat; he gave me a stare expressive rather of humorous approbation than anger, and then burst into a horse-laugh, still more strongly indicative of his change of feelings.

"Well done, d—n my blood, my skilligallee!" he cried; "and so you've set up for yourself at last, sink me! poison'd a whole ship's company, captain and all—carried away my wife, and drown'd her—robb'd my honest hell's kittens of their money! Well, I'll be curst if this isn't a touch of the hellcat in you, after all, for all I took you for no more than a green gosling; and, shiver me, but I love you for it." And with that, he asked me, with a facetious affectation of anger, that proved how little he really cared for the crime, or for the fate of Isabel, what put me upon running away with her; demanding, however, with more earnestness, if I had received assistance in my project from any of his crew.

I was too well acquainted with the brutal whimsicalities of Captain Brown's temper to found any hope of escaping death upon his apparent good humour; I knew he could murder in cold blood, as well as in hot; and I still expected he would condemn me to death, as soon as he had sufficiently amused himself by examining me. This assurance, together with despair of mind and anguish of body, (for I had received a wound from a cutlass on my right arm, which gave me inexpressible pain,) enabled me to answer his questions with a boldness that disregarded his anger. I told him I had fled with Isabel to save her from his villany; that I had poi-

soned his drink to facilitate the design, indifferent if the drug should have killed him, whom I thought a monster too great to live; and I was almost tempted to play the part of the Athenian Aristogiton, and accuse his worthiest followers as my assistants, with the hope of bringing them also to execution. But I could not die with a lie of malice in my mouth, and I therefore confessed I had effected my escape without any assistance whatever.

He then asked after my adventures in the boat, and how it was my companion had been drowned, and I saved. Upon this subject I could now safely speak the truth; and I felt a kind of vindictive triumph in admitting that I had snatched Isabel a third time from his grasp, that I had concealed her in the schooner, in which he had left her to perish in flames, applied perhaps by his own hands.

Up to this moment, he had laughed very heartily both at my adventures and invectives; but he was furiously incensed at finding how grossly he had been outwitted and robbed of his prey, thus brought again within his grasp; and with a volley of execrations, and a ferocious aspect, he asked me "what I expected would come of my dog's tricks?" and he made a sign to one of the sailors, who threw a noosed rope round my neck, while a second one ran up aloft to pass its other end through a block on the yard-arm. "I expect," replied I, not intimidated by the prospect of a death so much less cruel than any I had expected, "that you will murder me, as you murdered my father before me."

"*I murder your father, shiver my topsails!*" cried Brown, with surprise; "and who was he?"

"He was John Aubrey," I replied boldly, "whom you killed in the Schooner Sally Ann, when I, a little infant, was left alone in her to perish."

The reader will perceive how far my ingenuity, or imagination, supplied the gaps in that story of grief and mystery. But Hellicat's countenance proved that I had supplied them correctly. He looked confounded, and hastily exclaimed—"That blasted Duck!—he has been 'peaching then?"

"You impeached yourself," I cried, "when you admitted both that your story to Colonel Aubrey was false, and that you began the world by shedding the blood of his family."

"And so I did, d—n my heart," said the hardened ruffian, "I cut his throat while he was asleep in his berth, and I should have served the baby the same way; but as soon as I kill'd his father, the blasted brat turned right up and hugged me. And so I gave him his life, and was for carrying him off in the boat, but the others said no; and so we left him in the schooner, to go down with her. And, hang me, now I think of it, she *did* go down; for we scuttled her; and the boy sunk with her"

"Scuttled or not," I replied, "the schooner drove ashore on the coast of New Jersey, and the boy—I myself—was taken alive from her. And if Duck is ever able to speak again, he can tell you so; for he knows all the circumstances."

"Duck be d—d," said the murderer; "if you be the boy, there was a chain on your neck—"

"A chain of beads," said I; "it is on my neck still, with the name of Sally Ann scratched on it."

"I scratch'd it there myself," said Brown, "one day with a jackknife; and Aubrey, he rail'd at me for spoiling the trinket. But I spoil'd it more, before I was done with it; for it was stuck all over with gold and diamonds, and I scraped them off; for where was the use of leaving them, when the beads were good enough for the boy without them?—and,

blast me, I sold them to a jeweller for something handsome. And so *you* are my lad of the Sally Ann? Curse me, but it is a very strange piece of business!"

And that was all the emotion expressed by the blood-stained caitiff, who spoke to me of the murder of my father without so much as a look of shame or compunction, which in truth he seemed to have long lost the power of feeling. Yet some feeling, perhaps, he showed by giving over, as he immediately did, his purpose of hanging me up like a dog; and some glimmering suspicion that what he had done was not the best thing in the world to commend him to my friendship and gratitude, he indicated by asking me, "what I would do, if he should cut me loose, and forgive me the tricks I had played him."

"I would kill you as you kill'd my father!" I cried, driven by a feeling of vindictive hatred which I was neither able nor willing to conceal.

"In that case," said Brown, laughing as if he thought my hostility an excellent jest, "you may just lick the mainmast until you are in a better humour."

And with that, he ordered his crew to tie me to the mast, which they did, grumbling at the respite, but not daring to resist the mandate of their leader. And there, I may add, I remained bound during the whole of the night, which had by this time gathered around us; so that we could no longer see the *Vengador* or her prize. The *Fair American* had also vanished: I cast my eye along the horizon in search of the light, which I supposed would betray the position of the burning schooner; but none was to be seen, and I doubted not she had already burnt to the water's edge, and gone, with my poor sister and her companion, to the bottom.

The night closed in very dark and cloudy; and by and by, gusts began to sweep the sea, increasing in frequency and force until about midnight, when there arose a furious storm from the north, which obliged us to lie to, the pirates being alarmed both at the violence of the winds and our position, which was not so far from the coast of Cuba but that we were in some danger of being blown on shore. It was, in truth, a terrible storm, the sea in a short time running mountains high, the winds piping and howling through the ropes and spars; and the horror of our situation was increased by the pitchy darkness that prevailed during the first two hours after midnight, at which the storm was at its height, and still more by the terror of the pirates, most of whom were Spaniards indifferently acquainted with the sea, who fell to invoking all the saints of the calendar for assistance and protection, and offering up vows, some to perform pilgrimages to their favourite shrines, some to make presents to chapels and convents, some to fast so many days in a month, to say an unusual number of prayers, to scourge themselves at certain stated periods—in short to do a great many things, except to repent of their sins and give up their lives of plunder and murder, none of them whom I could hear, making any promises on that score. The only person besides myself, whom misery rendered indifferent how soon the storm might overwhelm us, that seemed to preserve his courage, was Brown, who vented continual execrations against the pusillanimity of his men, by which the safety of the vessel was jeopardded; for he could scarce prevail upon them to perform the duties necessary to their own preservation.

About two hours after midnight, there began to be much thunder with extremely vivid, and some-

times very long continued, flashes of lightning; in the midst of which we suddenly descried another vessel lying to in the storm like ourselves, and scarce half a mile distant. It was, as we soon saw, the *Vengador*, which accident or an overruling fate, had brought after us as accurately and successfully as if she had followed in our wake by daylight; and to prove how furiously hostile and determined was the spirit that governed her motives against us, she no sooner caught sight of us than she began to fire upon us, taking advantage of the flashes of lightning to aim her guns. There was little danger to be apprehended from such a cannonade in such a storm; but it made a terrible addition to the horrors of the tempest, the sound of the ordnance contending with the peals of thunder, their lurid burst of flame succeeding, and rivalling the flashes from the clouds; it seemed as if the spirits of the air had taken upon them visible shapes, to wage, with more than ordinary din and fury, the battle of the elements.

The crew of the *Vengador* perceived that their fire was ineffectual; when, in the eagerness of their animosity, disregarding the tempest, and the dangers of such a manœuvre, they suddenly changed their helm, and bore towards us, to engage us nearer at hand, or, perhaps, as the pirates apprehended, to run us down. The terror of such a catastrophe prevailed over their fears of the storm: the *Querida's* helm was also turned, and the flight and pursuit were immediately renewed, continued for an hour or more, with equal spirit and at equal risk, and calamitously terminated by both vessels suddenly going ashore upon a reef of rocks, that was seen too late to be avoided.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The battle between the wrecked pirates and their wrecked enemies,
and what happened therein to Robin Day.

I HAVE no words to express the awful situation in which we were now placed, stranded among breakers that went roaring over us, lifting the brig from one rock only to dash her against another, until we were at last wedged tight among them; still less am I able to describe the confusion and dismay, the prayers and shrieks of the pirates, some of whom were washed overboard and drowned, while others lashed themselves to different parts of the vessel for safety.

Brown alone maintained his courage, and continued his oaths and maledictions, calling vociferously for help to cut away the masts; which, at last, he attempted himself; at least, he began to hack away with an axe at the shrouds of the mainmast, to which I was still tied, with the expectation that it would then fall over by its own weight. I called to him—for the love of life was not yet so completely extinguished as I thought—begging him to release me, before he cut away, lest I should be killed by the fall of the mast; but he replied only with a horrid oath of disregard and indifference, and proceeded in his work. The shrouds were cut, and the mast fell; but it broke off above my head, and I was not hurt

by it, although injured by some of the ropes, which, as it washed overboard, lashed violently against my body.

We remained in this condition until the dawn of day; by which time the storm had greatly abated, although the breakers still ran very high; and finding that the land, which was very high, rocky, and desolate, was but a mile off, and that the brig was fast going to pieces, the despairing crew listened to Brown's commands, and constructed hasty rafts, which were our only means of reaching the shore, the boats having been long since stove or washed away.

Upon these perilous floats, in parties of five or six, they launched themselves among the waves, one party after another; and I thought they would have abandoned me to perish alone; but presently Brown came and cut me loose, saying, I should have as good a chance for my life as another; and almost before I knew what had happened, I found myself in the surf, clinging to the same raft on which he had taken refuge.

We reached the shore in safety, with fourteen others, the only survivors out of a crew of thirty-five or six; and we reached it to find a peril staring us in the face greater than we had left behind us on the wreck.

The Vengador, whose disaster, similar to our own, we had rather inferred than known, for none had actually seen her go ashore, had struck upon the reef scarce a quarter of a mile distant, where she was still lying, but deserted by her crew, who had left her, some on rafts like ourselves, but the greater number in the long boat, which had survived the shocks of the night. In this manner, some twenty or twenty-five of them reached the land at the same

time with ourselves; and no sooner had they done so, than, with a fury which the horrors of shipwreck had not quelled, they rushed upon the pirates, with such arms as they had preserved, calling to one another to "give no quarter, nor let a dog of them escape." Escape, indeed, was impossible: we had landed upon a little cove scooped in a wall of precipices, which, on one hand, ran out into the sea, preventing flight in that direction; while, on the other, the path was intercepted by the enemy.

Flight was impossible, surrender equally so; the pirates were armed only with their knives, and some few with cutlasses; but if the enemy displayed muskets and pistols, it scarcely needed the encouraging assurance of Brown, that "no gun ever blew out a man's brains, when full of salt water," to convince the desperadoes their enemy could boast no actual superiority over them but in numbers.

Unfortunately for the pirates, who prepared to meet the assailants with all the rancorous courage of despair, the assurance that they had little to fear from the fire-arms was disproved by a sudden volley from six or seven guns, that sent among us as many bullets, by one of which I was struck down, without, at the time, knowing that I was hurt by it. I had reached the shore benumbed and exhausted, and was scarcely able to stand erect; and my feebleness was increased by the agitation of mind I was thrown into by the unexpected prospect of deliverance. I summoned, or endeavored to summon, strength for an effort which I was resolved to make; and I was on the very point of running from the pirates to their enemies, when I sank upon the beach, sick, giddy, and powerless, and attributing my fall only to the impotence of exhaustion.

My eyes closed, or my mind wandered for an in-

stant: I was recalled to my senses by the shrill tones of a well-known voice crying above the roar of the breakers—

“Bloody Volunteers! if there are any of you with the enemy, step forward and join your captain!”

It was the voice of Dicky Dare; and as I raised upon an elbow—for I could do no more—and looked around for him, I beheld him at the head of the Vengadores, marching among several officers who led them on against the pirates. At the same moment, four of the latter suddenly parted from their comrades, and ran towards the assailants: they were all that remained of the Bloody Volunteers, of whom four others had been drowned in the wreck.

The next moment, the assailants came rushing on, charging the pirates with their cutlasses. The latter yielded to the fury of the attack, which was, indeed, irresistible; but though broken, and reduced to contend singly, sometimes each man with several antagonists, each better armed than himself, they fought desperately, selling their lives only at the price of lives.

Among others my eye was attracted by the appearance of Brown, who was pressed by three enemies, one of them an officer, and that so warmly that he was obliged to give back, approaching very near where I lay; but he wielded his cutlass with astonishing address, defending himself from the blows of his antagonists, inflicting others, in fact, many more than he himself received. One dexterous thrust rid him of the officer, who fell at his feet, mortally wounded; but his place was immediately supplied by another officer in military garb, who sprang forward, crying, with a voice of thunder, in the Spanish

tongue—"I have found the miscreant—leave him to me!"

It was the Intendant, Colonel Aubrey, my uncle—the avenger of his brother and of Isabel.

"Ready for all of you, d—n my blood!" cried Hellcat, meeting the new assailant with the greater intrepidity as the two others, obeying my uncle's furious injunction, stepped back, leaving him to subdue the outlaw alone. A few ferocious blows were exchanged between them; but the advantage of skill and the energy that arises from deep passion and determination, were on the side of my kinsman, who with one savage blow wounded, and well nigh, disabled his antagonist, and with another would have slain him, but that the treacherous steel fell to pieces in his hand. "It is *my* turn now, sink me to h—!" cried Brown, rushing forward and putting all his remaining strength into an effort meant to despatch his enemy; but was arrested by yet another antagonist, no less a person, indeed, than the gallant Captain Dare, who, running suddenly up, struck Brown at unawares under the sword-arm, and ran him through the body.

"You have robbed me of my vengeance, but you have saved my life!" cried Colonel Aubrey, as Brown measured his length on the sands; and then, catching up the wounded officer's sword, my kinsman sprang forward, to seek other objects of vengeance. His eye fell upon me, and it was burning with unsated lust of blood: I had raised myself again upon my elbow, and strove to rise to my feet, but could not; I endeavoured to speak, to call him by name, to avert, by a single word, the wrath that seemed about to destroy me; but nothing came from my lips but a gush of bloody foam, and I fell down upon my face without sense or motion.

CHAPTER XXXII.

In which Robin Day meets with many delightful surprises, takes a new name, and explains such circumstances as require explanation.

It was many, many days before I awoke again to life. In truth, that unlucky musket-bullet, by which I had been prostrated, without much suspecting its agency in my downfall, had passed through my body, inflicting desperate mischief in its way, from which I never could have recovered, had not Heaven sent me such assistance as could only be found in a skilful and devoted physician, and endowed me with a constitution capable of withstanding the severest shocks and injuries.

I opened my eyes in a strange room, to look upon a stranger sight; it was my friend and patron, Dr. Howard, who was bending over me with looks of deep anxiety, one hand lying upon my breast, as if feeling whether life were yet beating at my heart, the other holding a cup, from which he had just poured some hot and pungent liquid between my lips. I could express the sense of pleasure mingled with surprise, which I felt at sight of him, only by a faint smile, being incapable of any speech or motion; but the look was perceived, and drew from him an exclamation—"God be praised! he is yet alive!" and I then saw other countenances bending over me, that filled

me with still greater delight, though it was like the delight of a dream, vague, confused, and confusing. The first was that of my sister Isabel: I thought I was in heaven with her; but she was sobbing over me, and by her side was Colonel Aubrey, looking haggard with grief; and I knew that such feelings belonged not to heaven, but to earth. Was I not dreaming? I was sure I must be; for the next visage that met my eyes was that of Nanna Howard: yes, it was Nanna herself, but pale and wasted, and with the look that spoke of the canker-worm preying on the heart. There were still others, about me, shadowy forms, in which I might dimly trace, or fancy, the lineaments of other friends, my friend Dicky Dare, little Tommy, the priest, and the *caséra*; but they soon vanished away, with all the former ones, excepting Dr. Howard and Isabel who still remained at my side. In fact, as I afterwards understood, they had been summoned together to see me die, and were only dismissed from the room, when it was discovered I had taken a new lease of existence.

The powers of life rallied at the last gasp; gathered, after a day or two of uncertainty, fresh strength; and, in a week more, I was out of danger, rejoicing, in the arms of my sister and uncle, (for my claims to the relationship were now established upon evidence much stronger than my own eager belief,) and in the society of Nanna and her father, over those wonderful circumstances to which we owed the happiness of our meeting.

But let me take up the story of explanation at the period when the invalids of the *Querida*, with the priest and the *caséra*, were committed to the sea in the long-boat, and left to perish. Happier than I, who sought so vainly, and indeed foolishly, to join them, they had the good fortune to be dis-

covered, early the next morning, by a Spanish vessel bound to the port they had left, and which they returned to, with the dismal story of the capture of the brig, the murder of her crew, the fate of the hapless Isabel. The Vengador was then in the bay: in two hours she was under sail with the Intendant on board, in pursuit of the Viper, though with little hope of overtaking her. Captain Dicky, always ready to volunteer where there was a prospect of fighting, was also on board; and he was the more anxious to accompany the expedition, as he hoped to reclaim his unfortunate followers, seduced by a strange error and misfortune, from the path of their duty—and perhaps, also, to save their necks from the halter.

Little Tommy was also carried with them, as it was thought his acquaintance with a portion of Hell-cat's followers, the original crew of the Jumping Jenny, might be productive of useful testimony against them.

The pirates had lost several days, cruising up and down in search of the fugitive jolly boat; they were returning in all the ill humour of disappointment, to their accustomed harbour, when accident threw in their way another prize, the Fair American: the reports of the guns, heard at a great distance, brought the Vengador to the scene of battle.

The Viper was immediately captured, and a prize-crew put on board, with orders to despatch a boat to the Fair American, to rescue, perhaps, some of her mangled crew, who might be still living, and could be easily saved; for, in reality, the torch had been hurriedly applied to some of the sails, which, with the rigging, had been consumed, leaving the hull of the vessel almost unharmed; while the Vengador gave immediate chase to the Querida.

The result of the pursuit has been already seen. From one of the few pirates taken alive from the *Viper*, Colonel Aubrey learned the escape of his adopted daughter; but he could well believe, with his informant, she had fled from the *Querida* only to perish with her deliverer. And the assurance that she had thus been driven to an untimely grave among the waves of ocean did not abate the feeling of rancorous revenge, which impelled him to attack the pirate amid the horrors of the tempest; which carried him with her among the breakers; and was not sated, until the last of the freebooters had been cut to pieces on the strand.

Then, indeed, his fury relented, and such of the wretches as still survived, were collected, and, with his own wounded, carried to a distant *hacienda*, or plantation, where such assistance was given them as could be obtained; and hearing that a foreign physician, an American, who had visited the island with a sick daughter, to enjoy the benefit of the tropical air, was at another plantation, some miles off, he despatched a messenger to solicit his attendance upon the wounded.

That stranger physician was my patron, Dr. Howard; and I was the first patient whom Colonel Aubrey besought him to take in charge.

The account of my instrumentality in saving Isabel, which he had received from the captive pirate, after the previous stories told him by the chaplain and *caséra* of the attempt I had made in her favour at the moment of capture, had long since driven suspicion and anger from my uncle's mind; and I had greatly mistaken his feelings, when, approaching me as I lay wounded on the strand, I fancied I beheld fury and vengeance in his aspect. They were feelings of amazement at my appearance, whom he

thought buried with Isabel in the sea; and, still more, of sudden hope, of eager curiosity, of anxious solicitude on her account, for from me, perhaps, he might learn the secret of her fate.

This secret he was destined soon to learn from others. The boat from the *Viper* had reached the *Fair American*; Isabel and the captain's wife were discovered and released; the *Viper*, though crippled, stood out the gale, and in the morning made a harbour at no great distance from the scene of shipwreck and battle. The messenger despatched for Dr. Howard found him already engaged in the duties of humanity among the wounded of the *Viper*; he obeyed the summons, and Isabel attended him to her amazed and rejoicing uncle.

The story of the rosary was soon told: it was found upon my neck, and identified both by Dr. Howard and my uncle: and, while I still lay unconscious, hovering between life and death, the evidence of two living witnesses of my father's death, Captain Brown and the miserable Skipper Duck, had established my identity with the "little Juan" beyond the possibility of doubt.

Brown survived his wounds three days, and died the hardened villain he had lived; but being appealed to by my uncle, he readily confessed the truth in regard to the fate of my father. The wealth of the unhappy exile was a temptation Brown, a dissolute and unprincipled fellow, although not then a pirate, could not resist. The crew of the *Sally Ann* were, one by one, gained over to his purpose; they rose in the night, killed the master, my father, and his attendants, and then, scuttling the vessel, betook them to a boat, and reached the land, some thirty or forty miles off, the following day. Brown insisted to the last that he wanted to save the baby—that is,

myself; but that the others objected, lest it should lead to a discovery of their villany; and all he could obtain for me was the privilege of being left to go down with the schooner alive. He did not know, and could not understand, why the schooner did *not* go down, as he bored the holes through her bottom himself; but he supposed it was all owing to *me*, he said, ending his confession with a brutal jest, "because them that was born to be hang'd, d—n his blood, they could n't be drown'd."

Skipper Duck was captured on board the Viper, where his miserable condition procured him quarter and even pity. I have sometimes suspected it was owing to his having been for so many days deprived of my medical attentions; but he had grown much better in the interim, and recovered his senses, and Dr. Howard thought, at first, that he would recover. In consideration of his not having taken, as, indeed, he could not, any part in Brown's late atrocities, (excepting the capture of the Viper alone,) and of the importance of his testimony to my interests, Colonel Aubrey pledged his influence to procure him a free pardon, upon condition of his also making a confession of all the circumstances attending the catastrophe of the Sally Ann, which he immediately did. He confirmed Brown's story in nearly all its parts, and confessed that he had purchased his vessel, the Jumping Jenny, out of his share of the plunder, intending to live an honest life for the future, and declared he *had* lived as honest a one as he could. He insisted, however, that it was *he* who saved my life, and not Brown; and that he had bought me of old Mother Moll for the purpose of befriending me; a pious intention, which he admitted he had not fulfilled, and could not, "because the devil was in him, and he never looked at me with-

out hating me." His malice, I fancy, may be explained by the maxim of the philosopher, that he is our bitterest enemy, who is conscious he has done us the deepest wrong. The poor wretch did not live to enjoy the offered pardon: his delirium returned after a few days; and before I had recovered strength to leave my bed, he expired miserably of gangrene, the consequence of the terrible scourging he had received.

He made, before he died, another confession, by which little Tommy's claims were as satisfactorily established as my own. He admitted that the boy was Dr. Howard's lost son, that he had kidnapped him out of revenge against his father, to whose efforts to bring him to justice for his barbarity to me, he properly attributed all the punishments that followed, the imprisonment, the heavy fine by which he was robbed of all the gaining of years, and the lynching that ended the chapter of retributions; not to speak of the loss of so valuable a slave as I had been. Accident brought little Tommy into his power; for having swum ambitiously into the river among the vessels lying at anchor, fatigue compelled him to take refuge for a while in the one nearest him, which unfortunately proved to be the Jumping Jenny, then making her last visit to the town. Upon being roughly questioned, he told his name to Duck, who immediately thrust him into the hold, and, soon after, setting sail, carried him off, leaving his parents mourning for his supposed death. From that moment, the unfortunate lad became the object upon which he vented all the fury of his brutality and revenge; and it is not wonderful that five years of cruelty had changed him from a bright and generous boy, into the stupid, vindictive cub I had found him. Alas! his restoration to the arms of his

father and sister produced less of rapture than pain and humiliation: but they remembered that *I* had been rescued from degradation as deep and unpromising, and they hoped a similar happy resurrection for him.

But what had brought them, my benefactor and Nanna, thus so opportunely to the island? It was an expedient adopted to save the life of Nanna, who, while I was so ready to forget my allegiance, to forget *her*, and fall so violently in love with my own sister, (but that, after all, was mere nature and instinct, a burst of preordained fraternal affection, which a boy of nineteen, or rather less, might naturally mistake for love of another kind,) was remembering me in tears, and pining away with grief over the supposed fall and ruin of one she loved better than she, or I, or any one else, suspected.

The affair of M'Goggin, who was for more than twenty-four hours supposed to be dying, though he suddenly remitted, and got well in a very few days, was of itself such a shock to Nanna's spirits and health, that her father was doubly rejoiced upon *her* account, when the favourable change in M'Goggin's symptoms allowed him to despatch a messenger with a permission, or command for my immediate return. The reader has seen how my return was prevented by my suspicions of the messenger; the news of the trick by which I effected my escape from Mr. John Dabs reached my benefactor at the same moment that he was made acquainted with my midnight visit to the house of Mr. Bloodmoney; not to speak of the rumours of the highway robbery, which had also been brought to his ears. And, soon after, there came an account, I know not how such an unlucky truth could reach him, that I had entered the British service, and, of course turned traitor to

my country. The effect of these unlucky stories, it may be imagined, had the unhappiest effect upon the little reputation I had left behind me, and upon the minds of my friends. It was in vain Dr. Howard strove to make others believe, and to believe himself, that there was some inexplicable error and illusion at the bottom of the affair, that it was impossible I could so suddenly have been transformed from a thoughtless, innocent boy, into a desperate and accomplished rogue: his visit to Mr. Bloodmoney proved my share in the burglary beyond question; my hat and knapsack, the latter full of Mr. Bloodmoney's plate, were evidence too strong to be resisted; and nothing spoke in my favour except my parting asseveration to Isabel, that I was no robber or villain; and this spoke but faintly, as my actions seemed so clearly to establish the contrary.

A letter from me might have cleared up the whole mystery, and one was long impatiently expected; but expected in vain. It was many weeks before I had an opportunity to write; and it was some months before my letter, committed to a provincial post office, and exposed to all the irregularities and accidents of a period of war, reached its destination. It cleared up my character, indeed, at least, to my patron's mind; but it came too late to repair the mischief inflicted upon poor Nanna's health. She was rapidly sinking into a decline; and the distracted father, doubly distracted in consequence of the wonderful story of little Tommy told in the letter, leaving to others the task of recovering his lost son, was glad to embrace the opportunity of a Spanish vessel sailing to Cuba, to carry his daughter thither, as the only means left of arresting a malady that was fast threatening to become fatal.

A pleasant situation on a lonely plantation near

the coast, the benignant air, and the explanations in my letter, with the hope which never abandons the youthful spirit, had already produced a favourable change in the maiden's health; which, notwithstanding the shock of my sudden and lamentable appearance, wounded almost to death, was gradually confirmed, and, indeed, thoroughly re-established, before I myself was entirely restored to my wonted strength.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

In which Robin Day takes leave of his adventures and the reader.

WITH the explanations contained in the preceding chapter, I might terminate my narrative, as there is nothing to follow, which might not be readily imagined. Yet as a few words will complete the story, it is but proper I should write them.

As soon as I was well enough to be removed, the whole party of friends whom destiny had thus so strangely brought together, were carried by my uncle to one of his estates, which, being near the coast, we reached by water in a single day: and, there we all passed a very happy winter, my uncle having resigned his Intendancy at Pensacola, that he might watch over my recovery, and repay by hospitable attentions, and his warmest friendship, the debt of gratitude he professed to owe the protector of my friendless youth.

The spring saw Nanna restored to health, as blooming and as joyous as my sister, who, with the enthusiasm of her nature, soon became her warm and devoted friend.

But the spring did not see her removed from us. Dr. Howard had experienced the happy effects of the tropical air upon the maiden's health, and was

easily seduced to prolong his stay—to talk even of purchasing an estate, and submitting to an exile of an indefinite period, in a climate so auspicious to the life of his dearest child! And, besides, after a great deal of discussion on the subject between my uncle and him, between Isabel and Nanna, and between Nanna and me, it was at last unanimously decided, that there was no reason why they should ever leave the island at all, or, at least, no reason why Nanna should. In short, it was agreed, with the full consent of Isabel, who merrily absolved me of all the vows I had made her, that a match should be made between Nanna and myself; and a year afterwards, I had the happiness of leading her to the altar, little Tommy, who, by this time was converted into a Christian and a gentleman, although a young one, playing the part of paranymp, while Isabel, who had trained him with great care for the purpose, appeared the happiest and most beautiful of brides-maids.

If I had had my will in the premises, we should have had a second wedding the same day. My sister was not more anxious to make a match between me and *her* friend, than I was, or would have been, to make another between her and mine. I should have been glad to bestow her upon my friend Dicky; and, I have no doubt, she would have fallen heartily in love with him, had he asked her; because Dicky was, in reality, a very handsome fellow; and what maiden could have resisted so gallant a soldier? But Dicky was wedded to glory; he was as ready as Othello to recount to Isabel the histories of his wars, but he never cared to take her in the pliant hour, like that worthy blackamoor; and, in fact, I doubt greatly whether any, the remotest, idea of love and matrimony ever entered

his warlike brain. He was never truly content, until my uncle had packed him off, with his four volunteers, the poor wreck of his company, and with some valuable presents of horses and arms, which I was now able to make him, to Mobile; after which, we lost sight of him; though we heard he rejoined the American army, and fought through the whole of the campaign that terminated in the brilliant victory at New Orleans. The next year—a year, in the United States, of peace, of which Captain Dicky soon grew sick—fortune opened to him a new field of combat: he went to Mexico with the celebrated Mina, with whom he might have had the honour of being shot as a heroic freebooter, with a bandage round his eyes, had not ambition conducted him to an earlier and more glorious grave. The same great spirit which carried him, with a single company, into the heart of the Creek nation, to snatch the conquest out of the hands of his brigadier, was revived in Mexico; he took an opportunity one day, to separate himself from his commander, and set out, with a force of fifty men, and the commission, or title, of Colonel, which Mina had conferred on him, to liberate the Mexican nation on his own account. He, doubtless, calculated upon receiving great assistance from the Mexican nation itself, and having his command swelled by successive patriots into a countless army; but before any reinforcements appeared, he had the misfortune to be attacked by vastly superior numbers, and was, with his whole company, cut to pieces.

My brother Tommy, who, as his mind re-expanded, betrayed a somewhat similar inclination for a life of glory, has had a happier fate, but on another element; for which, unlike me, he contracted a pas-

sion, even under the rough tutelage of Skipper Duck. His father, at his earnest desire, placed him in the American navy, in which he is now a distinguished officer.

Years have since passed away and effected other changes in the circle of friends that originally graced and gladdened my island home. My uncle and father-in-law have vanished away; but they vanished away in the fulness of years; and their places have been filled by young strangers, who bear their names, and the names of Nanna and Isabel.

With these around me, a loving wife and devoted sister at my side, with peace, and affluence, and happiness under my roof, and the wisdom of advancing years stealing into my head, I can look back without regret, and review with smiles, the tissue of misfortunes by which I was led to such enviable possessions; and Juan Aubrey can attribute his felicity to the schoolboy follies and adventures of ROBIN DAY.

THE END.



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